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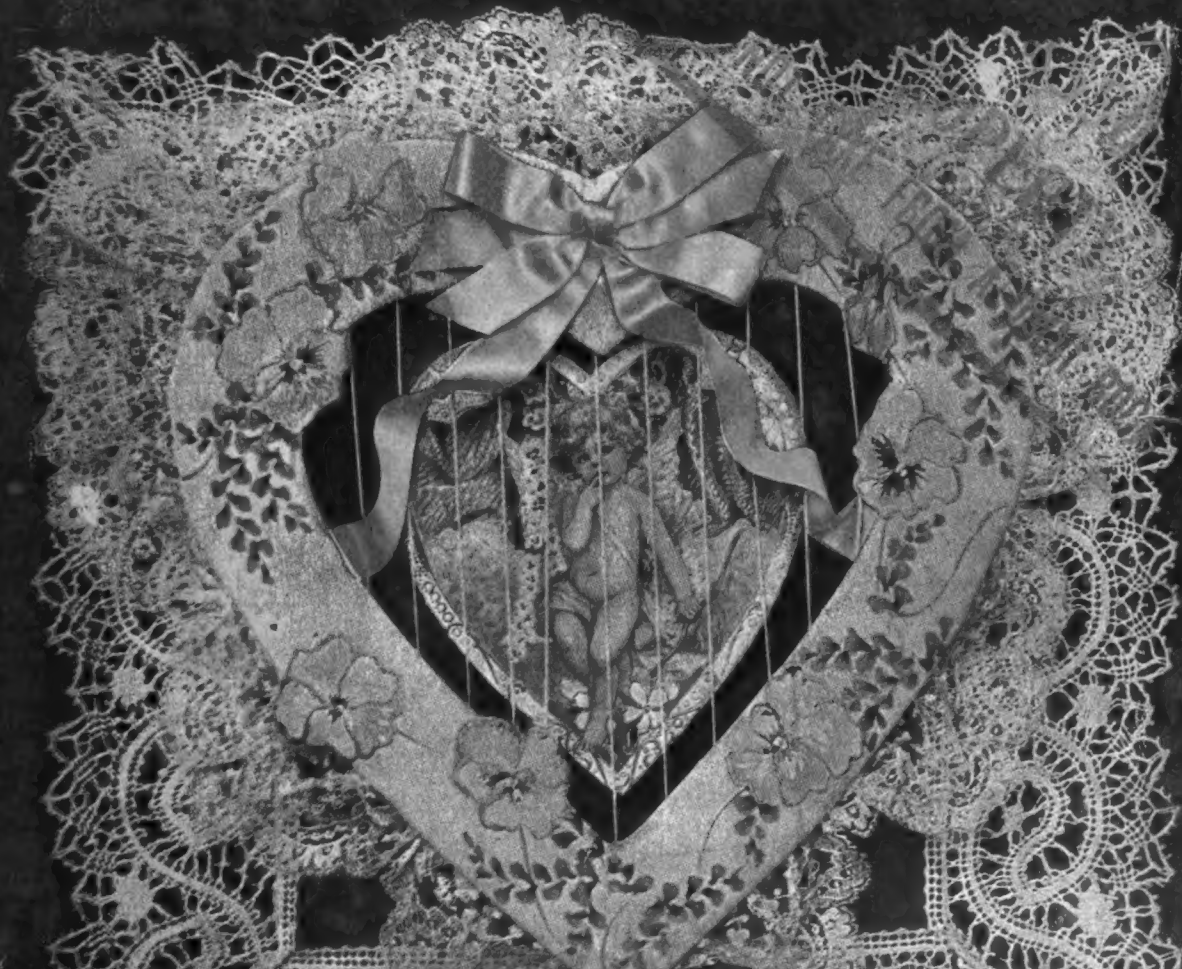
Everybody's Magazine



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Drawn by Martin Justice

LAST SUMMER AT THIS TIME SHE HAD BEEN AT BAR HARBOR.

"The Secret of a Weed's Plain Heart," page 219.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. X. FEBRUARY, 1904. No. 2.

Two Hundred Millions for a Canal

What the Waterway Across Panama Will Do for the Country

By EMORY R. JOHNSON, of the Isthmian Canal Commission

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AFTER a thorough investigation of the various possible routes for a canal across the American Isthmus, the Isthmian Canal Commission decided in favor of the Panama location. Congress accepted the recommendation of the Commission, and authorized the President to enter upon negotiations for securing control of that route. The disorganized condition of the internal politics of Colombia prevented that country from accepting the liberal terms offered by the United States for the canal route, and finally caused the people of the State of Panama to "resume their independence" of Colombia in order that they might prevent the selection of the Nicaragua location for the great waterway. The President of the United States promptly accepted the changed situation, and began negotiations which promise to give our country possession of the Panama route without further delay.

CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama Canal will cost the United States two hundred million dollars. If the expenditure of this vast treasure is justifiable, it must be so because the canal is to benefit greatly the industries and commerce of our country, or strengthen the efficiency of our navy, or otherwise enhance the ability of the United States to prevail in the coming competition among the nations of the world for political and economic leadership. It is the purpose of this article to consider what the canal will do to promote the economic interests of our country.

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Emory R. Johnson, Professor of Transportation and Commerce in the University of Pennsylvania, is the authority on the industrial value of an Isthmian Canal. He was the expert on transportation for the United States Industrial Commission and is the editor of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. He was appointed a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission in 1901 and has had charge of the statistical work of the Commission. He is also the author of "Inland Waterways" and "American Railway Transportation."

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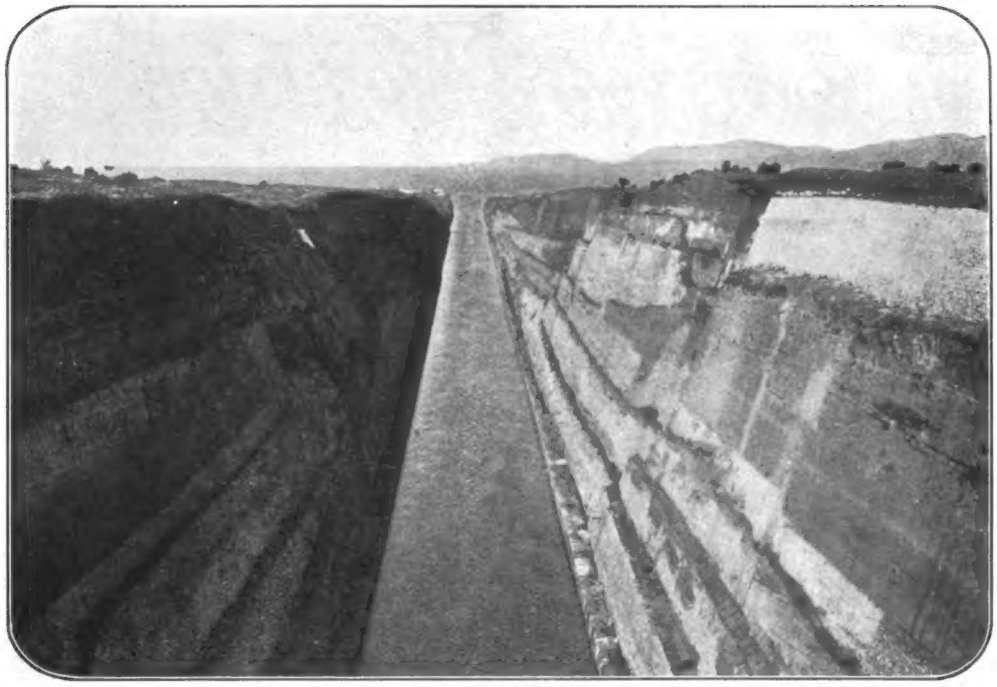

THE CORINTH CANAL ACROSS GREECE, A COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

The purpose of the canal is to shorten distances by the water routes connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. From New York to San Francisco by the Straits of Magellan, the present route for steamers, the distance is 13,714 nautical miles, and from New Orleans to San Francisco, 14,114 miles. By way of the Panama Canal the distance from New York will be 5,299 miles, and from New Orleans 4,698 miles, the route from New York being shortened 8,415 miles, and from New Orleans 9,416 miles. From New York to the principal nitrate of soda port of Chile, Iquique—the city having the heaviest export tonnage of any place on the west coast of South America—the present steamer route is 9,221 nautical miles long; from Hamburg the distance is 10,041 miles; whereas by the Panama Canal the figures for New York are 4,021 (a saving of 5,200 miles), and from Hamburg 7,189 (a gain of 2,852 miles). From San Francisco via Callao, the Straits of Magellan, and Pernambuco to Liverpool is 14,084 marine miles; via Panama the distance is 8,038 miles—6,046 miles less. The Panama Canal will bring New York nearly 4,000 miles nearer Sydney, Australia, and about 6,000 miles closer to Wellington in New Zealand. The effect of the proposed waterway on the

SOUTHERN END OF THE CORINTH CANAL.

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length of these few representative routes shows how greatly the lines of the world's commerce will be modified.

The effect of all this upon the development of American industries is a question in which the people of the United States are greatly interested. By bringing our two seaboards nearer together, by shortening the distance from our west coast to Europe, and from our Atlantic ports to western South America, Australasia, the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, and northern China, the expenses of ocean transportation will be very considerably lessened; and if the industries in the different sections of our country are such as to cause them to make a large use of the canal route, they will derive a proportionate benefit from the Isthmian waterway. A survey of the typical industries in the eastern, southern, central, and western sections of the United States will suggest the relation of the canal to our economic development.

A CANAL IN THE HEART OF CANTON, CHINA.

The northeastern section of the United States has already become a great manufacturing region. A larger outlet for its textile and iron and steel products, and for the many other manufactures now being exported, and the ability to secure the foods, chemicals, ores, fibres, and woods obtainable only from Pacific countries, are yearly becoming more imperative. We all realize in a vague way that American manufactures are being exchanged for foreign goods in many parts of the Pacific, but we do not readily comprehend the magnitude of these exchanges. When a Brooklyn firm informs us that it sends over half a million dollars' worth of machinery annually to the Hawaiian Islands, or a Philadelphia company reports the exportation of 156 locomotives—four full vessel-loads—to China and Siberia in a little over two calendar years, and a Baltimore corporation tells of a single order for 30,000 tons of steel rails for Australia and of another order for 70,000 tons of rails for the Trans-Siberian Railway, we can understand in a more concrete way the relation of the Pacific trade—and of the Isthmian Canal that will facilitate that commerce—to the industrial progress of the northeastern part of the United States.

Throughout American history the exports from the Southern States, the cotton, tobacco, timber, and naval stores, have constituted a large part of the tonnage of our foreign commerce; and recently phosphate, coal, iron and steel, and general manufactures have made an important addition to the outbound trade of that section. The products of the South find their foreign markets mainly in Europe, but they are increasingly in demand in Pacific countries from which they are largely excluded by costs of transportation. The canal will give the cotton industries of the South a more profitable trade in the Japanese market, where there is a keen competition with cotton from East India and China. The new waterway will also aid in the exportation of cotton manufactures to western South America, Asia, and Oceania, where Great Britain and Germany now con-

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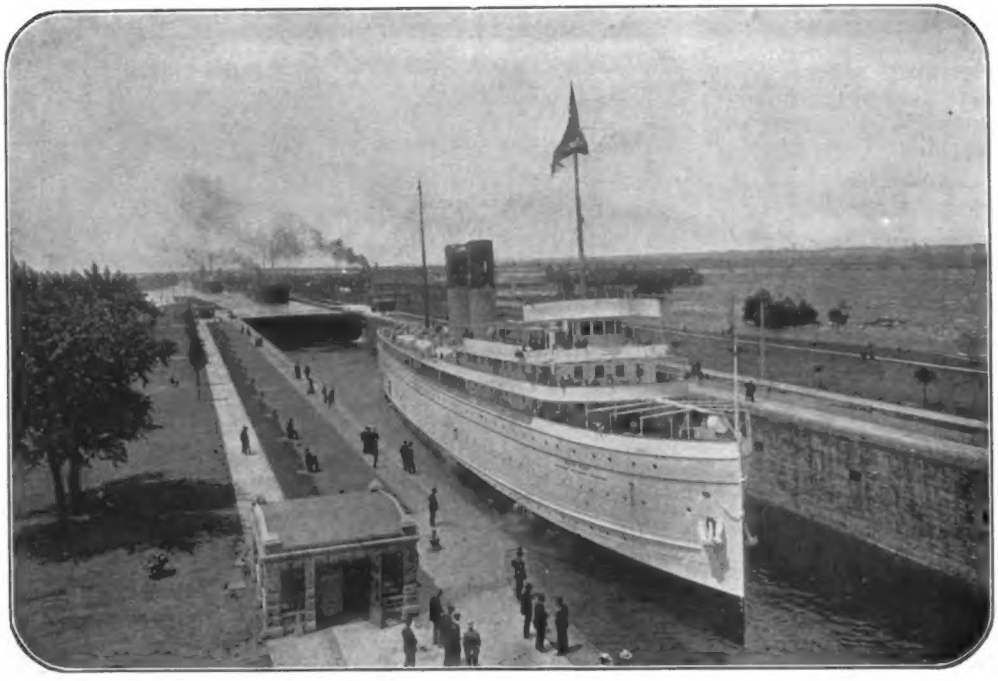

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL, ONE OF EARTH'S SHORTEST AND BUSIEST CANALS.

A DEEP CUT, THE WELLAND CANAL CONNECTING LAKE ERIE AND LAKE ONTARIO.

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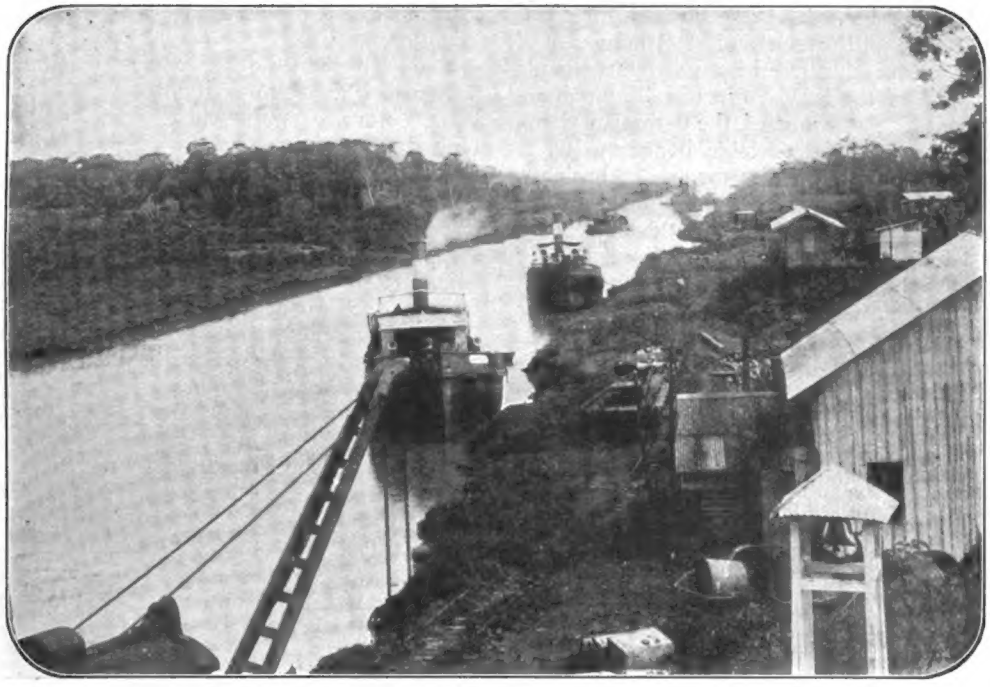
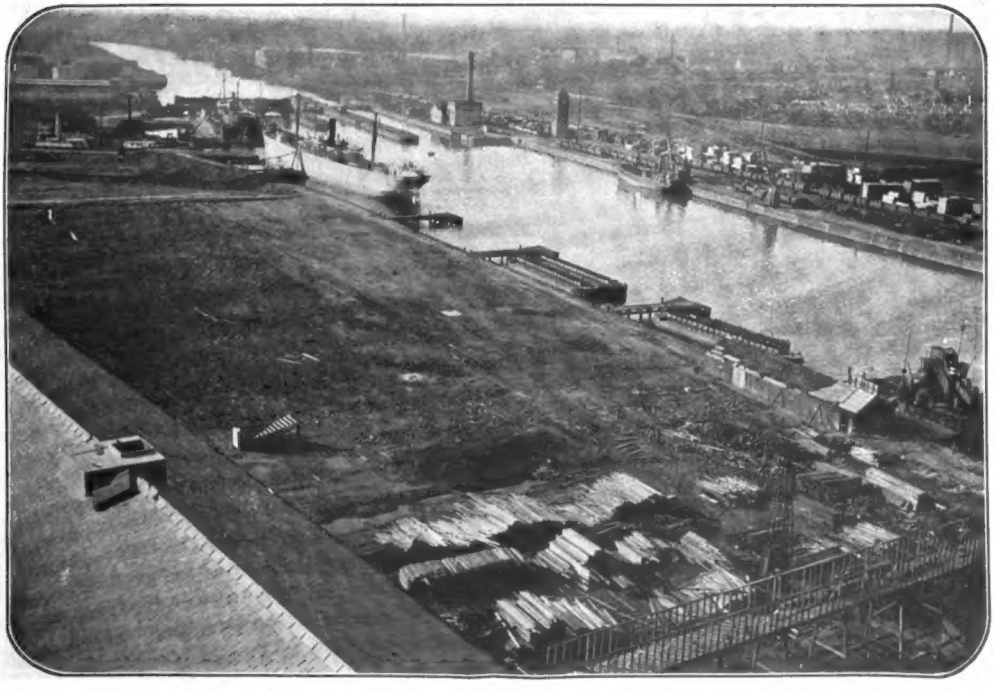


A GOOD VIEW OF THE LONGEST COMPLETED SECTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL A FINANCIAL FAILURE.

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trol the trade. The effect which the canal will have on the iron and steel industries of the South is illustrated by a statement made by one of the largest firms in Birmingham, Ala.: "The opening of the Isthmian Canal would be of incalculable benefit to us in increasing our facilities for export business, and would warrant the development of our southern property to the fullest extent."

The canal will open up a large market for southern coal, lumber, naval stores, and phosphate. The coal will be required by the vessels using the canal, and in the coaling stations of the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean in tropical and south temperate latitudes, and also for industrial purposes along the west coast of Central and South America.

The Southern States now send large quantities of lumber to the eastern coast of South America, and when the canal has been opened an equally important trade with the west side of the continent will follow. The phosphate fertilizers of Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee will be sent to southern California, western Mexico, Hawaii, Japan, and other countries where agriculture is carried on extensively by means of irrigation.

The twelve States of the upper Mississippi Valley, to which is applied the term Central West, comprise one-fourth the area of the United States and one-third of the population. The region is rich in coal, iron, and timber, and is the greatest grain-producing area of the world. Manufactures have developed with surprising rapidity in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and even in some States west of the Missouri River. Although this section of the United States is from 500 to 1,500 miles from the seaboard, its manufactures of agricultural and mining machinery, carriages, stoves, shoes, and many other articles are being exported to all parts of the world. As regards manufacturing costs, the Central West can compete with any part of the world; the extent of its foreign trade is primarily a question of transportation costs, and those will unquestionably be lessened for a large part of both the export and import business of the region.

The typical products of the Pacific Slope are wheat, barley, beet sugar and hops, lumber and shingles, fruit and vegetables of many kinds, cattle hides and wool, and the articles obtained from the extensive river and marine fisheries—that is to say, the West Coast States produce foods and the materials of industry. Wheat-flour, lumber, and canned goods are now shipped across the Pacific to Oceania and the Orient, but the largest market for the West Coast products is in Europe and particularly in the manufacturing sections of the eastern half of the United States. In spite of the great economies that have been made during the past two decades in the costs of moving freight by rail, the volume of bulky commodities that can be hauled with profit over high mountains to markets from 2,000 to 3,000 miles distant is small. As importers of machinery and other

THE WELLAND CANAL, FROM A GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY BRIDGE

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THE PRESENT ERIE CANAL, WHICH IS TO BE ENLARGED TO ACCOMMODATE 1,000-TON BARGES.

manufactures, and as exporters of the products of their farms, forests, mines, and ranches, the people of the western fourth of our great country need cheap connection by water with the highly developed industrial regions on each side of the North Atlantic.

The commerce that will make use of the new waterway—the canal traffic—will be the most obvious indication of what the canal will do for our country. In connection with the investigations made by the Isthmian Canal Commission to decide which location for the canal should be adopted by the United States, a detailed study was made of the commerce of the United States and the countries to ascertain how much tonnage in 1899 was following courses that would be abandoned for the canal route. Two distinct studies were made: one to determine how many tons of *cargo* would have passed the canal had it been available, and another to find out the net register tonnage of the *ships* that would have passed through the canal.

SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAÏD, EGYPT.

The tonnage of the maritime commerce of the United States that might have used the canal to advantage in 1899 was 3,435,887 cargo tons, comprising commodities valued at $125,716,558. The total freight tonnage of the trade between European countries and western South and Central America, British

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Columbia, and Hawaii was 3,266,654 tons. The trade of Europe and America would have contributed a total of 6,702,541 tons of cargo to the canal traffic in 1899. These figures, it should be remembered, apply to the commerce of the past, carried on under the conditions then prevailing. They do not refer to the future.

A TYPICAL RUSSIAN CANAL

The net register tonnage of a vessel is from four-ninths to two-thirds of the number of tons of cargo the ship can carry; and although vessels do not regularly carry full cargoes, the tonnage of the vessels that would have used the American Canal in 1899 is less than the amount of the freight. It was found by the Canal Commission's investigations that the *net register* tonnage of the vessels whose routes were such that they would certainly have passed through a Panama or Nicaragua Canal in 1899 was 4,891,075. Every possible effort was made to test the accuracy of the above figures, and most conservative methods were followed throughout the calculations.

THE KIEL CANAL, CONNECTING THE NORTH SEA AND THE BALTIC

It was fortunately possible to compare these figures for net register tonnage with the results of a very elaborate investigation made by the New Panama Canal Company to ascertain the canal traffic. Beginning in 1894 that company kept a record of the actual movement of the ships of the world, and at the end of each year added up the register tonnage of the vessels whose routes had been such as to have caused the ships to have passed through a Panama Canal had one been in existence. The Panama Canal Company's figures

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for the year 1899 show that the net register vessel tonnage would have been 5,001,798. The total reached by the Canal Commission's investigation was somewhat less than 5,000,000 tons; the Panama Canal Company's figures were a little in excess of that amount. In view of the complications of the statistical problem, and the difference in methods followed, the results correspond as closely as could be expected.

The prospect is that the canal will be ready

"THE GRAND CANAL," THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST FAMOUS CANAL, FROM SHANGHAI TO PEKING.

for use in 1914. What will be the tonnage of traffic then available? There can be no doubt that the commerce of the United States and of the world will grow as fast during the coming ten years as it has since 1890, and if we predict that the traffic available for the canal in 1899 is to increase at the rate at which it grew during the decade preceding 1899, we shall make a most conservative estimate. The New Panama Canal Company in 1898 made a study of the vessel movements of the year 1888, and ascertained that the tonnage that would have used the canal had increased twenty-five per cent. in the ten years. The Canal Commission compared this rate of increase with the rate of progress characterizing the commerce of the United States and Europe with several sections of the world, and found that an increase of twenty-five per cent. each ten years was lower than the rate generally prevailing. An increase of twenty-five per cent. per decade would raise the figures for available canal traffic in 1899—5,000,000 tons net register in round numbers—to approximately 7,000,000 tons in 1914. The vessels passing the canal during the early years of its operation will have a net register tonnage of at least 7,000,000.

The effect which the Isthmian Canal will have upon the business of the trans-continental railroads has been dreaded by some—though not all—persons financially interested in those railroads. Those who really study the question usually become convinced that

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the canal will be a decided benefit to the railroads. In the beginning of their existence these railroads depended almost entirely upon their through traffic; but their chief aim throughout their history has been to increase the local business, which is always more profitable than the through traffic; and, although the great stretch of country crossed by them is still in the infancy of its industrial development, the local traffic of some, if not all, of the Pacific roads has already become of chief importance. A vice-president of one of the Pacific railway systems recently said that since 1893 "the increase in business of the trans-continental lines has not come from the seaports, but from the development of the intermediate country." The canal can certainly in no wise check the growth of this local traffic.

If this be true, the proximate effect of the Isthmian Canal in compelling a reduction and readjustment of the rates on the share of the trans-continental railway business that will be subject to the competition of the new water route, will be more than offset by the ultimate and not distant expansion of the through and local traffic that must necessarily be handled by rail. It seems probable that the increase in the population of the country, and the growth in our home and foreign trade, will early demonstrate the need of the transportation service of both the canal and the railways.

If the Panama Canal were to be constructed and operated by a corporation, the volume of traffic and the amount of revenue obtainable would be the first problem to settle; but as the work is to be an enterprise of the United States Government, the question of tolls and income may be considered in various ways. The United States may decide to charge a high toll and secure as much revenue as possible, or it may impose only such charges as are needed to pay interest on the capital invested and to meet the expenses of operation and maintenance; or the Government may tax the tonnage only enough to cover expenses; or, finally, the waterway may be maintained as a free highway for commerce. A careful investigation shows that a toll of a dollar a ton, net register, might be charged without restricting the volume of traffic, and that a tax of that amount would, after the first few years, yield a considerable profit. It is more probable that our Government will decide to keep the tolls low, and thus enable the canal to be of the greatest possible advantage to the development of the industries and trade of the people of the United States. Such has been our policy as regards our river and harbor improvements, and our expenditures to make the Great Lakes of service to commerce.

What has been said in this paper has briefly suggested some of the benefits which the economic interests of our country will derive from the Panama Canal. It is difficult to measure accurately or adequately the effects which will follow from a readjustment of the ocean routes between the North Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean.

Cheaper and better transportation facilities affect industry and trade at every point, and the ultimate results of the opening of a new highway for a large share of the commerce of the world will probably far exceed our present anticipations.

SUMMARY OF THE CANAL QUESTION

$200,000,000 looks like a large investment even for a wealthy country such as the United States; but in comparison with the results that may be accomplished the expenditure is small. While it is not recommended that the Panama Canal shall be managed so as to secure a large net revenue, our country can, if it desires to do so, easily recover in a comparatively short time the amount invested. By spending, on an average, $20,000,000 a year for the next decade, the United States will secure a canal from which, during the succeeding twenty years, by means of moderate tolls, an income can be obtained that will meet current expenses and return to our national treasury the entire $200,000,000. During those twenty years, and for all time to come, American industries and the trade of our country and every nation will annually derive the immeasurable advantages resulting from improved facilities for commercial intercourse. Nor will larger commerce and greater wealth be the sole or highest gain which the world will derive. Whatever brings the people of the world closer together advances civilization and hastens the ultimate triumph of justice within and among all the nations of the earth.

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Mother Ann's Daughter

By WILDER D. QUINT

Illustrated by Anna Whelan Betts

IT was noon in the little Shaker settlement, whose green acres rolled placidly down to the thin strip of blue New Hampshire lake, as if cultivation had infused into them something of the gentle spirit of their masters. The July sun pelted patient beast and no less patient man with its burning shafts; even the water shimmered uneasily with heat, striving, it might seem, to render less distinct to the sight of the brethren the worldly summer houses and pleasure resorts across on the eastern shore. The distant whirring of a steam launch was no more obtrusive in the general drowsiness of nature than the buzzing of the gnats about the heads of the oxen standing under the shady side of the great barn, and waiting reflectively for the afternoon's toil with the hay.

Suddenly the ringing of the bell on the great central building broke in upon the quiet of the community. That it was a summons of large import was apparent from the decorously repressed excitement that the people exhibited at the sound. The men began to come in from the fields at a faster step than their usually moderate gait; the women tripped forth from the dairy, or glided out from the fragrant seclusion of the herb-room, their faces lighted for the nonce by that legacy from Mother Eve which neither vow nor garb nor any other part of the school of repression can ever wholly dislodge from its home in woman's heart.

It was a call for a general assembly in the conference-room. The family must answer, from the grayest elder to the youngest child. Some grave question known only to the four members of the "ministry" had arisen, and the little world was perturbed at the announcement, as every world must be at things that are new and strange. Even the sweet-faced young school-mistress, Sister Ruth, seemed agitated as she led her pupils to the grim structure of granite, where they soberly mingled with their elders at the door and climbed the stairs to the assembly hall.

On her way to the meeting Sister Ruth had fallen in with Sister Jane, the chief of the workers in the dairy. Sister Jane had lingered till the last moment among her golden treasures, and was now flushed and heated by a hurried walk. Her figure was short and rotund, and, with her sleeves rolled up, revealing her fat arms, and her cap a little awry, she presented a complete contrast to the serene young woman to whom she began to speak in quick and explosive sentences most unlike the usual Shaker deliberation.

"What *do* you think all this hubbub is about, my dear? It's *so* unfortunate—that bell ringing just as I was working my last ten pounds of butter, and I know I haven't got the buttermilk all out, and it will be bad and sure to get on the visitors' table, and the ministry will find it out, and Elder Abram will come down to the dairy to see how I'm keeping it. I'm not afraid of that—no,

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indeed—but I can't tell him that the bell was to blame. And what *is* it ringing for? There has never been a call for a noon assembly since I left the world and came here, and that was three years last great conference day. I heard Brother William say that *he* heard it was something to do with a sister, but he knew not which. *I* hope they have found out that pert Sister Betsy, who carries a string of beads in her pocket, which is sinful, and says her butter is yellower than mine."

"Nay, Sister Jane," returned the schoolmistress, "wish no trouble to anyone. And as for Brother William, he is a prattling old man and should be given little heed. Whatever is the cause for the meeting, we know that the ministry is wise and just, and will be guided aright."

The other was not to be silenced so easily. With all her respect for the younger woman—younger in years, but far older in the faith that had wrought her face into the likeness of a placid marble—Sister Jane delighted to test to the utmost Sister Ruth's temper, pleased beyond measure when she succeeded in drawing fire from beneath that cold exterior.

"It's all very well to talk about the wisdom of the ministry," she retorted; "though if they were to reprimand you, you might not think them quite so wise. But do you mean to say that you are not half-crazy to know what all this fuss is about? Haven't you any curiosity in you, like—like me?"

The placid marble glowed with a very fleshly tint for an instant, and the lower lip seemed to quiver fitfully. Then with a kindly smile, as if of indulgence for a forward child, the school-mistress replied:

"You are very like our sacred church, Sister Jane, in always seeking for the truth, though, indeed, your ways are strange sometimes. For your better comfort, then, I grant you I much desire to know the end of this affair. You may call that curiosity, if it pleases you; so now let us enter in peace."

By the time they had taken their places on the women's side of the assembly hall, and the children—innocent protests against the doctrine by which they were surrounded—had also been seated according to sex, all the members of the community were in the room ready to be sharers in the development of the mystery that had called them together. The *ensemble* was a study in orange and gray to delight the soul of an artist. Floor, walls, benches, and platform glowed with the deep yellow paint that Shakers love, and the sunlight that poured its golden beams in through the large square windows, unchallenged by curtains of any sort, leaped and danced in very joy at having found such wealth of kindred tint within four walls. The sober-hued garb of the assemblage was picked out against this brilliancy like dove-colored clouds that float across the glory of a saffron sunset.

But little did the men and women in that immaculate place care for sunsets or the blending of colors. They were there to receive ill tidings; all felt it, down to the little children. Perhaps more than one among them trembled at the thought of some secret sin about to be laid bare; perhaps some, conscious of rectitude, awaited with equanimity the falling of the blow upon another's head, that they themselves might stand the more erect and virtuous by contrast.

The Shakers bowed their heads in silent prayer, and save for the sigh of some warm and weary little member of the flock, or the hum of insect life out of doors, the whole world might have been in an enchanted noonday slumber. The spell was broken by the rising, at the ministry desk, of Elder Abram, the spiritual leader of the community, and all eyes turned toward his keen old face; a face almost warlike in appearance, and strong in its resemblance to the commonly accepted portrait of Cæsar—a type not uncommon among the followers of Ann Lee—but framed with fine white hair that softened the seamed countenance as the snows surround and lend grace to the mountain crag. He raised his tall, thin frame to its utmost height, and, after sweeping with his yet undimmed gaze the gathering before him, let his eye rest upon a face on the women's side of the room.

Into that face flashed the acknowledgment of a guilt seemingly just discovered by its owner, for it was a look wherein surprise and shame struggled together. The eyes that had sought the old man's quite calmly a moment before now drooped with nameless dread, and a hot flush, born of no summer air, spread over the delicate cheeks.

Elder Abram began to speak. "Brethren and sisters," he said, "the ministry has with pain and reluctance called you to this general conference for the better preservation of the doctrines of our church and the precepts of our revered Mother Ann. It has come to our knowledge, and of the truth of our infor-

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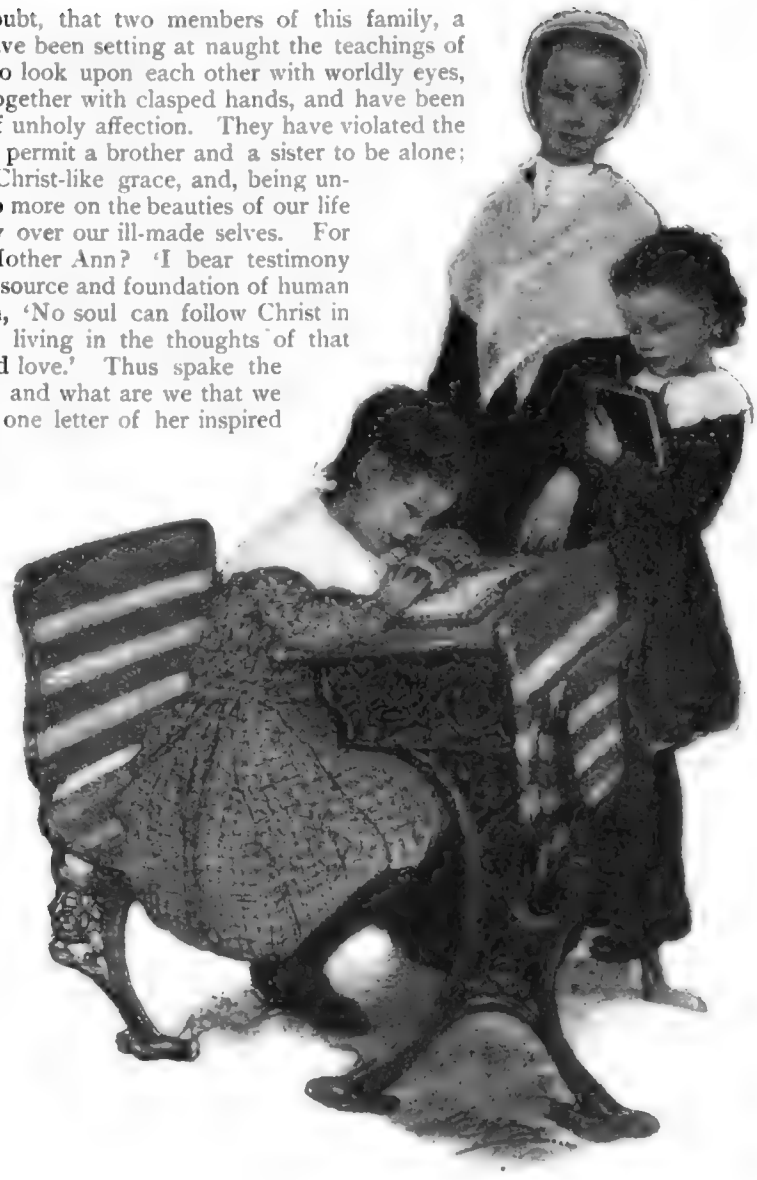
mation there is no doubt, that two members of this family, a man and a woman, have been setting at naught the teachings of our faith, have come to look upon each other with worldly eyes, yea, have been seen together with clasped hands, and have been heard to utter words of unholy affection. They have violated the wise rule that does not permit a brother and a sister to be alone; they have fallen from Christ-like grace, and, being unsanctified, can think no more on the beauties of our life and the joy of victory over our ill-made selves. For what says our holy Mother Ann? 'I bear testimony against the flesh as the source and foundation of human corruption': and again, 'No soul can follow Christ in the regeneration while living in the thoughts of that material affection called love.' Thus spake the founder of our church, and what are we that we should seek to abate one letter of her inspired message? Sister Ruth and Brother Elwin, stand forth."

Not all the practice of sober self-control could prevent a murmur of amazement at this startling climax to Elder Abram's address. The members of the family looked at one another in a species of terror, and Sister Jane wept aloud as if at the death sentence of her friend. To the minds of the simple people, heresy of the most damning sort was in the accusation. The denial of Christ would have caused less sensation.



SISTER RUTH, THE SWEET-FACED YOUNG SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

Down the aisle between the rows of benches, unsteadily touching their high backs on her way, came the school-mistress. Her face was white and rigid, and her gaze was fixed on the figure of a young man, who, from his place on the opposite side, stepped firmly to meet her. A certain springing grace of carriage, together with the natural wave of his long brown hair, gave him a debonair appearance that comported somewhat ill with the formal cut of his conventional Shaker dress; there was not the slightest trepidation on his well-moulded face; relief and gladness were so plainly stamped there, that Elder Abram frowned at the sight. With increased sternness he addressed the couple who now stood in the open space that separated the men from the women.

"Elwin Bright and Ruth Thomas, you have chosen a different path from ours, yet you shall be heard in your own defence, if you will. The ministry is just."

Brother Elwin brushed the curls from his forehead with a defiant gesture, surveyed the

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whole assemblage undauntedly, and then, looking straight into the face of Elder Abram, began to speak.

"Elders, brethren, and sisters, there is little that I can say, and little that I wish to. I could easily name the spying eyes that have tracked our secret, but that is beside the point. All that has been told you is the truth. I stand here and say to you that I love Sister Ruth Thomas after the manner of men, and she, I am assured, so loves me. I renounce our church. I deny that it has the right to stifle the instincts that God has given our hearts. Do with me as you will; I have spoken."

Elder Abram's deep-set eyes gleamed with a fire the like of which none present had ever seen there before. For the first time in his life, he had heard his cherished faith reviled, and that, too, in the very fortress of its home. Deserters there had been from time to time in the history of the settlement, but they had gone as it were in the darkness of night, and had made no sound. Here was rebellion in the open. A torrent of fierce words rose to the old man's lips, then he glanced at the sorrowful face of Sister Ruth, who stood with meek eyes downcast, her hands clasped in the snowy folds of her kerchief as if in prayer. To Elder Abram she recalled the painting of a saint he had seen on one of his rare trips to the city. The chivalry of a man toward a woman asserted itself, though he would have scorned to acknowledge it, and he checked his intended outburst.

"Sister Ruth shall now be heard," he said, calmly.

No one who does not fully comprehend the Shaker spirit can understand the surges of emotion that swept the heart of the pure young girl. In her own sight she stood a dishonored woman, a branded creature whom all her little world was henceforth to shun. Her woman's mind could not give her that buoyant unconcern that made her lover so heedless of results. Almost imperceptibly, always assuring herself that the way back was easy, she had floated into the sea of a very human affection, and now that her boat had driven upon the shoals she awoke to the desolation of her position. Hardly one among all those she had loved looked with kindness on her. She fled the family's gaze as one shrinks from the sun, and, after one furtive glance at the handsome face of Brother Elwin, she turned to Elder Abram, saying in a low voice:

"I would not speak aught to excuse what I have done. Yet this I know, that blind have been my eyes rather than disobedient my heart. Like the shadow of evening this has stolen over us, until now the darkness has become black, indeed. I am an erring woman; I am no more fit to guide the little children. I have not remembered the precepts of our faith. I have made our community a mockery to the world."

"Nay, Ruth," burst in the impetuous young Shaker at her side, "you shall not shame yourself so. It was ever I who led your feet along, I who stilled your fears. Mine alone was the fault—the world shall know it."

"My conscience was my own," pursued the young woman, scarce heeding this interruption, "and given me by God. If I quenched the Holy Spirit, how shall I be blameless? Here before you all, elders, brethren, and sisters, I say that the world's taint has fallen upon me. I shall teach no more."

The effect of this declaration upon the family was varied. Some of the women, ever given to harsh judgment, whispered together with flushed faces and scornful glances. A few of the younger men gazed in a sort of heavy admiration at the fine figure of Brother Elwin, who had dared to give utterance to some, perchance, of their own deeply repressed thoughts. One or two of the little children, who had gained from the scene only the conviction that their beloved teacher was to meet them no more, and who were frightened at the solemnity of the occasion, sobbed aloud, but were instantly quieted by the women, who now saw that Elder Abram and the other members of the ministry had conferred briefly and had apparently agreed upon a decision.

The gaunt figure of the aged leader at the desk towered like some avenging power above the two who stood below. In a voice wholly free from anger now, but cold and pitiless, he declared the sentence of the ministry:

"Elwin Bright and Ruth Thomas, you have both sinned grievously in the sight of the church and the holy knowledge of our Mother Ann. In this community there can be no room for such error. But in that the man is found to be the power in this evil, and in that his absence will render the evil impossible, you, Elwin Bright, are commanded to go from this place and return

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"I LOVE SISTER RUTH THOMAS AFTER THE MANNER OF MEN."

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not. The share of goods due you for your long labor here will be paid you in money equivalent this day, and do you before nightfall depart forever. You, Ruth Thomas, may not longer teach the young; you are also hereby publicly reprimanded and put into household work, but the ministry in its mercy decrees that you may stay in the community, where by penitence and good works you may become a lesson to all who shall know you. . . . This conference is ended."

"Nay, not ended until I speak a word," proclaimed Brother Elwin in excited tones, immediately stilling the noise of those who had risen to go. "Your punishment is a release from bondage and a delight to the soul. Know you all that, under God, this day is the happiest of my life. The truth has made me free. And now I ask this woman to enter into that truth, to go with me from this prison and fulfil the destiny the Lord gave us all. Yes, we shall marry, as did your sainted Mother Ann in her latter days. We shall——"

"Silence, blasphemer!" thundered Elder Abram, his face crimson with wrath. "Tempter of the Devil though you be, this woman, I doubt not, is strong against your wiles. What say you, Sister Ruth, to the man's request?"

The girl threw a frightened glance about the room. She saw only the looks of coldness, augury of a future of distrust and shame. Then she turned to her lover. His gaze was eloquent with affection, sympathy, and pleading.

"I will go with Brother Elwin," she said.

II

All the hot afternoon the gentle farmers had been driving the huge carts full of fragrant hay from the fields to the great orderly barns. The air had been heavy with the portents of rain for several hours, and the first crop of clover was a thing that must be kept from the damp at all cost. Now the last load had gone over the uplands to the settlement, and only Brother William and a young novice were left behind to clear up the stubble with their heavy "loafer" rakes. They, too, soon started for the buildings, dragging their small piles of hay after them.

"It's a wet welcome Brother Elwin and Sister Ruth will get from the world," chuckled the elder man, his fat face, strikingly at variance with the usual spare Shaker type, wearing a look of satisfaction as he glanced into the west, where the sun was obscured by a dull coppery veil that met, without blending into, the masses of steel-blue clouds higher in the horizon. "A riddance of such pests, say I. And Elwin was to have gone into the ministry next quarterly, too. Why cannot I, eh, boy? Should there not be gratitude that I?—ahem. To think that Sister Ruth should be the brazen hussy she is."

"But," said the lad, "Sister Jane, when she brought the water for the haymakers not long ago, told me that Sister Ruth was in sore trouble and that she had bidden the children good-by, crying all the while. Call you that brazen, Brother William?"

"Curb your tongue, boy, curb your tongue. Is she not to ride away with a man this night? What can you know of such matters? Hasten now, or we shall feel the shower."

And the two hurried to the settlement just in time to witness the strangest scene that had ever rent asunder the peace of that secluded commune.

At the "landing platform," a curious structure, built that no man need ever help a woman from a vehicle, was standing uneasily a colt harnessed into a modish top-buggy that gleamed with fresh varnish even in the dull saffron light that was diffused out of the ominous west. In the carriage sat Elwin Bright, "Brother" Elwin no longer. The brown hair fell no more upon his shoulders. Gone were the long blue coat and the drab broad-brimmed hat of conventional shape. In their stead he wore a ready-made tweed suit that hung clumsily over his powerful frame, and upon his head was a stiff hat, of very uncertain style, certainly, but the best in the stock of the small trader at the village. He had thrust off the garb of his faith as fiercely as he had turned that faith out from his heart to make room for the new affection that now reigned supreme there.

But spite of his pride in his new-found freedom, he felt some embarrassment at the attention he knew he was attracting. The adults were in sight, yet the young man was sure that he was being secretly scanned by dozens of his old associates, and their very invisibility made assumption of indifference the more difficult on his part. The children, unrestrained by any sentiment of delicacy, flocked out upon the great doorstep, and, fingers in mouths, stared with solemn eyes at the strange sight, vainly trying to explain

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IN HER PLAIN AND NARROW CHAMBER SISTER RUTH WAS PRAYING AT HER BEDSIDE.

the vast difference a few hours had wrought in the appearance of one they had well known and loved. The colt was swaying from side to side, jumping daintily now and then as the big raindrops fell upon his glossy back.

And thus the moments fled as Elwin waited for the woman he loved. The saffron west grew to an inky blackness torn through by the glittering falchions of the lightning. Nature seemed working herself into a paroxysm of rage as at some affront, and to the simple minds of the people of the settlement, who saw tokens of God in all such manifestations, there was ample cause for supreme wrath.

In her plain and narrow chamber, surrounded by the pitiful wrecks of broken home

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ties, Sister Ruth was praying at her bedside. Into her soul had come an agony of doubt, and she was seeking for light. Now that the final wrench was at hand, it was to her distracted mind like plunging into a dark and icy flood, this step into a hitherto unknown "world," the synonym for unrest and trouble. The black pall of the sky and the mournful rumbling of the distant thunder roused all the superstitious dread that had been part and parcel of her training, and the newly blossomed love seemed to wither under its touch.

"O God," she moaned, "tell me thy will. Is it meet that I go forth from thy people into the land of the stranger? Help me now, O Lord; help me, help me!"

A broad flame of lightning rushed past her window as she rose to her feet and peered out into the road. It fairly blinded her with its intensity, but as it passed and was succeeded by a heavy peal of thunder, she saw her lover in his carriage, his hands wound about the taut reins, trying to steady his fiery and indignant colt. The young man looking impatiently up at the window, caught a glimpse of Ruth's pale face, und the look of deep trouble he saw there filled him with fear and roused all his impetuosity into action.

"Come Ruth; quickly, girl," he called loudly, "and we will leave this dismal place for good and all. The storm is gaining, and we must make haste to the village to be married. Have no more delay."

Sister Ruth mechanically took up her little bundle of necessaries, clumsily tied with string by Sister Jane, whose eyes had been dimmed by the tears of honest grief she could not repress, and came slowly, as if in a dream, down the broad staircase to the "entry," which ran directly through the family dwelling.

One step over the yellow door-sill, and never more could she come back into the accustomed house, never more look upon the placid faces she had enshrined in her affections. Yet one step and there was the love of a brave young fellow ready to crown her life with the joy of the wedded, with home and happiness eternal. . . . But what *was* happiness? Was the church, then, utterly wrong? Were the sisters a deluded little band who had crushed down the flower of the heart and had ever pursued the shadow instead of the substance? Again all the fearful doubts of a moment ago surged within her. The associations of years arrayed themselves in all their strength against this step. She paused at the foot of the stairs trying to arrange her thoughts into some sort of order.

The thunder-storm was raging with all the ferocity peculiar to some of the New Hampshire lake regions. Torrents of rain were borne along by powerful gusts of wind from the west, and dashed against the side of the great house with a noise like that of breakers on the shore. Incessant explosions of electricity in all types of lightning flashes, mingled with the almost concurrent cracking of thunder, awed the strongest in that community; only Elder Abram seemed unmoved as he went out into the hall to close the heavy door against the driving flood.

"Ruth!" once more shouted the man waiting in the storm. There was command in his tone now, and a trace of anger, too.

The young girl stepped to the threshold as Elder Abram came out to shut the door. The look in his austere eyes seemed to terrify her anew. Again her lover called, and a second time her voice went up to the dark and storm-tossed heavens—"Show me thy way, at this last moment, O God!"

The fire leaped into the rugged face of the stern old Shaker. He seized the girl roughly and with one hand on her shoulder thrust her at arm's length and held her there, while his other hand he raised clinched to the dripping skies.

"Ruth Thomas," said he, slowly, "you chose your path at the meeting of the ministry. You shall walk therein, for never shall you find a home here again. Go now and darken these doors no more."

So saying he pushed her weeping from the threshold. Her strength gone, she staggered down the steps, falling in a heap on the ground. Elder Abram started forward as if to go to her assistance, but was cut short by an appalling flash of chain lightning whose dazzling glare seemed charged with appreciable heat. Scarce an instant later came a crash and crackle like the firing of a regiment of musketry inside some rock-walled space. Brother Elwin, who had been watching the scene with helpless rage and anxiety, saw the fiery bolt fall upon the doorway, its living light shutting out for a moment the tall form of the old Shaker. Then the figure stood up no longer.

The echo of the thunder-peal had not died

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away among the neighboring hills before the young man leaped from his carriage, and, pulling his furious horse along by the bitring, hurried to the still figure of his promised wife.

"She's only fainted, poor dear," cried Sister Jane, who had hurried out past the little group of men and women bending over the prostrate form in the doorway; "she'll come to soon enough; I'll take her into the house; she cannot travel to-day."

"And Elder Abram?"

"Alive and conscious, but unable to move, they say. As for me, I believe it's a judgment. To think that he should treat our Ruth so. However, when you get back to the village do you send the doctor down to attend him. Never fear, she will be all right in the morning. See, she is coming to herself already." And the pale school-mistress supported by the sturdy arms of her friend opened her eyes and smiled faintly at Brother Elwin. He, reassured, jumped into his carriage. "I shall be here bright and early to-morrow, dear," he said, "to take you away from this miserable place." And he drove off rapidly through the lessening rain toward the village.

Sister Jane turned to the younger girl with a curious look of abstraction in her frank blue eyes. "Ah, Ruthie," she said, gently, "I could almost find it in my heart to envy you your new life. Elwin Bright is a well-favored man——"

"Sister Jane!"

"Oh, a good man, too, if that please you better. But you will go away and be happy; you will some day look back upon us here as hermits who knew not all of life. Perhaps you will be right—who knows?"

. . . . . .

Elder Abram lay with closed eyes upon the iron bed in his small and austere chamber. The morning sun was streaming against the half-closed blinds, and from the field beyond came an occasional ring of steel as the mowers whetted their scythes. At the foot of the bed sat a small boy watching the old man with the eyes of a faithful dog. For a long time there was no sound save those from the outer world. Then the door slowly opened and the fat face of Brother William appeared. Careful as had been his movement, the old man on the bed heard it and opened his eyes.

"Well arrived, Brother William," he said; "I have an errand for you. Has Elwin Bright yet come?"

"He is just here, and is in earnest converse with the woman who was once Sister Ruth. There seems some point on which they are not in accord," he added with a leer.

"Do you go down, then, and tell them I wish to see them here."

"But a woman in your room——"

"Go at once and do as I bid," returned the old Shaker, with a touch of his accustomed sternness, and Brother William shambled off without further parley.

When the man and the woman reached the little room and stood, not without some trepidation, before their former judge, they found him propped up in his bed, his fingers nervously rubbing the counterpane. He looked only at Sister Ruth and something seemed to soften his keen gaze as he noted the whiteness of her face. But his first words were not reassuring.

"Why are you not gone?" he asked.

The girl remained silent with downcast lids. Again her lover became her spokesman.

"I came for Ruth an hour ago, but she seemed unready to depart with me. She thinks only of the command you gave her to leave this place, and she will not go in such a way. She says that we should never be happy; I cannot move her."

"Oh, Elder Abram, grant that I may stay," broke in the young woman.

"That you may then feel free to go?" returned the keen old Shaker.

The girl blushed deeply.

"Nay, Ruth," he continued, more kindly than she had ever known him to speak before, "let us have no such inconsistencies. You may not stay; but I say this no more in anger. I who almost cursed you last night, was laid low, and I see clearer now. I am persuaded that you, in whom there has been no harm heretofore, have not been made evil. It is God's will that you both go forth, for your hearts are no longer with our life. Do good in the world, remember our simple teachings, and may all happiness attend you."

As the two rode along by the shore of the lake, its blue waters, rippling merrily under a cloudless sky, seemed typical of their own joy. Far down near the end Sister Ruth turned for a last look at the settlement. "See," she exclaimed, "there is Sister Jane in a boat, waving her handkerchief at us. It's our final God-speed into the world."

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MICHAEL J. J. MARTIN.

Heroes of Every-Day Life

Mike Martin—Fire-Truck Driver

By PAUL SEVERING

CLING!

The signal-bell of Engine-House No. 15 in Henry Street, New York, began its premonitory warning. At the first stroke firemen began sliding down the brass poles from the second floor and two who had been sitting in the July shade of the open doorway ran in and met the horses as they trotted forward and backed in under the suspended harness.

Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling! Cling!

Five strokes of the bell followed the first

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series is an attempt to portray in vivid form those deeds of bravery and self sacrifice which are being performed constantly by the world's workers, and which might otherwise go unrecorded.

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in rapid succession; the harness came down and the engine-driver swung into his place, hooking his waist-strap around him with a quick motion.

Cling! Cling! Cling! . . . BANG!

The clapper of the big gong drowned the last note of the small bell and the desk man yelled:

"153. Ludlow and Division Street. Straightaway down Henry! Clear that doorway! Those kids'll get killed there some day. Now you're off!"

The horses, prancing and tugging, as eager to get away as the men, lurched heavily forward as the driver gave them head, and with a wild clangor and a wilder train of sparks, the steamer was out and racing down populous Henry Street, followed by the less spectacular hose-wagon and its load of men and apparatus.

"Some day," said the desk man, as he gazed after the machines, "some day there's going to be a run-over in this street that'll be heard of clear to 'Frisco. Mark my words."

"Yes," replied a stableman at his side, "and it'll be up to the wagon-driver then. Mike Martin was saying only this morning that he's in fear of killing some child on every run. Just look at the way they're acting now. The steamer seems to sort of turn their heads like, and they run out after it forgetting all about the cart. It's a wonder their mothers wouldn't be afraid to let them out."

Henry Street is a main thoroughfare in the "bitter cry" district of New York; a lane between combs in the great hive of the slums. Time was when its purlieus sheltered the most ardent of native Americanism, but the tide of immigration long ago engulfed it, passed over it and on, leaving it full of heterogeneous nationalities. From its rookeries sounds the whirr of the machine, the unconscious protest of the overwrought worker; from its house-fronts hang pendulous the bedding of its tenement-dwellers crowded out of the sweat-shops within, and on its reeking pavement romp and shout the children of its toilers; children who can have no place inside during the working hours of the day; children, thousands of them, romping, skipping, laughing, crying; children not only from its own denizens, but from those of adjacent streets, who play here on the chance of seeing the engines go by.

So the engine and the hose-cart dashed madly through a lane of shrieking youngsters and frightened mothers just as they do every time they go out. The driver of the steamer clung to his three steeds with the air of a charioteer who knows that his aspect is formidable enough to open its own way, but back on the cart Mike Martin had hold of the reins of fear. His gaze was straight ahead, but in the tail of his eye was that long, quivering line of children on the curb.

"Suppose," he was thinking (he told me this afterward in the quiet of the engine-house), "suppose one of them should suddenly run forward under the heads of the horses? What would I do?"

Turn quickly aside—and plough through the line on the curb? No. That would not do. It was a puzzle without an answer.

This phase of the driver's life had never occurred to him back in the days when his present position had seemed the very pinnacle of honor and enjoyment; back in the days when he was a child on the curb and resolved that when he grew up he would be a fireman and drive the horses at lightning speed. Then he thought only of the excitement and the glory of the life; now he realized nothing but the responsibility.

He kept as close to the steamer as he dared in order to take advantage of its uncertain zone of protection. But suppose—suppose? That question kept obtruding itself upon his consciousness, and—suddenly, fate compelled him to answer it.

Little Sarah Adelman, aged five, who lives on Clinton Street near Henry Street, heard the clanging of the bells and rushed up to see the engines go by. She ran wildly, shrieking like the rest, and reached the curb just as the steamer, dazzling to the sight, deafening to the ear, rushed past. To little Sarah that steamer was the most wonderful, the most exciting object in the world; its shining dome positively fascinated her. Her desire to miss no moment of its progress drew her onward at a pace swifter than her little feet could sustain and—sent her sprawling into the roadway directly in front of Mike Martin's hose-wagon.

What should he do—what *could* he do? Sarah had dropped not twenty feet ahead of the racing horses and they were on her so quickly that several bystanders thought the pole had knocked her down. Yet in that brief interval Mike Martin answered the question to which he had not found a solution in days, yes, weeks, of pondering.

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"It came to me like *that*," he told me later, snapping his fingers, "and I thought I would take the chance."

He had been leaning off the seat held by the waist-strap, his hands in the rein-loops, far out over the horses' backs. With a quick jerk and a blind confidence in the heft of the strap, he straightened up, pulling the horses' heads close together and sending their haunches far apart. Then as they tried to recover, he suddenly let loose the reins, sending them apart at the heads. And in that position, that is, wide apart, with little Sarah Adelman prone between them, the momentum of the wagon forced them ahead before the murderous hoofs could touch her.

It was half a minute before Mike Martin, occupied in helping his steeds recover, dared look back; and the only thing he saw as he put them again to the gallop was the crowd closing in around the child as she hung limp in the arms of a citizen.

There was nothing to do but go on, for under the circumstances the law gives the distant fire the preference. All the way there Mike Martin drove with a white face and a loose jaw, and if you knew him well you understood that to be his sign of internal stress. He said no word until he reached the box and found a false alarm. Then he cursed and, turning his horses heads about, raced back up Henry Street as though its whole northern end were afire.

"Hey, Mike, old man!" called one of his wagon-mates. "No hurry. The kid's all right."

"Yes," he ground out. "If the life-net box didn't hit her."

Poor Mike. He thought of possibilities that had not occurred to the others. Under the wagon was suspended the life-net box and it reached to within eighteen inches of the ground. If it had hit her she was probably dead.

There was a crowd around a drug store, near where the accident had happened and Dr. Emily Dunning, the ambulance surgeon, was just driving away. As Mike jumped down the people began to yell. With small ceremony he pushed his way through.

"Well. How is she?" he demanded of the druggist. The store was full of children. One of them was crying in a rocking woman's arms.

"That's her," replied the man of drugs. "She says you mussed her curls."

"Nothing else?"

"Oh, slight scalp wound. It will not signify."

Without a word Mike Martin climbed back into his hose-wagon, but the "word" of the crowd followed him for blocks.

Michael J. J. Martin is a young fireman who has been five years in the service. He is known as one of the most expert drivers in the department. His ambition to be a fireman dates back to his boyhood days and he has been consistently true to it ever since. He says he means to take advantage of every legitimate opportunity to reach the highest possible position in the service. Aside from saving the life of little Sarah Adelman he has performed other deeds of valor and is on the roll of merit for having assisted in carrying out of a burning building a brother firemen who was overcome by smoke.

From the Bridge

By HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

THE great black wharves loom blacker in the dawn—
The vague ships slowly shape and show their spars
The outline of the hither shore is drawn,
And promised sunrise washes out the stars.

Nor sight, nor sound, foretells the busy day,
Till suddenly, the faint "chud chud" of steam
Tells of a waking ship; and far away
Through startled streets, wheels break the city's dream.

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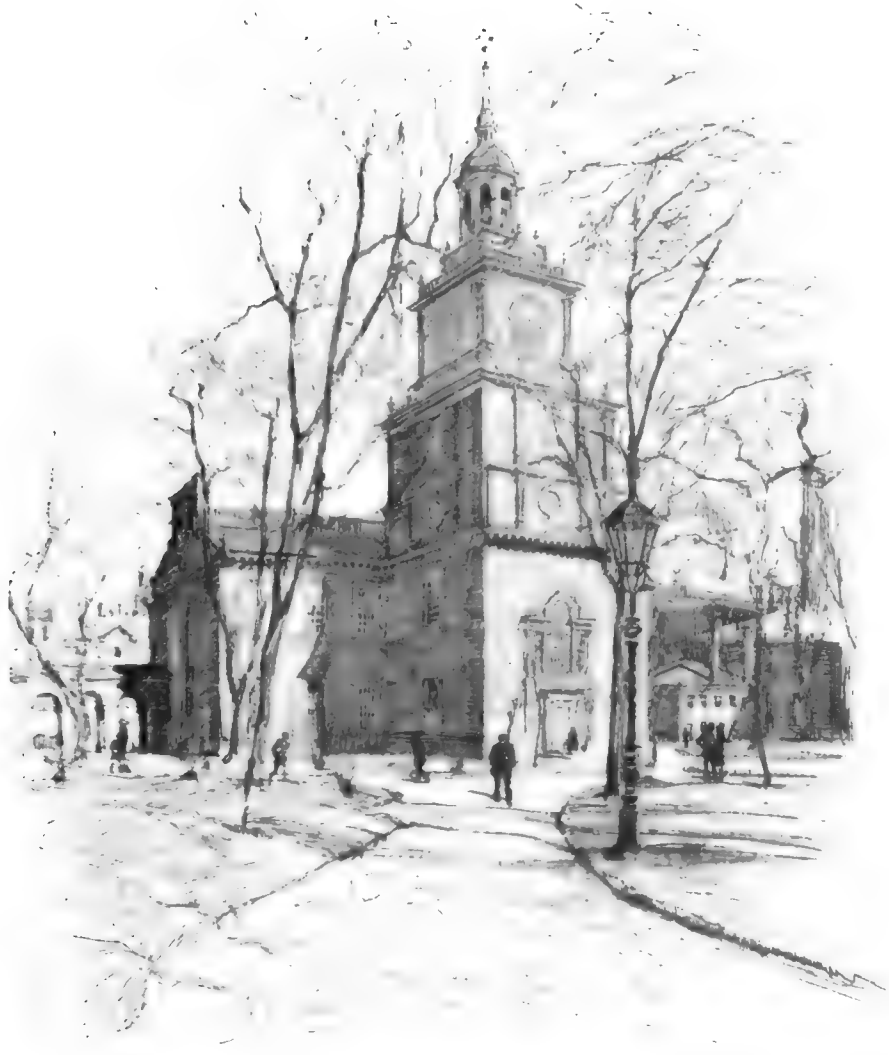
American Cities in Pencil

Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey

I. Philadelphia



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The traditions surrounding Independence Hall are the national inheritance of every man, woman, and child born throughout the United States. This venerable cradle of the Republic stands on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth, on the south side of the street. Since the extensive alterations and restorations in 1897–98 the building, which was formerly used for various public offices and societies, has taken its rightful place as a national monument of the birth of the Republic. The accompanying sketch shows the true front of the Hall facing on Independence Square, the Chestnut Street front being in reality the rear.

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THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

This dignified structure, which was formerly the Merchants' Exchange, stands in the angle formed by Third, Dock, and Walnut Streets, in the heart of Philadelphia Old Town. The neighborhood is historic ground and was the scene of many sanguinary struggles during Revolutionary days. The situation of the building and the chaste dignity of its façade are in striking contrast to the surroundings, which consist chiefly of markets, while a few blocks farther east is the Delaware River, with the busy traffic along a crowded water-front.

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THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS TOWER.

The tower of the Public Building, or City Hall, is the focal point in almost any view of Philadelphia. Situated at the north extremity of the vast structure which contains the municipal administrative offices, and capped by the colossal figure of William Penn, it dominates the entire city. This view of the tower is that looking east from Fifteenth and Market Streets, and shows on the left the soaring Modern Gothic mass of the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot at Broad and Market. Spanning Market Street, which is one of the city's main arteries, is seen a covered footway for the convenience of railway passengers.

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SOUTH BROAD STREET.

South Broad Street is the city's sky-scraper district, and during less than a decade a number of high buildings have sprung up within the area of a very few acres. From Walnut Street, looking north, until the eye is arrested by the Public Buildings, sky-scrapers line each side of this wide thoroughfare, the most imposing among which are the Real Estate Trust Company Building, the Land Title Trust Company, the older Betz Building, and the Romanesque home of the Girard Life and Trust Company. Two buildings of a different character sandwiched between these giants are the Union League Club and the cream and white colonial residence of the late Mrs. Jayhue Lippincott.

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CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE OVER THE SCHUYLKILL.

One of the finest of Philadelphia's numerous bridges spanning the Schuylkill River, which runs through the heart of the city, is the Chestnut Street Bridge. The accompanying sketch shows a succession of arches and the eastern terminal of the bridge at the corner of Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets. On the right, looking east across the river, rises the dignified structure, with tall clock tower, which serves as the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Depot. The tracks are depressed at this point, and the building, though in an unfavorable position, has been made an effective mass and one which harmonizes admirably with the bridge itself.

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CHRIST CHURCH.

The most celebrated and one of the oldest of Philadelphia's many churches is Christ Church, in Second Street above Market. The church is replete with historic associations, a portion of the present edifice having been erected as early as 1727 on the site of a frame building dating from 1695. In Christ Church President Washington worshipped and also President Adams, and for many years Benjamin Franklin occupied one of the pews there. John Penn, a former proprietor of Pennsylvania, and a notable series of Revolutionary patriots rest in the burying-ground or under the floors of the church. The communion service was presented to the church by Queen Anne in 1708.

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CHESTNUT STREET.

Universally recognized as Philadelphia's smartest shopping district as well as, on its south side, a favorite, though crowded, promenade, Chestnut Street in the vicinity of Ninth presents a handsome *ensemble* of notable buildings. Looking west from Ninth Street are grouped on the right in imposing succession the Post Office, the *Record* Building, the Mutual Life Building, the Penn Mutual, the City Trust Company, and others of equal prominence stretching beyond Tenth Street. The electric cars on Chestnut Street run east, and the greatest volume of traffic as well as the largest number of shoppers and pleasure-seekers throng between Broad Street and Independence Hall.

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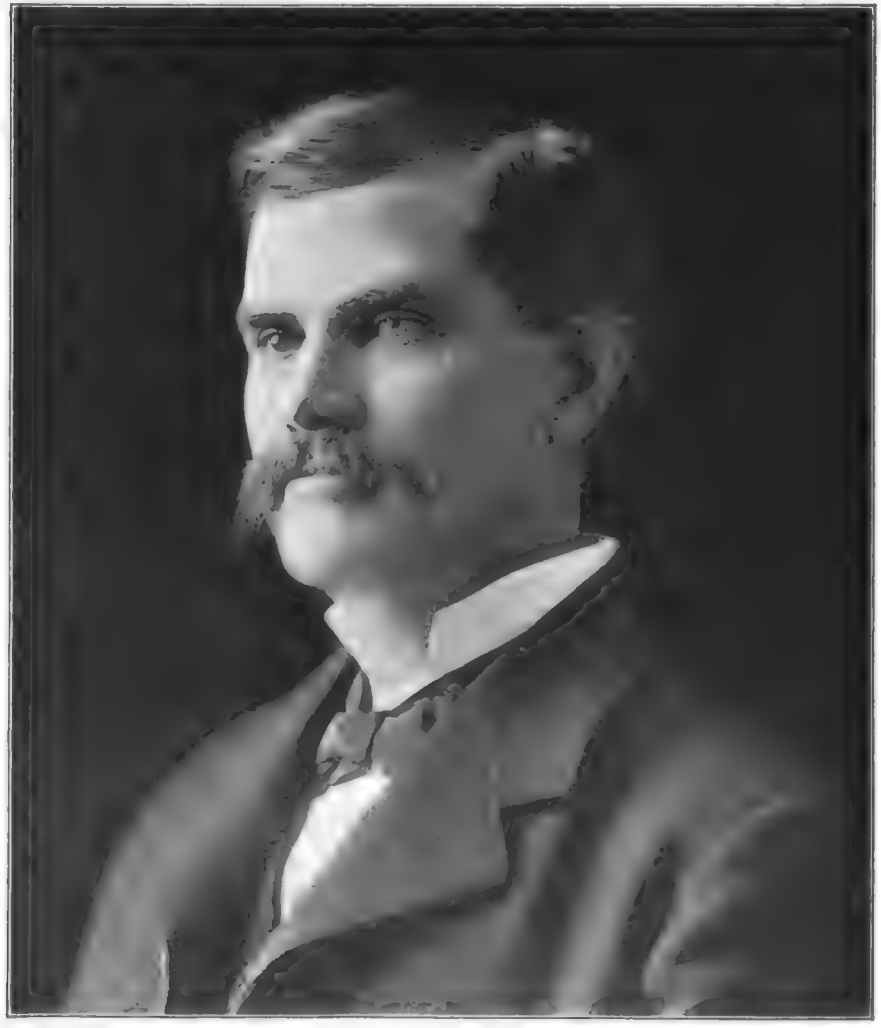
What Democracy Now Stands For

By CONGRESSMAN JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

An Authoritative Statement of Democratic Policy on the Great Issues Before the Country by the Leader of the Minority in the House of Representatives



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HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

THE two great parties are fundamentally divided as Jefferson and Hamilton were. Issues change with changing conditions from year to year, but issues are, after all, but the application of fundamental principles to conditions.

As to the tariff, the Democratic Party stands for the principle that protectionism is a system of taxation, whereby many are robbed in order that a few may be hot-housed by legislation into artificial prosperity. The method whereby "protection" does this is by

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deflecting capital and labor from naturally profitable pursuits into pursuits made by legislation profitable, pursuits which without legislation would have been less profitable, or perhaps not profitable at all.

The ultimate goal of Democratic striving is "tariff for revenue only," but in the striving toward this goal common sense, good judgment, and conservatism will prevail and time will enter as a factor. Perhaps it might be said that an ideal "Democratic tariff for revenue only" would consist in levying import duties upon all, or nearly all, imports, dividing them, however, into three classes: first, necessaries of life and necessaries of industries; secondly, comforts; and third, luxuries.

THE REFORMER MUST GO SLOW

The general principle that protectionism is wrong—morally wrong—a prostitution of government to private ends—should never be forgotten; the goal ought not to be lost sight of. At the same time friends of tariff reform would not strike down in a revolutionary way—"over night," as the Germans say—all the scaffolding which the false system has erected. Even in Great Britain, where free trade was and is possible, free trade was not reached in that way. Duties were reduced amidst the dismal predictions of the advocates of protectionism that "destruction and ruin," "starvation and poverty" would follow. Destruction, ruin, starvation, and poverty did not follow after duty was removed. Object-lesson after object-lesson was thus furnished to the people of the falsity of the claims of the advocates of the old system.

In this country, owing to the decision of the Supreme Court in the income-tax case, founded on the provision in the Constitution of the United States about direct taxes, the goal cannot be, as it was in Great Britain, free trade. "A tariff for revenue to carry on a government economically and effectively administered" becomes the American tariff reformer's goal. It must be kept in mind until it is reached, but it must be reached by the exercise of wisdom and good sense. The tariff reformer who would do things recklessly or too suddenly would run the risk of destroying the very end which he had in contemplation, by furnishing object-lessons which would not help but would hurt him, and in consequence of which he and those of his opinion might be hurled out of place and deprived of the power of doing anything.

There is also a tariff revision by piecemeal, which is a hand-maiden of the other system. It is very important in its place, although it ought never to be permitted to handicap the larger movement by general legislation. This is tariff revision by reciprocal trade agreements with other nations. I have always thought that there ought to be about every tariff law some degree of elasticity—a maximum and a minimum—a margin within which, by international trading and bartering, the friends of untrammelled, or comparatively untrammelled, commerce could be rewarded for the admission of our farm and mining products free, or nearly free—encouraged to continue in their course—and others encouraged to imitate it; and whereby, also, incident to the rewarding of these, peoples pursuing an inimical course toward our commerce could be punished. They could not complain, because they would not be punished directly, indeed punishment would not be the end in view. They would be punished by their own act, and their punishment could be remitted by their own act.

Much can be done along this piecemeal line of tariff revision under a Democratic, or approximately Democratic, law. Some things along this line can be done even under the Dingley law, with nothing but the small twenty per cent. margin of elasticity given in that act. Chamberlainism in England and in her colonies can be killed a-borning by a wisely executed policy of that sort, and with an advantage incalculable to American producers, whether on the farm, in the mine, or in the factory, while at the same time benefiting American consumers of British products to the extent of twenty per cent. The framers of the Dingley bill themselves confessed that they had placed the duties on a level twenty per cent. higher than was neces-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In John Sharp Williams the Democracy in the House of Representatives has found a leader of real worth and ability. By occupation and descent a cotton planter, by education a lawyer, Congressman Williams studied first at the Kentucky Military Institute, later at the University of the South, and graduated from the University of Virginia; then he went abroad and attended Heidelberg University, being there at the same time as the German Emperor. He is from Mississippi, has served in the House ten years, and on his next birthday will be fifty years of age. An excellent natural debater, Mr. Williams is splendidly equipped by service on the several great committees to lead his party. He knows his subjects, and the accompanying article gives the measure of his directness. Personally, he is agreeable; calm, unruffled in controversy; in figure, slender; a thoughtful, refined type of face, rather dishevelled hair, and noticeably indifferent in matters of dress.

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sary, even in their own opinions and from their standpoint of high protectionism. They made this confession when they inserted in the bill section four, which authorizes a reduction of twenty per cent. to be made upon all articles and commodities upon the dutiable list by international agreement in certain international contingencies.

Were we to pass a law to-morrow giving this differential advantage of twenty per cent. to all such countries as do now, or may hereafter, admit duty free the growth and product of our farms and mines — so-called "natural products"—the selfish appeal which Mr. Chamberlain is now making in Great Britain, with a view of placing import duties upon natural products admitted into the British market, except when such natural products are sent from British colonies, would receive its counter-blast and counter-check. It is needless here to say that over half of the entire exports of the natural products of the American people are to the British market. Other countries maintaining a free-trade, or an approximately free-trade, system in regard to natural products would likewise be encouraged to continue their present policy and not to diverge from it into the pathway of commercial warfare. Still others would be encouraged to inaugurate such a policy. The American farmer would find a guarantee of the retention of present markets, and the opening up of new markets. The price of his product in the foreign market being lower than now, owing to the removal of international tolls, he would find himself enabled thereby to sell a very much larger quantity of goods than formerly at the same profit heretofore obtained by him.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA

The Democratic tariff idea, like anything else Democratic, is founded as nearly as possible upon the principle of "equality of opportunities and equality of burdens." This same principle extended to other matters of anticipated legislation will give you what Democracy means, or ought to mean with regard to them. It stands for equality of charges by railroads and transportation companies, with destruction of the power of secret rebates or open discrimination, whether against corporations or localities. Neither Government nor Government-created corporations ought to be permitted to encourage or continue in a course of favoritism to any individual, any interest, or any locality.

A Democratic Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee would produce a bill under which some things that we now see could not happen; it would be made impossible, for example, for the great railway systems to make a rebate of thirty-three and one-third per cent. upon iron and steel, and the products of iron and steel, when carried for export, and recoup for that reduction by increasing freight charges on commodities from Chicago to the seaboard two per cent. This system whereby the railroads assist the steel trust in selling its goods much cheaper to the dealer abroad than to the dealer at home, much cheaper to the foreign shipbuilder than to the American shipbuilder, would be destroyed just to the extent that the railroad rebate in favor of its products when exported, as against the same products when disposed of at home, would be removed.

A Democratic tariff law would not, even from the beginning, contain rates of duty above a mere revenue point, in cases where it is so self-evident that the existing duty serves only the purpose of home extortion, as it is in those where the producer here, still receiving the benefit in the home market of the tariff tax, is actually selling abroad in competition with so-called pauper labor. The fact that he can do so makes self-evident the lack of need for the tax, for any other than a revenue purpose, even from a protectionist's standpoint.

A Democratic interstate commerce bill would give to the Interstate Commerce Commission many of the powers which it has been vainly asking of a Republican Congress. The child's play which is exhibited now in that the Interstate Commerce Commission, though legally empowered to pronounce a given rate of charge unreasonable, yet lacks the power to say what rate in its stead would be reasonable, would then come to an end; and the further child's play of maintaining a rate decided excessive by the Interstate Commerce Commission, during the pendency of railroad-instigated litigation, would also cease.

The same old principle of Democratic equality, or approximate equality of benefit and of burden, ought to show that the Democratic Party could not very well stand in finance for the Aldrich bill or the Fowler bill—certainly not for any proposition look-

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ing toward the giving out for circulation of Government-guaranteed currency upon the deposit of the bonds of private corporations—thus making the Government a partner in the affairs and in the maintenance of the credit of a few selected, and therefore favored, bond-issuing corporations. The same principle, when applied to the present system of Government deposits with national banks would teach, or ought to teach, that the Government ought not virtually to lend its money free—would teach, or ought to teach, that if Government money is to be deposited in banks at all (and with a revenue far beyond the needs of an economical or even of the present extravagant Government, that seems a present necessity in order not to starve commerce and industry by lack of cash), then the deposits ought to be made upon some system whereby there could be secured: first, undoubted, gilt-edged, and infallible security for the return of the principal deposited; and, secondly, in such banks as, having given that security, should, by competitive bid, offer for the deposit the highest rate of interest. Nor is there any Democratic reason why Government deposits, amply secured in some such way as I have indicated, should be confined to national banks alone—it being apparent that the security which ought to be deposited in the Government vaults in return for the money deposited in the bank vaults would be, as above indicated, a *self-sufficing* security totally independent of the bank's future solvency or insolvency.

Talking about depositaries and their security: except the miraculous construction by the President and his Administration of the treaty with Colombia, whereby the pledge of the United States to "guarantee the sovereignty of Colombia" over the trans-isthmian strip was construed to mean a promise to upset that sovereignty by preventing Colombia from enforcing it, there is nothing quite so marvellous as the construction which the Secretary of the Treasury gave to section 5153 of the Revised Statutes. The language of that section is this: "The Secretary of the Treasury shall require the associations thus designated" (meaning the depositaries) "to give satisfactory security by the deposit of United States bonds and otherwise . . ." The Secretary of the Treasury simply and calmly scratched out the word "and" and inserted the word "or" in lieu thereof.

I am asked, "Is there now a live issue in abating trusts?" Of course there is. It has been proven that trusts are not quite the "get-rich-quick" concerns which many innocent and gullible people, misled by exploiting swindlers authorized by law to swindle, once thought them to be. Any concern of the gigantic magnitude of one of the great combinations of corporations called a "trust" must necessarily, to a large extent, do without the restraining and economizing "eye of the master," and it must, moreover, be managed, in a large measure, without regard to that most important factor of all business, the known private character of the man immediately supervising and controlling. This all being true, it is but natural that a great deal of water should, in the natural course of inevitable exposure, have been squeezed out of the trusts; but it still remains true that a system of law regulating interstate commerce, which permits public cheats and swindles of the Jersey-born variety to go untrammelled and unwhipped of justice, is a grave thing and ought to constitute an issue, whether it does or not.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

The same great Democratic principle of equality applied to the Philippine Islands will give as a result of its application the Democratic policy there. The Philippine Islands ought not to be retained as a part of the American body politic, because, from the very nature of the population—alien and inimical—they cannot, with safety to our rule, be given "equal opportunities" and subjected only to "equal burdens." A country which has been afflicted, as this has been, from the landing of the first slave-ship at Jamestown down to now, with an apparently insoluble race problem ought never to have annexed another and, having annexed it, ought to "un-annex" it just as soon as practicable; that is just as soon as the waste places have been reoccupied by the people of the country and that people set upon their feet.

On the other hand, if, in spite of all the lessons of history, they are to be retained anyhow, then in their trade relations with the people of the balance of the United States, and *with regard to their natural rights*, they should have "equal opportunities and equal burdens" under the flag and under the Constitution. They should be permitted to grow rich as we have grown rich, by sharing

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the magnificent benefits of free trade between all parts of the Union.

I say with regard to their natural rights. I do not say with regard to the statutory privilege of the suffrage, which is a different thing and ought never to be conferred save in the interest of organized society's chief aim—good government. I refer to the "God-given" rights of the individual as such and as a factor in industrialism, chief of all the right to earn an honest living in the sweat of one's brow.

As to the isthmian canal question, the Democracy wants a canal. It wanted it, by an overwhelming majority within its ranks, at Nicaragua, because of the natural advantages of that route regardless of the first cost. The main benefits, in my opinion, to be looked for in a trans-isthmian canal are: first, in connection with our intercoastal trade—trade between the Atlantic and Gulf ports on the east and the Pacific ports on the west—furnishing a cheap waterways competition with transcontinental railroads; second, in connection with increased naval strength and efficiency—enabling Gulf and Atlantic squadrons on the one side and Pacific squadrons on the other to concentrate without the necessity of going around the Horn. The question of first cost is a mere bagatelle in contrast with the attainment of these two great ends.

The great transcontinental railways, however—all of their henchmen and a great many innocent persons who have been misled by them—have deflected public opinion toward Panama, because Panama, being so very much farther in distance and in time necessary for intercoastal voyages, furnishes very much less competition to them in their transcontinental business than a canal at Nicaragua would. The Democracy, however, is for a canal and is willing to take a canal at Panama, if at all, because it cannot get the other and because it will do the American Navy, American commerce, and American industry a vast deal of good even there.

The party is not going to permit itself to be thrown by its enemies into an anti-canal attitude.

RECKLESS INTERNATIONAL CONDUCT

On the other hand, it is not going to permit itself to be thrown by anyone into the attitude of condoning the infinitely reckless disregard of international law, rights of nations, and customs of civilization illustrated in our recent connection with the birth of the mushroom Republic of Panama—a birth evidently foreseen, provided for, and aided. We are not responsible for what the Republican Administration has already done; we do not indorse it; we do not condone it. We warn it in the interest of business, in the interest of the people, and in the interest of the peace of the world, against the danger of future repetitions of this sort of rough-rider, all-too-sudden, and superlatively reckless international conduct. It might not be Colombia next time. It might be a government able and willing to resent insult—to lift a gauntlet insolently flung down. A child with a lighted torch in a powder-magazine is a dangerous thing. The Presidential cannon is a dangerous weapon to play with, especially when the man, amusing himself by firing it off, sits astride the cannon with his face to the breech and his back to the muzzle, and sees nothing that is or might be in front of the gun.

It is said that the so-called Republic of Panama is an accomplished fact. France repeats that it is "*un fait accompli.*" We want it distinctly understood that we had nothing to do with the "accomplishment," and are not proud of the part our country took in it. It has been, or soon will be, recognized as one of the "independent nations of the earth" by our Government, by France, by Great Britain, by Germany, and by Russia. Recognition was marvellously sudden in comparison with the failure to recognize even belligerent rights for the Republic of Cuba or independence for the Boer Republic in South Africa. Amongst honest men, who believe in certain recognized, fundamental principles of international dealing, the so-called Republic of Panama is an abortion, misbegotten, hag-born, a misshapen Caliban among the "independent nations" of the earth.

As to the sin and unscrupulousness of it, that is the affair of the Republican Administration; it is not ours. We shall hope that the President of the United States will yet obey the plain letter of the law, as expressed in the Spooner Act, and give the American people a canal where they ought to have it—at Nicaragua. But if not, and we are forced to forego that desire and to take our canal at Panama, we want it. In taking it there, and in recognizing "accomplished facts," we cannot, in the minds of just men anywhere, be held chargeable with the manner of their accomplishment.

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"'TWAS A LITTLE FOREIGN PERSON TRYING TO TOUCH THE FLOOR WITH HIS TOES."

On Behalf of the Management

By O. HENRY

Illustrated by Charles H. White

THIS is the story of the man manager, and how he held his own until the very last paragraph.

I had it from Sully Magoon, *vivâ voce*. The words are indeed his; and if they do not constitute truthful fiction my memory should be taxed with the blame.

It is not deemed amiss to point out, in the beginning, the stress that is laid upon the masculinity of the manager. For, according to Sully, the term when applied to the feminine division of mankind has precisely an opposite meaning. The woman manager (he says) economizes, saves, oppresses her household with bargains and contrivances, and looks sourly upon any pence that are cast to the fiddler for even a single jig-step on life's arid march. Wherefore her men-folk call her blessed and praise her; and then sneak out the backdoor to see the Gilhooly Sisters do a buck-and-wing dance.

Now, the man manager (I still quote Sully) is a Cæsar without a Brutus. He is an autocrat without responsibility; a player who imperils no stake of his own. His office is to enact, to reverberate, to boom, to expand, to out-coruscate — profitably, if he can. Bill-paying and growing gray hairs over results belongs to his principals. It is his to guide the risk, to be the Apotheosis of Front, the three-tailed Bashaw of Bluff, the Essential Oil of Razzle-Dazzle.

We sat at luncheon, and Sully Magoon told me. I asked for particulars.

"My old friend Denver Galloway was a born manager," said Sully. "He first saw the light of day in New York at three years of age. He was born in Pittsburg, but his

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parents moved East the third summer afterward.

"When Denver grew up, he went into the managing business. At the age of eight he managed a news-stand for the Dago that owned it. After that he was manager at different times of a skating-rink, a livery-stable, a policy game, a restaurant, a dancing academy, a walking-match, a burlesque company, a dry-goods store, a dozen hotels and summer resorts, an insurance company, and a district leader's campaign. That campaign, when Coughlin was elected on the East Side, gave Denver a boost. It got him a job as manager of a Broadway hotel, and for a while he managed Senator O'Grady's campaign in the nineteenth.

"Denver was a New Yorker all over. I think he was out of the city just twice before the time I'm going to tell you about. Once he went rabbit-shooting in Yonkers. The other time I met him just landing from a North River ferry. 'Been out West on a big trip, Sully, old boy,' says he. 'Gad! Sully, I had no idea we had such a big country. It's immense. Never conceived of the magnificence of the West before. It's gorgeous and glorious and infinite. Makes the East seem cramped and little. It's a grand thing to travel and get an idea of the extent and resources of our country.'

"I'd made several little runs out to California and down to Mexico and up through Alaska, so I sits down with Denver for a chat about the things he saw.

"'Took in the Yosemite, out there, of course?' I asks.

"'Well—no,' says Denver, 'I don't think so. At least, I don't recollect it. You see, I only had three days, and I didn't get any farther west than Altoona, Pennsylvania.'

"About two years ago I dropped into New York with a little fly-paper proposition about a Tennessee mica mine that I wanted to spread out in a nice, sunny window, in the hopes of catching a few. I was coming out of a printing-shop one afternoon with a batch of fine, sticky prospectuses when I ran against Denver coming around a corner. I never saw him looking so much like a tiger-lily. He was as beautiful and new as a trellis of sweet peas, and as rollicking as a clarinet solo. We shook hands, and he asked me what I was doing, and I gave him the outlines of the scandal I was trying to create in mica.

"'Pooh, pooh! for your mica,' says Denver. 'Don't you know better, Sully, than to bump up against the coppers of little old New York with anything as transparent as mica? Now, you come with me over to the Hotel Brunswick. You're just the man I was hoping for. I've got something there in sepia and curled hair that I want you to look at.'

"'You putting up at the Brunswick?' I asks.

"'Not a cent,' says Denver, cheerful. 'The syndicate that owns the hotel puts up. I'm manager.'

"The Brunswick wasn't one of them Broadway pot-houses all full of palms and hyphens and flowers and costumes—kind of a mixture of lawns and laundries. It was on one of the East Side avenues; but it was a solid, old-time caravansary such as the Mayor of Skaneateles or the Governor of Missouri might stop at. Eight stories high it stacked up, with new striped awnings, and the electrics had it as light as day.

"'I've been manager here for a year,' says Denver, as we drew nigh. 'When I took charge,' says he, 'nobody nor nothing ever stopped at the Brunswick. The clock over the clerk's desk used to run for weeks without winding. A man fell dead with heart disease on the sidewalk one day, and when they went to pick him up he was two blocks away. I figured out a scheme to catch the West Indies and South American trade. I persuaded the owners to invest a few more thousands, and I put every cent of it in electric lights, cayenne pepper, gold-leaf, and garlic. I got a Spanish-speaking force of employees and a string band; and there was talk going around of a cock-fight in the basement every Sunday. Maybe I didn't catch the nut-brown gang! From Havana to Patagonia the Don Señors knew about the Brunswick. We get the high-fliers from Cuba and Mexico and the couple of Americas farther south; and they've simply got the boodle to bombard every bullfinch in the bush with.'

"When we get to the hotel, Denver stops me at the door.

"'There's a little liver-colored man,' says he, 'sitting in a big leather chair to your right, inside. You sit down and watch him for a few minutes, and then tell me what you think.'

"I took a chair, while Denver circulates around in the big rotunda. The room was about full of curly-headed Cubans and South American brunettes of different shades; and

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the atmosphere was international with cigarette smoke, lit up by diamond rings and edged off with a whisper of garlic.

"That Denver Galloway was sure a relief to the eye. Six feet two he was, redheaded, and pink-gilled as a sun-perch. And the air he had! Court of Saint James, Chauncey Olcott, Kentucky colonels, Count of Monte Cristo, grand opera—all these things he reminded you of when he was doing the honors. When he raised his finger the hotel porters and bell-boys skated across the floor like cockroaches, and even the clerk behind the desk looked as meek and unimportant as Andy Carnegie.

"Denver passed around, shaking hands with his guests, and saying over the two or three Spanish words he knew, until it was like a coronation rehearsal or a Bryan barbecue in Texas.

"I watched the little man he told me to. 'Twas a little foreign person in a double-breasted frock-coat, trying to touch the floor with his toes. He was the color of vici kid, and his whiskers was like excelsior made out of mahogany wood. He breathed hard, and he never once took his eyes off of Denver. There was a look of admiration and respect on his face like you see on a boy that's following a champion base-ball team, or the Kaiser William looking at himself in a glass.

"After Denver goes his rounds he takes me into his private office.

"ON THE PIER HE HUGGED DENVER AROUND THE WAIST AND SOBBED."

"'What's your report on the dingy I told you to watch?' he asks.

"'Well,' says I, 'if you was as big a man as he takes you to be, nine rooms and bath in the Hall of Fame, rent free till October 1st, would be about your size.'

"'You've caught the idea,' says Denver. 'I've given him the wizard grip and the cabalistic eye. The glamour that emanates from yours truly has enveloped him like a North River fog. He seems to think that Señor Galloway is the man who. I guess they don't raise 74-inch sorrel-tops with romping ways down in his precinct. Now, Sully,' goes on Denver, 'if you was asked, what would you take the little man to be?'

"'Why,' says I, 'the barber around the corner; or, if he's royal, the king of the bootblacks.'

"'Never judge by looks,' says Denver; 'he's the dark-horse candidate for president of a South American republic.'

"'Well,' says I, 'he didn't look quite that bad to me.'

"Then Denver draws his chair up close and gives out his scheme.

"'Sully,' says he, with seriousness and lev-

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. . . "AND FREE DRINKS AND BUY UP ALL THE BRASS BANDS."

ity, 'I've been a manager of one thing and another for over twenty years. That's what I was cut out for—to have somebody else put up the money and look after the repairs and the police and taxes while I run the business. I never had a dollar of my own invested in my life. I wouldn't know how it felt to have the dealer rake in a coin of mine. But I can handle other people's stuff and manage other people's enterprises. I've had an ambition to get hold of something big—something higher than hotels and lumber-yards and local politics. I want to be manager of something 'way up—like a railroad or a diamond trust or an automobile factory. Now here comes this little man from the tropics with just what I want, and he's offered me the job.'

"'What job?' I asks. 'Is he going to revive the Georgia Minstrels or open a cigar-store?'

"'He's no 'coon,' says Denver, severe. 'He's General Rompiro—General Josey Alfonso Sapolio Jew-Ann Rompiro—he has cards printed by a news-ticker. He's the real thing, Sully, and he wants me to manage his campaign—he wants Denver C. Galloway for a president-maker. Think of that, Sully! Old Denver romping down to the tropics, plucking lotos-flowers and pineapples with one hand and making presidents with the other! Won't it make Uncle Mark Hanna mad? And I want you to go too, Sully. You can help me more than any man I know. I've been herding that brown man for a month in the hotel so he wouldn't stray down around Fourteenth Street and get roped in by that crowd of refugee tamale-eaters down there. And he's landed, and D. C. G. is manager of General J. A. S. J. Rompiro's presidential campaign in the great republic of—what's its name?'

"Denver gets down an atlas from a shelf, and we have a look at the afflicted country. 'Twas a dark blue one, on the west coast, about the size of a special delivery stamp.

"'From what the General tells me,' says Denver, 'and from what I can gather from the encyclopædia and by conversing with the janitor of the Astor Library, it'll be as easy to handle the vote of that country as it would be for Tammany to get a man named Geoghan appointed on the White Wings force.'

"'Why don't General Rumptyro stay at home,' says I, 'and manage his own canvass?'

"'You don't understand South American politics,' says Denver, getting out the cigars. 'It's this way. General Rompiro had the misfortune of becoming a popular idol. He distinguished himself by leading the army in pursuit of a couple of sailors who had stolen the plaza—or the carramba, or something belonging to the government. The people called him a hero, and the government got jealous. The president sends for the chief of the Department of Public Edifices. "Find me a nice, clean adobe wall," says he, "and stand Señor Rompiro up against it. Then call out a file of soldiers and—then let him be up against it." Something,' goes on Denver, 'like the way they've treated Hobson and Carrie Nation in our country. So the General had to flee. But he was thoughtful enough to bring along his roll. He's got sinews of war enough to buy a battle-ship and float her off in the christening fluid.'

"'What chance has he got to be president?'

"'Wasn't I just giving you his rating?' says Denver. 'His country is one of the few in South America where the presidents are elected by popular ballot. The General can't go there just now. It hurts to be shot against a wall. He needs a campaign manager to go down and whoop things up for him—to get the boys in line and the new two-dollar bills afloat and the babies kissed and

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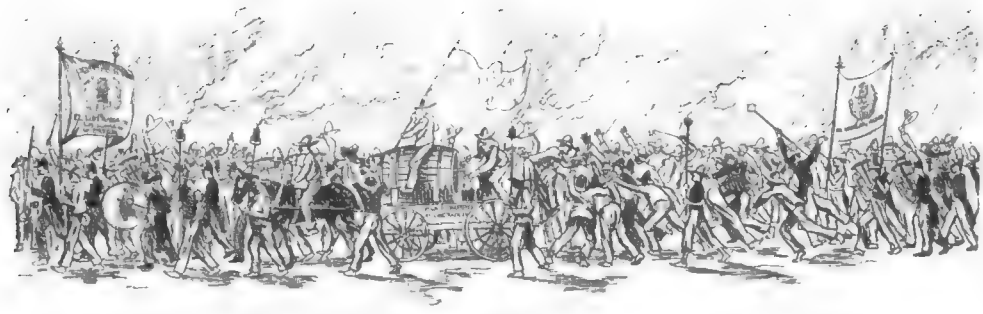

. . . "HAVE TORCH-LIGHT PARADES UNDER THE SHADE OF THE PALMS."

the machine in running order. Sully, I don't want to brag, but you remember how I brought Coughlin under the wire for leader of the nineteenth? Ours was the banner district. Don't you suppose I know how to manage a little monkey-cage of a country like that? Why, with the dough the General's willing to turn loose, I could put two more coats of Japan varnish on him and have him elected Governor of Georgia. New York has got the finest lot of campaign managers in the world, Sully, and you give me a feeling of hauteur when you cast doubts on my ability to handle the political situation in a country so small that they have to run the names of the towns forty miles out at sea when they print a map of it.'

"I argued with Denver some. I told him that politics down in that tropical hemisphere was bound to be different from the nineteenth district; but I might just as well have been a Congressman from North Dakota trying to get an appropriation for a light-house and a coast survey. Denver Galloway had ambitions in the manager line, and what I said didn't amount to as much as a fig-leaf at the National Dressmakers' Convention. 'I'll give you three days to cogitate about going,' says Denver; 'and I'll introduce you to General Rompiro to-morrow, so you can get his ideas drawn right from the wood.'

"I put on my best reception-to-Booker-Washington manner, the next day and tapped the distinguished rubber-plant for what he knew.

"General Rompiro wasn't so gloomy inside as he appeared on the surface. He was polite enough; and he exuded a number of sounds that made a fair stagger at arranging themselves into language. It was English he aimed at, and when his system of syntax reached your mind, it wasn't past you to understand it. If you took a college professor's magazine essay and a Chinese laundryman's explanation of a lost shirt and jumbled 'em together, you'd have about what the General handed you out for conversation. He told me all about his bleeding country, and what they were trying to do for it before the doctor came. But he mostly talked of Denver C. Galloway.

"'Ah, señor,' says he, 'that is the most fine of mans. Never I have seen one man so magnifico, so gr-r-rand, so conformable to make done things so swiftly by other mans. He shall make other mans do the acts and himself to order and regulate, until we arrive at seeing accomplishments of a suddenly. Oh, yes, señor. In my countree there is not such mans of so beegness, so good talk, so compliments, so strongness of sense and such. Ah, that Señor Galloway!'

"'Yes', says I, 'old Denver is the boy you want. He's managed every kind of business here except filibustering, and he might as well complete the list.'

"Before the three days was up I decided to join Denver in his campaign. Denver got three months' vacation from his hotel owners. For a week we lived in a room with the General, and got all the pointers about his country that we could interpret from the noises he made. When we got ready to start, Denver had a pocket full of memorandums, and letters from the General to his friends, and a list of names and addresses of loyal politicians who would help along the boom of the exiled popular idol. Besides these liabilities we carried assets to the amount of $20,000 in assorted United States currency. General Rompiro looked like a burnt effigy, but he was Brer Fox himself when it came to the real science of politics.

"'There is moneys,' says the General, 'of

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a small amount. There is more with me—moocho more. Plentee moneys shall you be supplied, Señor Galloway. More I shall send you at all times that you need. I shall desire to pay feefty—one hundred thousands pesos, if necessario, to be elect. How no? Sacramento! if that I am president and do not make one meelion dollar in the one year you shall keek me on that side!—*valgame Dios!*'

"Denver got a Cuban cigar-maker to fix up a little cipher code with English and Spanish words, and gave the General a copy, so we could cable him bulletins about the election, or for more money, and then we were ready to start. General Rompiro escorted us to the steamer. On the pier he hugged Denver around the waist and sobbed. 'Noble mans,' says he, 'General Rompiro propels into you his confidence and trust. Go, in the hands of the saints, to do the work for your friend. *Viva la libertad!*'

"'Sure,' says Denver. 'And viva la liberality and la soaperino and hoch der land of the lotus and the vote us. Don't worry, General. We'll have you elected as sure as bananas grow upside down.'

"'Make pictures on me,' pleads the General—'make pictures on me for money as it is needful.'

"'Does he want to be tattooed, would you think?' asks Denver, wrinkling up his eyes.

"'Stupid!' says I. 'He wants you to draw on him for election expenses. It'll be worse than tattooing. More like an autopsy.'

"Me and Denver steamed down to Panama, and then hiked across the isthmus, and then by steamer again down to the town of Espiritu on the coast of the General's country.

"That was a town to send J. Howard Payne to the growler. I'll tell you how you could make one like it. Take a lot of Filipino huts and a couple of hundred brick-kilns and arrange 'em in squares in a cemetery. Cart down all the conservatory plants in the Astor and Vanderbilt greenhouses, and stick 'em about wherever there's room. Turn all the Bellevue patients and the barbers' convention and the Tuskegee school loose in the streets, and run the thermometer up to 120 in the shade. Set a fringe of the Rocky Mountains around the rear, let it rain, and set the whole business on Rockaway Beach in the middle of January—and you'd have a good imitation of Espiritu.

"It took me and Denver about a week to get acclimated. Denver sent out the letters the General had given him, and notified the rest of the gang that there was something doing at the captain's office. We set up headquarters in an old 'dobe house on a side street where the grass was waist high. The election was only four weeks off; but there wasn't any excitement. The home candidate for president was named Roadrickeys. This town of Espiritu wasn't the capital any more than Cleveland, Ohio, is the capital of the United States, but it was the political centre where they cooked up revolutions, and made up the slates.

"At the end of the week Denver says the machine is started running.

"'Sully,' says he, 'we've got a walkover. Just because General Rompiro ain't Don Juan-on-the-spot the other crowd ain't at work. They're as full of apathy as a territorial delegate during the chaplain's prayer. Now, we want to introduce a little hot stuff in the way of campaigning, and we'll surprise 'em at the polls.'

"'How are you going to go about it?' I asks.

"'Why, the usual way,' says Denver, surprised. 'We'll get the orators on our side out every night to make speeches in the native lingo, and have torch-light parades under the shade of the palms, and free drinks, and buy up all the brass bands, of course, and—well, I'll turn the baby-kissing over to you, Sully—I've seen a lot of 'em.'

"'What else?' says I.

"'Why, you know,' says Denver. 'We get the heelers out with the crackly two-spots, and coal-tickets, and orders for groceries, and have a couple of picnics out under the banyan-trees, and dances in the Firemen's Hall—and the usual things. But first of all, Sully, I'm going to have the biggest clam-bake down on the beach that was ever seen south of the tropic of Capricorn. I figured that out from the start. We'll stuff the whole town and the jungle folk for miles around with clams. That's the first thing on the programme. Suppose you go out now, and make the arrangements for that. I want to look over the estimates the General made of the vote in the coast districts.'

"I had learned some Spanish in Mexico, so I goes out as Denver says, and in fifteen minutes I come back to headquarters.

"'If there ever was a clam in this country nobody ever saw it,' I says.

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"'Great sky-rockets!' says Denver, with his mouth and eyes open. 'No clams? How in the—who ever saw a country without clams? What kind of a—how's an election to be pulled off without a clam-bake, I'd like to know? Are you sure there's no clams, Sully?'

"'Not even a can,' says I.

"'Then for God's sake go out and try to find what the people here do eat. We've got to fill 'em up with grub of some kind.'

"I went out again. Sully was manager. In half an hour I gets back.

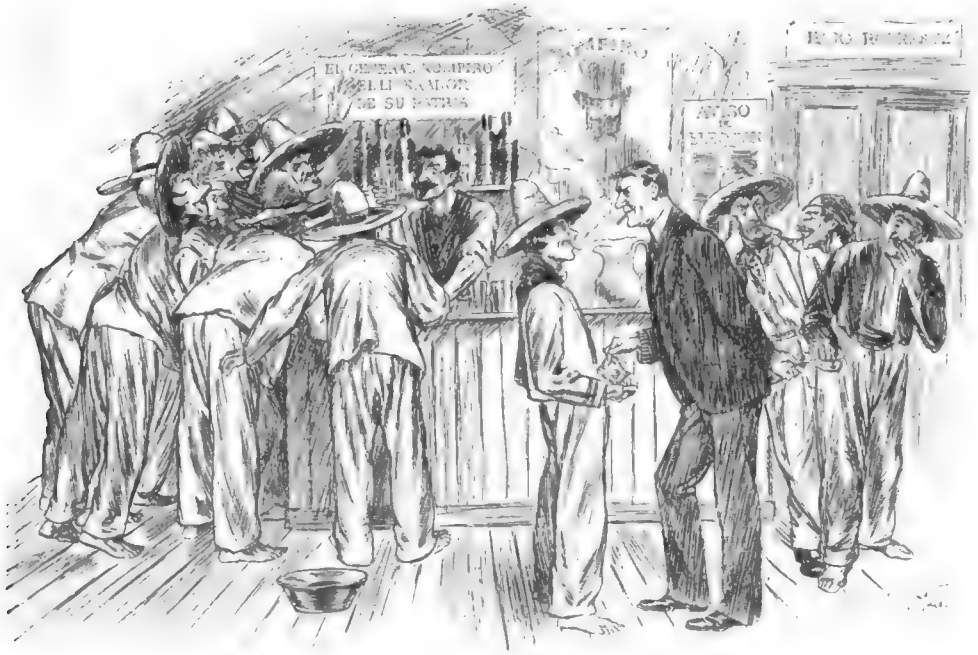
"'They eat,' says I, 'tortillas, cassava, carne de chivo, arroz con pollo, aquacates, zapates, yucca, and huevos fritos.'

"'A man that would eat them things,' says Denver, getting a little mad, 'ought to have his vote challenged. It sounds like a mixture of chop suey and Senator Hanna's corned-beef hash.'

"In a few more days the campaign managers from the other towns came sliding into Espiritu. Our headquarters was a busy place. We had an interpreter, and ice-water, and drinks, and cigars, and Denver flashed the General's roll so often that it got so small you couldn't have bought a Republican vote in Ohio with it.

"And then Denver cabled to General Rompiro for ten thousand dollars more, and got it.

"There were a number of Americans in Espiritu, but they were all in business or grafts of some kind, and wouldn't take any hand in politics, which was sensible enough. But they showed me and Denver a fine time, and fixed us up so we could get decent



"OUR HEADQUARTERS WAS A BUSY PLACE."

things to eat and drink. There was one American, named Hicks, used to come and loaf at the headquarters. Hicks had had fourteen years of Espiritu. He was six feet four and weighed in at 135. Cocoa was his line; and coast fever and the climate had taken all the life out of him. They said he hadn't smiled in eight years. His face was three feet long, and it never moved except when he opened it to take quinine. He used to sit in our headquarters and kill fleas and talk sarcastic.

"'I don't take much interest in politics,' says Hicks, one day, 'but I'd like you to tell me what you're trying to do down here, Galloway?'

"'We're boosting General Rompiro, of course,' says Denver. 'We're going to put him in the presidental chair. I'm his manager.'

"'Well,' says Hicks, 'if I was you I'd be a

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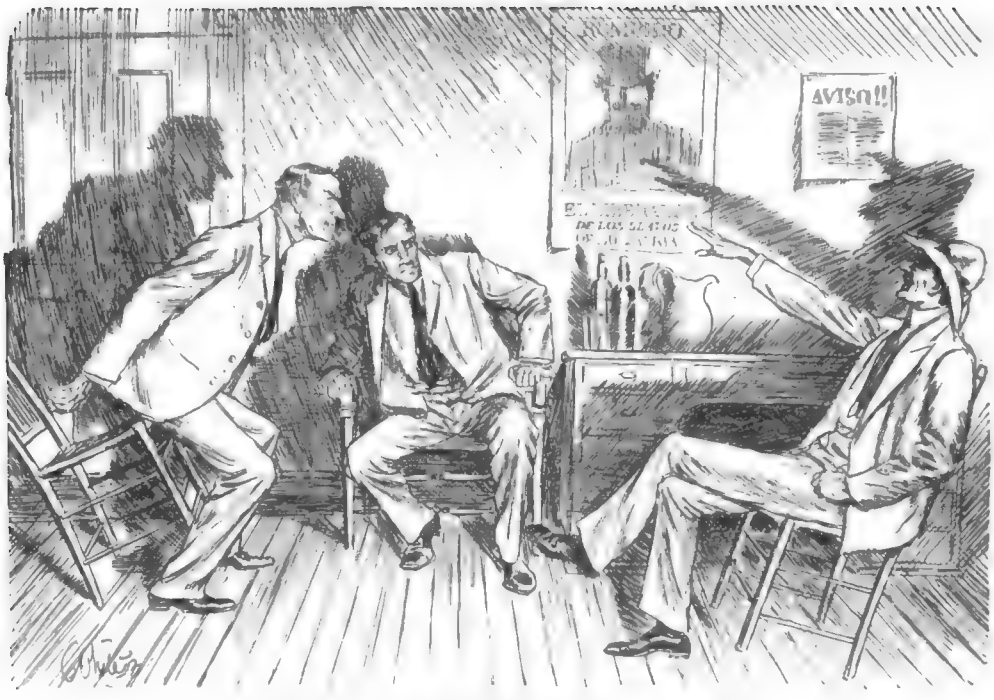

"'SAY,' SAYS HICKS, LOOKING KIND OF FUNNY."

little slower about it. You've got a long time ahead of you, you know.'

"'Not any longer then I need,' says Denver.

"Denver went ahead and worked things smooth. He dealt out money on the quiet to his lieutenants, and they were always coming after it. There was free drinks for everybody in town, and bands playing every night, and fireworks, and there was a lot of heelers going around buying up votes day and night. 'Twas a new style of politics in Espiritu, and everybody liked it.

"The day set for the election was November 4th. On the night before Denver and me were smoking our pipes in headquarters, and in comes Hicks and unjoints himself, and sits in a chair, mournful. Denver is cheerful and confident. 'Rompiro will win in a romp,' says he. 'We'll carry the country by 10,000. It's all over but the vivas. To-morrow will tell the tale.'

"'What's going to happen to-morrow?' asks Hicks.

"'Why, the presidential election, of course,' says Denver.

"'Say,' says Hicks, looking kind of funny, 'didn't anybody tell you fellows that the election was held a week before you came? Congress changed the date to July 27th. Roadrickeys was elected by 17,000. I thought you was booming old Rompiro for next term two years from now. Wondered if you was going to keep up such a hot lick that long.'

"I dropped my pipe on the floor. Denver bit the stem off of his. Neither of us said anything.

"And then I heard a sound like somebody ripping a clapboard off of a barn-roof. 'Twas Hicks laughing for the first time in eight years."

. . . . . .

Sully Magoon paused while the waiter poured us black coffee.

"Your friend was, indeed, something of a manager," I said.

"Wait a minute," said Sully, "I haven't given you any idea of what he could do yet. That's all to come.

"When we got back to New York there was General Rompiro waiting for us on the pier. He was dancing like a cinnamon bear, all impatient for the news, for Denver had just cabled him when we would arrive and nothing more.

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"'Am I elect?' he shouts. 'Am I elect, friend of mine? Is it that mine country have demand General Rompiro for the president? The last dollar of mine have I sent you that last time. It is necessario that I am elect. I have not more money. Am I elect, Señor Galloway?'

"Denver turns to me.

"'Leave me with old Rompey, Sully,' he says. 'I've got to break it to him gently. 'Twould be indecent for other eyes to witness the operation. This is the time, Sully,' says he, 'when old Denver has got to make good as a jollier and a silver-tongued sorcerer or else give up all the medals he's earned.'

"A couple of days later I went around to the hotel. There was Denver in his old place, looking like the hero of two historical novels, and telling 'em what a fine time he'd had down on his orange plantation in Florida.

"'Did you fix things up with the General?' I asks him.

"'Did I?' says Denver. 'Come and see.'

"He takes me by the arm and walks me to the dining-room door. There was a little chocolate-brown, fat man in a dress suit, with his face shining with joy as he swelled himself and skipped about the floor. Danged if Denver hadn't made General Rompiro head waiter of the Brunswick!"

"Is Mr. Galloway still in the managing business?" I asked, as Mr. Magoon ceased.

Sully shook his head.

"Denver married an auburn-haired widow that owns a big hotel in Harlem. He just helps around the place."

His Mother

By EMERY POTTLE

WHEN McCarter was eight years old his mother found him in the attic, beneath the gable window in the roof, through which the sun streamed warmly and made, upon the dusty floor, a golden patch not unlike the lime-light upon a stage.

He sat in a pile of pink and yellow and red scraps of paper from which he had cut, with unusual cunning, a dozen gaily angular figures of men and women. These McCarter had induced, by means of a basic arrangement of pins, to stand upright upon the floor; in a sing song voice he was droning out a crude, fantastic narrative of childish imagining to which, with swift, deft hands, he suited the movements of his puppets.

"The prince," he cried, "has come to slay the wicked fairy—for—ev—er—more." And the scarlet princeling fell mightily upon the crumbling yellow fairy.

McCarter's mother paused on the threshold; there was a sick, scared feeling at her heart.

"Oh, he's got it, too," she thought, bitterly. Her lips tightened with decision.

"Jimmie," she said, sharply, "what are you playing there—with those paper—*things?*"

McCarter hung his head shyly.

"I—I—don't know," he faltered. He, someway, hated to tell his mother that he called the game by a name of his own—"The Make-Believe People." McCarter had observed in his young life that his mother did not often understand what he meant by a great many "dif'runt" things.

"It's not a nice game for little boys to play. You mustn't ever do it again—do you hear mother? *Not again!* You may give me those paper things."

McCarter's chin quivered; he did not cry. He wanted to save the red prince terribly. His mother crushed them all sternly in her hands, and led him out of the attic.

McCarter's mother was ill on his eleventh birthday. Perhaps it should be said here that the lad's father had died—as he had lived—dreaming, long before McCarter could form an image of him on his baby brain. The boy's birthday was on a Saturday. In the afternoon his mother called him to her bedroom and kissed him, slipping a shining dollar into his hand.

"You may take old Hannah and go down town to buy whatever you like, provided it is not something foolish," she said, kindly, in the precise tones she always used to children and servants.

At the corner, pasted on to the fence around Simpkin's livery-stable, they found one—a villianous, blood-curdling scene in a wood, done with a splendor of coloring and a scorn of convention, that filled McCarter

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and Hannah with admiration and foreboding. They gasped.

"What is it, Hannah?" whispered McCarter, wide-eyed.

"A picture," she answered, with irritating literalness.

"Oh, I know that—but what of?"

"A play picture," elaborated Hannah, a little vaguely. "It's going to be at the Town Hall to-day—now—it says. It's like what's going to be at the"—she quoted verbatim—"at the thrilling melodrama."

"What's a melodrama, Hannah?" McCarter asked eagerly.

"It's a make-believe—real thing that people act on the stage, Jamie. I went to one—once."

"Was it—*splendid*, Hannah?"

"It was just grand. I was awful scared at one old man——"

"A make-believe—" The words fascinated McCarter. They reminded him of the scarlet prince.

"East Lynne," he spelled out slowly, giving the y its natural sound. "'East Lynne'—that's its name?

"Hannah, we're going to it," he added, conclusively.

The old servant demurred nervously. They had no money; his mother would not like it; she'd be angry.

But in the end McCarter stood firm. "I've got a dollar—and we're going," he repeated, quietly. "We're going to see it."

Presently they watched breathlessly the curtain rise on the most wonderful thing in the world, so the lad thought. For days afterward he had only to shut his eyes and he saw the beautiful lady who wore day and night, through all her dreadful trouble, a pale blue silk gown; in his ears flowed the plaintive cadences of some song she sang—he wished he could remember more of the tune; and they treated her so cruelly; why did that tall man with the black whiskers and the boots take her away with him? and then she came back to her home, and she looked so funny in that white wig and the blue glasses; he knew her at once by her voice, but he was so afraid the others would find out, too; and then she died, by and by. Hannah and he both sobbed out loud; what queer things made people die; but it wasn't a really dead, for she came out afterward and bowed; that was hard to understand; he was glad he hadn't turned away his eyes, as Hannah had, when they fired the pistols.

It made little difference to McCarter that he was kept in his room for two whole days after the play, and was not allowed to speak to anyone for a week—he was so sorry that Hannah had to be sent away. He tried to explain that it was all his fault, but his mother would not let him tell her.

In the night McCarter heard her praying. "O Lord," she said, "take away the curse from him;" and he guessed it meant something about the red prince.

McCarter grew up amazingly fast. When he was seventeen he entered college. He had never seen another play—save those he fashioned for himself in his dreams—for he had promised his mother that he would not go to the theatre until he was twenty. McCarter loved his mother.

Somehow he got through the four years' course—neither he nor the faculty was quite sure how he did it. He studied little enough, heaven knows; but he spent endless hours in the college library over Shakespeare and Marlowe. He acquired French only that he might devour Molière, and Augier, and Dumas, and the rest; later he flung himself shiveringly into Ibsen and Sudermann. And he saw a few good plays during his senior year.

It was all over soon—all but the memories. And McCarter went back to his mother. She was growing old and tired, and the place needed a man's eyes, she wrote him. When he told her that he could never bring himself to teach the village school, she was pitifully disappointed.

The two of them never spoke of that which glittered in his brain. Nor did his mother ever question him about the locked box at the side of his bed, where he kept his books. McCarter continued to read every line that he could find about the people and the life behind the flaring row of footlights. He scanned the criticisms of every play that came within his ken. Secretly he bought editions of all the successful modern dramas, and read them far into the night.

The summer that Lindsay came to spend a vacation in McCarter's town marked a turning point in his life. Lindsay was an actor—a good one, famous for his sympathetic acting of character parts. McCarter sat at his feet and listened—and talked, at first shyly, and then in a flood of excited words. The older man soon had the boy's heart in his hands, though it is doubtful if Lindsay knew it, for he was not deeply interested in anything save himself.

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"There ought to be stuff in this old town of yours," he said, easily, one day to McCarter, "for a first-rate play—a kind of 'Down East'—'Old Homestead' thing, you know. Why don't you write it, McCarter? You've nothing else to do, and you really know a lot about stage affairs," laughing carelessly.

McCarter caught his breath suddenly.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I will some day. Would you play it?" He thought his voice was quite indifferent in tone.

"Might—if it proved to be what I wanted, and had a good part for me in it. Go ahead," Lindsay added, kindly.

All through the summer McCarter's mother had seen him go nightly to Lindsay's. Her thin lips tightened, as on the day she crushed the "Make-Believe People"; her eyes grew stern and unyielding. She waited. But Lindsay went away at last, and McCarter was still spared to her.

The next spring McCarter went to New York with a roll of manuscript in his bag. In a week's time he was back, his thin face a little keener, and lines of disappointment about his eyes. In the autumn he went away again.

At home his mother waited and prayed, and occasionally wept.

"He's got it in him," she sighed, fearfully.

One night McCarter came back. His mother read his face and braced herself for the blow. At the tea-table he looked up appealingly and said: "Mother, I have written a play, and Lindsay has bought it. He's going to put it on this next season."

His mother pulled her shawl about her shoulders and shivered slightly. Her voice was even and colorless when she answered.

"I guessed that this was going on. So you have chosen your life? It is in you—the players' blood. My sister, whom I loved deeply, went on the stage—and her soul was lost—she died—somewhere—miserably; we never knew. Your father had it—and his life was a failure. I have never been in a theatre—to me they are wicked and awful places. Perhaps it will be better for you to go away. It will only hurt me and hurt you—your staying now. No, don't answer me yet." She rose and left him alone.

McCarter went away.

Lindsay put his play on, and made a hit with it. The papers were kind to it. The public accepted it, and laughed, and cried, and applauded over its homely pathos and humor. It ran all that winter in New York.

McCarter's mother missed him sorely. At first she did not admit it, even to herself; later the conviction was forced upon her. The fibre of her shame and disappointment over her only son weakened gradually; she never knew how it came about, but one day, quite by accident, she read in a paper a flattering account of James McCarter's play—the account was very flattering, for the press agent had composed it. His mother frowned and laid the paper hastily aside. In the evening she cut out the notice, and put it between the leaves of the "Life of Bishop Simpson." She cut out another that same week. Presently she took more papers and periodicals that dealt with such topics, and scanned them carefully for news of Jimmie's play. Once she found a critic with an acid pen, and his ridicule roused her to fierce anger. "The idea," she scolded, "Jimmie's play!"

. The inconsistency of her position at first troubled her ceaselessly. Sometimes she let a whole week's papers accumulate without once glancing in them; the next week saw her devouring every line of the theatrical columns.

At last his mother made a deep and stern decision; it came after a night of prayer and struggle. That afternoon she took the train for New York.

McCarter chanced to be in the theatre that evening in Lindsay's dressing-room.

"I say, Mac, there's a little bit of a thin woman down near the front that's worth watching. I've been playing to her all the evening. She's laughing and crying all at once like a little girl. By Jove, she's really refreshing!"

"Well, you're in the part to-night, Lindsay, better than I've ever seen you before—and that's saying a good deal," replied McCarter, admiringly.

"It's the little old lady," laughed Lindsay, proceeding deftly with his make-up.

"Show her to me—can't I see her from the wings?" McCarter said, when the last act was called.

"There, Mac, in the second row left—see her?"

McCarter started. "Why—why—" he began, boyishly, but he broke off into a laugh that was near something deeper.

"I know her," he said, softly. "Lindsay, this is the biggest night of my life—that's my mother.

"Jimmie," said his mother, after the play was over, "why didn't you let that nice girl with the yellow hair marry the dark man?"

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Western Society and Its Leaders

By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN

"FROM America? Oh, my dear, why did you tell me? I never would have known it!"

This was the deprecating reply made to me once in the gentlest of voices by a dear old English lady, at one time foremost in drawing-room and hunting-field, but then quite blind and helpless, whom I had attempted to amuse by a frank vouchsafing of some personal data.

It has always seemed to me a very satisfactory example, from its brevity, of the wilful and contented ignorance of England toward her recalcitrant child, America. It may also be taken as an exact parallel of the attitude of the East toward the West in our own country. "Nothing I could do, or have ever done," said one who afterward successfully emerged from some domestic complications, "is so hard for me to be forgiven for as that I was born in Chicago."

This prejudice is a rock which successive waves of facts fail utterly to remove or diminish. The best that Americans in England or Westerners in the East may expect is that they can be graciously admitted as exceptions to long-held opinions and erroneous generalizations.

What, then, are the facts in regard to Western society?

There is one statement that may safely be applied to the women who represent the best development in all the largest Western cities: Given the same origin, the same stock, which is for the most part very purely English, and from which the American type as it now exists has been evolved in both the West and the East, the woman who has passed the formative years of her life in the West distinctly profits by the experience. Particularly is this the case when, in common with her Eastern sister, part of the Western girl's education is obtained abroad.

The Western woman possesses without any doubt a more accented individuality and oftentimes a refreshing breeziness which, however, rarely oversteps conventionality. Thus she has a force and vivacity lacking in her less original Eastern sisters. This individuality and force she never loses, no matter where the events of her life may lead her.

Two examples of Western energy figure in the category of wonders which M. Bourget, when he was in America, spoke of with a naïve envy and amazement. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am so tired of Paris; there we have but one subject, and *confrères* malicious and envious, but here in your great new country, what marvels! The World's Fair, Niagara Falls, the *famille* L—t—r!"

An inquiry as to the reason for this superior originality among Western women, applied to no matter which of the occidental cities, would always find the same reply. The demands of society are less engrossing in the West than in the East, and permit an interest in other occupations. Wealth is also more evenly distributed, and snobbishness, so called, exists in a far less obtrusive form than in the East. As in all colonies, the original manners and principles of a nation are often preserved with a purity long superseded at their source by other customs, other ways. Chicago, for instance, the very synonym for push and vitality, is socially a transferred Boston in all the conventions and occupations which characterize the older Western towns.

The unsavory association of easy divorce, linked with the imagined odor of the stockyards, and lit by the lurid memory of its historic conflagration, make up the general and causal conceptions of the metropolis of the middle West.

"Dear lady," said an English actor's wife to me one day, "are you sure it's quite safe for Herbert and me to go to Chicago. Aren't the streets running in the blood of those poor slaughtered animals? Oh, I'm afraid to venture into such a place!"

I assured her that if she had been able to face the midnight streets of London, Chicago would not frighten her. She remained, however, quite unconvinced.

After the very first days of wigwam and shot-gun, Chicago filled up rapidly with Eastern colonists whose traits of energy combined

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with conservatism need no better monument than the city which in one generation was raised from the plains. On the north side of the river, which divides the city like a tuning-fork, are many large houses facing Lake Michigan, where these enriched Eastern families brought up their children along the old accepted lines of duty and responsibility. The sons follow for the most part their fathers' footsteps in business. The daughters rarely depart from the rigid lines of conduct and accepted convention.

MRS. POTTER PALMER.

Easy divorce may exist in the lower sections of society, but in what is known as Chicago society proper only three cases of well-known people who have been divorced can be cited. The contrast between the rigidity of the respectable classes and the carelessness of the lower is indeed striking. I know of an instance of one well-known and entirely innocent member of society being excluded from some entertainment because she was suspected of having accepted the mildest of sentimental attentions from a man as well known and as equally respected as herself.

While as an example of the standards prevailing in the unrecognized temporary elements of Chicago society, the following actual conversation, overheard in an elevator, may be recorded :

First Woman: "How do you do? I haven't seen you for a long time."

Second Woman: "Yes, it is quite a while. I have been divorced since then."

First Woman: "Oh! have you? I am getting off at the millinery."

Second Woman: "Yes; I am going up to the upholstery. Good-morning."

All this was uttered in a casual conversational tone exactly as if they had been discussing the weather. In spite of this the fact remains that the old lines of adherence to the domestic relations are more inflexibly guarded than in any other of the large cities in America.

Before the fire era, and for some years after, in fact until about the year 1880, a certain unconventionality pertaining to life-long and intimate acquaintance characterized society in Chicago as it did in other Western cities. The men and women who had gained their fortunes with the development of the city, and whose children were growing up together, amused themselves with dances, suppers, sleighing, and much going to the theatre in parties, sometimes without the now necessary and inevitable chaperon. But the forms of entertainment have been altering rapidly since then; the great cities of the West have gradually changed from villages into towns, from towns to metropolis, and have awakened to their dignity and importance, and have become as conventional as the most strictly interpreted of social codes could demand. There are usually a number of subscription balls, called successively by different names, but supported by very nearly the same people. There are winters when the attention of society is dis-

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tracted from balls to private theatricals, and from private theatricals to tobogganing; and there are constant changes in the ranks of society caused by the new people who come in ever-increasing numbers from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and the smaller Eastern cities.

The part the young girl plays in Western society is very important; in comparison with that taken by the young matrons and the older married people, almost too much so. It has been stated that society exists only as a matrimonial bureau, organized and conducted solely for the benefit of the *débutante*, who lives a brief, butterfly existence in a shower of compliments and flowers before she marries and retires from view. This is an over-statement, but not so egregious as might be wished. Older people, with, of course, some notable exceptions, do not consider society to hold any obligations for them. There are few houses where dinners are given with any reference to the bringing together of the men and women who, in the prime of their lives, are influencing and determining the life of the city. Young and old people, also, are rarely asked together, which is a loss to both—to the young of the desirable contact with minds of force, maturity, and experience; to the old of the joyful, refreshing influences of youth. Hence it happens that the men see each other at the clubs, the women at their luncheon parties and literary societies, and a really regrettable separation of occupation and thought establishes itself.

MRS. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Every possible protection is given to the *débutante* in her entrance into the world, but here, as elsewhere in America, she is permitted to follow her own inclinations in the question of her marriage. Early marriages are very frequent, and are made for the most part from the sincerest motives of natural preference, with sometimes an almost astonishing disregard for worldly advantages. Young married people, as a natural consequence, very speedily retire from the world, leaving the field in the possession of their successors. The manner of introducing a young girl to society is precisely the same as in other cities, a ball or large afternoon reception being given for that purpose. The average age when young girls make their *débuts* is a little later than elsewhere, but their social career is apt to be shorter than in other cities, as early marriages are the almost invariable rule. The type of young girl which the present condition of Chicago society produces is unassuming, conventional, intelligent, but rather lacking in aplomb, and distinctly deficient in imagination. She is extremely well dressed, and she never by any chance offends against the most rigorous rules of social etiquette. She has fine qualities, but in rare instances has she the tastes or the possibilities of the real *femme du monde*. The first tendency toward such ambitions or such development would be met with disapproval, condemned as queer, and such condemnation would bring with it a defensive attitude, hurtful to a sensitive mind.

Clubs of every imaginable kind form important factors, especially in the life of Chicago society. A large part of the social life of the city is conducted through their medium.

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During the last five years the founding of the country and golf clubs outside of Chicago, at Wheaton, Glen View, Lake Forest, and in south Chicago, has developed out-door life and sports to a very great extent, and on account of the large membership admitted to these clubs, a certain redistribution of social values has taken place. The result is a curious mixture of the new-comers with the original colonists, who, however, take their intrusion more graciously than one might expect. This emergence of the new rich was inevitable, but it has certainly been hastened by the advent of the golf and country clubs.

The routine of the social year follows about the same rule in Western as in Eastern cities. In the autumn, after the close of the country season with its golf tournaments and hunt-balls, there is the horse show, where the largely increased interest in the horses, developed by the late enthusiastic interest in hunting, is indicated by the large number of entries and the very fashionable attendance. After this, during November and December, there are numberless *débutante* receptions. The holiday season is given up to the young people, who return from their colleges and boarding-schools.

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD.

Society in St. Louis is divided largely into three different sets—those who live at the West End, the South Side Germans, and the descendants of the old French families. Few women in St. Louis claim to be leaders, although there are many whose social position by inheritance has in reality made them such.

In the far West lineage is not made much of; it is considered of more vital importance to have ancestors who knew how to stake out a rich claim or to locate a prospective town site on the rolling prairie before a town was in sight. Colorado hospitality is no idle dream, and one coming there who takes a fine house and shows a willingness to entertain in liberal fashion, and exhibits a reasonable degree of education and refinement, is received joyously.

In the matter of dress the women of Colorado are quite up to modern standards. Jewels to the value of a king's ransom are

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Photo by Strauss.

MRS. D. R. FRANCIS.

frequently displayed with a manner indicative of a long acquaintance with priceless treasures.

Society in San Francisco is interesting because its origin is still plainly to be seen. Not all its ancestors are done in canvas and hang in the family living-room; in fact, a good many of them are alive to pass the story on in good old tradition fashion. Their eyes brighten at the remembrance of the ball-gown that had to come all the way from New York when, in 1850, the admission of the State was celebrated socially as well as politically. They are quite sure that no such brilliant ball has ever been given since that time, albeit each succeeding year the social affairs at which their daughters and granddaughters have been presented have grown more picturesque and elegant, until nothing better is given anywhere in the land.

California's first decade was not marked by any striking social growth, because the home life in those days was not permanent. The people who came to California from homes where social conventions were observed had to adjust themselves to the new conditions and make new friends. This was a matter of slow growth.

Unquestionably the first social leaders in California were the Southern people. Many of them came to this State, like others, in search of gold, but perhaps more because it was a congenial refuge for them under the changed conditions that followed the war. At any rate, they brought with them their fine hospitality, but also their exclusiveness, which amounted to aggravated clannishness. The next generation had to come up before the basis of society, as it exists to-day, was laid.

The children of the Southern families found that there were exceedingly delightful, cultured girls in those families that came from north of the Mason and Dixon line, and from across the seas as well, with the result that the best society in San Francisco to-day is a cosmopolitan mosaic.

In concluding this cursory consideration of Western society, two generalizations may remain:

First, it seems to be a fact, from the experience which Western women have had when they leave their birthplaces, that a more forcible individuality gained from their early associations has been responsible for the

MRS. D. R. CALHOUN.

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prominent place they have gained in the world. We have but to refer to Lady Curzon, to Mrs. Potter Palmer, to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, as shining examples to point the statement and to prove the assertion.

Secondly, there is to be seen in the character of Western society a freedom from the worship of money for itself, and, what is more important, a distinctly better standard of morality, a far less easy shifting of responsibility for the caprice of feeling or of preference than prevails in the East.

There remains, perhaps, in the East a greater perfection in the manner of life than in the West. But there has been an advance in this respect in the East itself, and this advance in matters of taste, in architecture, dress, and decoration has taken place throughout the country. There are more beautiful houses in Chicago than in Boston, New York or Philadelphia, and Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, is one of the finest residential streets in the country. If this improvement, achieved by our own brilliant and adaptable race, can be transmitted to the half-assimilated foreign elements who are flooding the country and who will soon be attempting to elbow us from our places, it will be fortunate. This is the social problem which awaits both East and West, and it is well to be prepared for it.

Photo by Strauss.

MISS LUCILLE CHOUTEAU.

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THE REAL LEADERS OF WESTERN SOCIETY

THERE are no autocrats in Western society. Its social organism is not systematized and dominated by individual women. Leadership, so-called, represents activity—is an expression rather of sociability than of the desire to control. Sociability exists in some women to a greater degree than in others, and when reënforced by wealth and a husband's distinguished position, results in social prominence. It is a short step thence to being a society leader in the newspapers.

Society in every city is made up of cliques, and invariably one or two women in each clique set the pace for the others. It is impossible to represent here all the chieftainesses of innumerable clans. The effort has been to select in each metropolis two or three women who would seem to be most active and most distinguished at the moment. In Chicago the task of selection is not so difficult, for the Windy City is the home, perhaps one should say the headquarters, of Mrs. Potter Palmer, whose eminence is unquestioned in several fields. She was Bertha Honorè, of an excellent Southern family, and owes her place much more to inherent character and ability than to the wealth of her husband. A figure of note in any circle is this admirably poised woman who wears her gray hair like a crown, and whose youthful figure and complexion belie the fact that she has two grown-up sons who are quite busy making their way in the world. Mrs. Arthur Caton and Mrs. H. O. Stone must also be mentioned in a discussion of social leadership. The former, a stately, dignified woman, much given to striking and lavish entertainments, has spread her fame over the continent; the latter knew the Windy City in its infancy and yet retains all her youthfulness of spirit. Her greatest pleasure is in entertaining the younger set. Mrs. J. Ogden Armour and Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., are both devoted mothers. The latter, a daughter of Louis A. Huck, is Chicago born, and is pretty, young, clever and very charitable. Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor is a cosmopolitan belle rather than a Chicago leader. Of strong individuality, she has won prominence in feminine athletics as well as in the drawing-room. She has been distinguished as one of the best lady golfists in America, and her husband has made some reputation through his novels. In St. Louis are several women of great personal distinction who may be found at the head of the social organizations of the Exposition city. Mrs. David R. Francis comes naturally to a degree of prominence as the wife of the city's most eminent citizen, but on her own behalf she is naturally a leader. She has recently been elected president of the new Women's Club, the membership of which is recruited from the most exclusive set in St. Louis. Mrs. Julius T. Walsh, is the vice-president of the Women's Club and is notable for her beauty of face and figure, though she has daughters grown up and in society, where they figure among the belles of the younger set. Mrs. Blair has long been one of the most active of entertainers, but her attention has not

MRS. HELEN DEVEREUX WHITON.

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MRS. W. B. WHITE, JR.

In Denver, the most active figure in society is the blithe and debonair Miss Louise Addison Hughes, who, though ever surrounded by admirers whom she holds by her attractive personality has surprised her friends by not marrying. For three years past, Miss Hughes, assisted by Mrs. F. B. Whipple, has given a series of subscription dances which have been the pleasantest functions Denver has ever known. Mrs. A. A. Blow, Mrs. J. B. Whitmore, president of the Denver Woman's Club, Mrs. J. B. Grant, whose fancy-dress ball was the great event of last winter, and Mrs. John Clark Mitchell are, perhaps, the most distinguished members of Denver society. Mrs. Mitchell, one of the attractive "Goodell sisters," is the leader of the married set, a consideration she has won by the variety and elaborateness of her many entertainments.

In San Francisco there are many cliques, and it is difficult now, since the decline of the Southern set of been confined to society, for she has been identified with the various philanthropic enterprises of her city. Mrs. David R. Calhoun is one of the leaders of the younger set of matrons, and sets off her slender, graceful figure in the most delightful gowns. She acts, plays, sings, loves to entertain, and is devoted to horses. Indeed, her stable won several ribbons at the last Horse Show. There is also Mrs. Adolphus Busch, the wife of the great brewer. She belongs to the American German set, but her friends are among the most fashionable people of St. Louis, who have often enjoyed the sumptuous hospitalities of the mansion in Busch Place. Among the unmarried women, leadership may surely be conceded to Miss Lucille Chouteau, who was Queen of the fête of the Veiled Prophets held in October last year. The Chouteaus belong to an old and aristocratic French family and their names have figured in the history and business of St. Louis ever since the founding of the city.

MRS. WALTER SCOTT BOWLER.

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MISS LOUISA ADDISON HUGHES.

which Mrs. Lloyd Tevis was recognized as the leader, to particularize any woman as actually chief of all clans. Perhaps Mrs. Parrott, who lives in San Mateo, surrounded by a legion of children and grandchildren may be given the distinction, but she cares nothing for society and entertains only her own especial friends. Mrs. Will Crocker, whose dashing and vigorous personality makes her a natural leader, is more interested in pictures and books than in devising balls for the San Francisco Four Hundred. Mrs. Martin, several times a millionairess, whose son Peter married Miss Lily Oelrichs, a personage of the Newport set, is the most active entertainer in the city of the Golden Gate, but she has no claims in the direction of social arbitrament.

MRS. JOHN CLARK MITCHELL.

Mrs. D. Young, wife of the millionaire proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is a woman of rare intellectuality whose entertainments have ever been characterized by elaborateness and originality. Among the younger married women, the dominating personality is that of Mrs. Augustus Taylor, one of the very popular and wealthy Hopkins sisters. More than ordinarily tall, statuesque, and brilliantly fair, she is a distinguished figure at the various functions of the winter, and in summer makes her home at the Burlingame County Club, to which the California elect repairs for out-door athletics.

Among the Hebrews, who are more prominent socially in San Francisco than in any other city in America, there are many charming women. A certain

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MRS. AUGUSTUS TAYLOR.

MRS. CLARENCE R. WALTER.

leadership has always resided among the members of the Sloss and Gerstle households, whose wealth was acquired through the famous Alaska fur monopoly. In the younger set, though, no one is much more prominent than Mrs. Clarence R. Walter, a very handsome and charming woman, whose entertainments have been most popular.

In Cleveland, social leadership must be subdivided several times. Young Mrs. Dan Hanna is one of the very attractive and charming members of the married set. There is also Mrs. Walter Scott Bowler, formerly Helen Rockefeller, Frank Rockefeller's daughter. The Bowlers, Scofields, Brainards, Chisholms, Wades, Gordons, are among the oldest of the important Cleveland families. Mrs. Henry Devereux Whiton is a third active member of the younger set. It was at her wedding that the rival political houses of Ohio, in the persons of Miss Ruth Hanna and Miss Bessie Johnson, met as bridesmaids. Mrs. W. B. White, whose father-in-law, W. J. White, is one of the best-known men in Cleveland, is considered one of the loveliest women in America.

This is no more than a cursory glance over the social field in these great western cities and conveys only a superficial impression of the activity which prevails therein.

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The Secret of a Weed's Plain Heart

By GERALDINE BONNER

Illustrated by Martin Justice

IT was nine o'clock as Helen stood before her mirror, languidly tying the bow of ribbon that fastened her muslin morning jacket. Even at this hour it was already hot. Through the long windows which opened on the balcony, the warm air, charged with the spicy scent of climbing roses, the pungent animal odor of the eucalyptus, and the sweet, heavy perfume of lemon and orange blossoms, drifted in.

Her bow tied, she gave her hair—her silky blond hair once dressed with slow solicitude—a carelessly arranging touch, and stepped out on the balcony.

The landscape, in its brilliant familiarity, outspread like a great unrolled map under the eternal glittering sunshine, struck upon her desolate mood with rasped irritation. She swept it with an eye of sullen dislike. Their own ranch house was bosomed deep in the green of its trees, with the level, leafy acres of its vineyards stretching out on every hand. Beyond, the bare, golden valley extended, flat as a billiard table, to a distant line of mountains hanging on the horizon like a faded mirage. It was August and the fields were mown. A close-cropped yellow stubble covered them, looking blond and silky as her own head might if her hair had been cut. Through these limitless shaven meadows a network of creeks threaded a meandering way like the embedded silver wires in cloisonné ware, and against the pale sky lines of poplars stood like the teeth of a comb.

It made Helen think of a huge, glaring picture painted in a few primary colors. Part of her horror of it lay in its crushing combination of size and silence. And then its monotony! The arch of blue sky that never clouded, the floor of earth that, dry and cracked by drought, was yet teeming with a coarse fecundity, and over all the maddening, blistering blaze of sun—how she hated them all!

But she hated the sunshine the most. In the spring, when Jim had come on to New York to marry her, she had thought his description of California and the ranch too lovely, and the loveliest thing in it the days all brightness. She had pictured it to herself as something radiantly tropical, in which hammocks and palm-leaf fans played a part. And she saw herself thus environed sweeping gracefully about in thin white dresses against a background of roses. It was true that Jim had said it would be hot—very hot in summer.

Hot! Now as she trailed her muslin skirts down the outside stairs she noticed that the distance already was swimming through veils of heat, as if the very air was staggering under the force of the sun.

She crossed the lower balcony and, pushing open the net door, entered the dining-room. The house was deserted save for the Chinaman in the kitchen. In the silence the high nasal notes he was emitting, and which he called singing, were oddly distinct. The remains of Jim's breakfast, cold in its congealed gravy, were standing on the end of the table. They had been there since half-past six, for at this season the rancher was up and out early. It was by his command that his young wife breakfasted three hours later. Jim had never lost sight of the fact that he had brought a New York girl of twenty-four to a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. But even a sympathetic and deeply loving husband did not quite realize what an uprooting it was.

The Chinaman, hearing her footstep, shouted a cheerful hail from the kitchen, whence the odor of frying bacon issued. She looked at the broken bits of Jim's breakfast and suddenly felt a pricking of tears in her eyes and a trembling of her lip. She had never been a lachrymose person, and yet several times in the desperation of her homesickness these sudden unbidden tears had welled up. And to-day—to-day it seemed just too unbearable. The heat, and the loneliness, the smell of bacon, and that terrible, blinding, devilish sun!

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After a pretence of breakfasting, she went out on the back balcony, where her hammock hung and her books and work-basket stood on a table. This was a little bit like her dream. There was a clump of orange and lemon trees below the railings round which climbing roses trailed. Below, in the parched soil, Jim had made a rose garden for her, at what care and expense she had never guessed. Four times a week one of the men dug a little trench round each tree, and at sundown the water-wheel was set in motion and streams of water deflected to it from the trenches. Then every tree drank, the thirsty earth sucking in the water till only a bubble or two rested on the surface.

There were faint wandering whiffs of zephyr-like air this morning. Lying in her hammock, she watched the petals of the Claire Canot roses drift along the wooded floor like blood-colored shreds of silk. Her thoughts were elsewhere. Last summer at this time she had been at Bar Harbor, at her aunt's, and Jim had come on from California and stayed there for three weeks. They had been engaged a year then, and it had seemed such a long engagement with Jim 3,000 miles away and only able to come on in summer for a short visit. But how happy she had been at Bar Harbor when he came, and how she loved to listen to him tell of the ranch—*their* ranch! It had sounded so different someway or other to what it was. Perhaps it was because Jim, who in the beginning had come from New York too, seemed to like it so. She remembered with surprise how he had often said he liked it better than the East. She recollected a day when she had taken him driving in the dogcart and he had said he thought it a silly, uncomfortable sort of wagon with the girl perched up in the air, and objected to the horse that she drove because it had a docked tail.

WITH THE GRANDIOSE COURTESY OF HIS RACE.

Now when they drove it was in an old buggy that never was washed, and lately, when all the horses were in use, they had to take Maggie, the mare, who had recently had a foal, which was tied to the shaft by a rope.

At twelve o'clock her reverie was interrupted by a harsh clanging of a bell, and a sudden invasion of the flower-scented air by an overpowering smell of cooking. It was the men's dinner hour, and as she rose from the hammock she could hear the clump of their heavy feet as they filed into the kitchen. She brushed her skirts into shape and came round to the front balcony, for it was time for Jim to be back, and there was a thrill of unchanging sweetness in meeting him, a

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dying down of bitterness and homesickness when she heard his horses' hoofs on the road, a sense of peace and security when she felt his strong arm around her. If only Jim were oftener with her.

He came up the steps, bronzed and handsome, the hair on his forehead damp with perspiration, and his thin shirt turned back from his throat.

"It's hot, young woman," he said, taking her little soft hand. "It's a regular scorcher; but it'll make the grapes swell."

She followed him into the spare bedroom which he used as a dressing-room, there having been no guest to disturb its fresh neatness since the bride had been installed. When he had washed and brushed for dinner, he drew her toward him, put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her.

"You've got a little pale face no bigger than a dime," he said. "Do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to take you away."

"Where to?" she asked, listlessly, as they turned to go into the dining-room. "Where is there to go to?"

"Santa Cruz! That's a good change—cool, sea air, bathing, and nice people."

"Nice people!" she echoed, with a sarcastic rise of key, "the Bechtels are going to be there."

The Bechtels were their nearest neighbors, six miles to the west. They were prosperous ranchers of German extraction. The wife, a good-looking young woman, with a growing family and an eye on a future translation to the urban delights of San Francisco society, had been pronounced by Helen as quite impossible. Jim had taken her there one afternoon and left her to talk to Mrs. Bechtel while Mr. Bechtel had offered him true ranch hospitality by segregating him from his womenkind and then proffering him whiskey. Helen had returned silent and depressed from that visit. She would rather be lonely for the rest of her life than foregather with Mrs. Bechtel.

"Well," said her husband, "you don't mind that. Mrs. Bechtel may not be a Vere de Vere, but you can stand speaking to her on the beach now and then."

"I don't want to speak to her on the beach or anywhere else, or to anyone—anywhere. I'm—I'm——"

Again the sudden clutch of tears seized her, and her voice quivered and broke. Her husband looked up startled from his plate. Helen was ashamed that he should guess that the thought of Mrs. Bechtel's society had power to make her weep, and bent her face over the rose she had brought in from the balcony.

"Well, of course, if you don't want to go," said he, "we won't. I was only thinking of it for you. This heat's trying when you're not used to it, and I'm afraid it's lonely for you here all day."

"I don't want to go anywhere," she said, limply. "I don't know anyone in this part of the world, so I might as well stay here."

The violent odors of coarse cooking and the shouts and laughter of the feeding men rose from the kitchen. Had her husband not been there she would have left the room. A wave of recollection of the well-ordered elegance of her own home rose within her with an almost throttling sense of homesickness. She moved uneasily in her chair and tried to divert her mind by looking at the prints on the wall, and thinking of them. Suddenly Jim said:

"I'm going to drive over to Ortega's ranch this afternoon if you'd like to go. He's to be sold up on a mortgage, and it's a good piece of land. It's up in the hills and quite pretty. Will you come?"

"Yes," she assented, faintly, "I'll go."

"I think I can get it for five thousand. Then later on, if I can get Miller's tract, I'll have a stretch from here to the hills of the finest land in this part of the valley."

"But five thousand dollars! That's so much just now."

She was thinking that if he spent this the trip to New York in the late autumn they had several times spoken of would have to be postponed. She had never let him guess how she had been longing for and building on this trip. Now she saw it crumbling before her eyes.

"Yes!" he assented, "it *is* a lot just now. But then the chance may never occur again. Ortega's land is some of the best about here. It would be madness to let it go."

She swallowed and made no reply. She had no need to struggle with her tears. She was past that. Blank misery settled upon her.

At half-past four they started out. The sun was still burning, and Helen sat under a parasol of white chiffon, a trousseau possession purchased at a Fifth Avenue milliner's. As they drove the wavy edge of it kept getting into Jim's eyes, and without speaking he would gently push it up with the whip. The old buggy looked very shabby, and Maggie,

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the mare, plodded on with a maternal eye ever roaming toward her foal, who, tied to the shaft by a piece of rope, went cantering happily through the stubble, its long legs as

STIRRED BY SUDDEN, ILLUMINATING THOUGHTS, HELEN SAT LOOKING AT IT.

stiff as wood, and its head up alert for everything new in this world of level blue and gold.

The country lay before them singularly still, save for the faint sleepy creak of a water-wheel. Along distant highways a blur of dust, tarnishing the brightness of the afternoon, told where a wagon had passed. In the motionless, glaring panorama the only human creatures to be seen were the Chinamen squatting among the vines. The man and woman in the buggy seemed to shrink to the vanishing point of insignificance in the vastness of this [illegible] nature, resting after

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its fierce energies of reproduction. Under the arch of blue, along the yellow floor, they passed, of no more moment in their setting than is the fly that creeps on the frame of a picture. The silence and indifference round them seemed to oppress them, and they were silent, too, while the sun beat down, causing the air to grow dizzy and reel as though stricken by the heat of the hour.

Helen's hidden hatred of it all suddenly rose within her in a passion of revolt. Without preface she broke the silence in a high, protesting key:

"Why do you want to buy Ortega's place? Haven't you got enough? All your land isn't cultivated yet."

"Yes, but this is a chance that doesn't often come. Ortega's land is the best in this part of the valley. He's a lazy greaser and hasn't done anything with it. He never had much energy, and since his wife's death he's just let everything slide. She died last spring, and left him with three kids, almost babies. It's my idea to buy the place and put him on as superintendent at a decent salary. Under supervision he's all right. I've known Ortega for years. It's his wife's death that caved him in."

His engrossment in this man's affairs seemed to her callous, almost cruel, when she was so miserable. The note of protest was augmented by a quaver when she replied:

"But it will take all the money, the money you've made this year."

"Yes, pretty much all."

"And then we can't go to New York in October?"

"Well, I suppose we can't; but then we can go next autumn. It's only putting it off for a year."

A year! Another year of it!

It was too much. She burst into a paroxysm of tears, collapsing into a limp, white heap against the back of the buggy, her parasol falling unheeded on Jim's feet.

Jim was amazed, horrified, aghast. What had suddenly happened to her? He dropped the reins, a fact of which Maggie was instantly aware and which caused her to come to an abrupt, tranquil stop. In order to offer the consolation which the occasion demanded, he had first to pick up and close the parasol, and sitting thus in the blazing sun, take the weeping figure in his arms and try and stanch the flow of tears before his dazed masculine intelligence could grasp what was wrong.

"It's so hot, so hot," she sobbed on his shoulder, "and there's that terrible sun!"

"Sun!" he exclaimed, bewildered. "What sun? Whose son?"

"The sun that's always shining—I hate it so."

"It is hot," he said, contritely, and tried to open the parasol and hold it over her, but she peevishly pushed it away.

"But—but we can't help the sun," he stammered; "it always shines this way in summer. I told you it did."

"Oh, it's not that only—I'd—I'd—been hoping to go to New York so. Oh, you don't know how I'd been hoping to go! I hate this place. And now—and now——"

Her voice rose in a wail of misery that caused Maggie to turn her head with matronly deliberation and survey the occupants of the buggy. The little foal was glad of the rest, and went sniffing about at the end of its rope investigating the world.

Jim looked grave.

"Why, of course, dearest, if you want to go you can. I wouldn't have disappointed you for the world. Why didn't you tell me so at first? I—I—thought you didn't care so much about it. Now brace up and smile. Of course, you can go—don't worry about that. Do you feel a little more cheerful?"

He looked tenderly at her tear-stained face, which she lifted from his shoulder and mopped with a wisp of handkerchief. From his own face he smoothed all suggestion of the disappointment he felt in learning that she was not contented in the home he had made for her. Looking at her with eyes which only saw the pitifulness of her swollen eyelids and little reddened nose, he laid his big hand on hers and said:

"You don't want to keep the things you'd like to do a secret like that. Your husband wants you to be happy. You can go in October and stay as long as you like. Now don't fret about it any more."

She turned her hand round in his so that they clasped and drooped against his shoulder.

"What will you do about Ortega's land?" she asked, with a languid air.

"I guess I'll have to give that up. But I can take Ortega on to our place and give him the cottage the Swede's wife had. I've got to get him some kind of a job. He'll pull up again if he gets a start."

Seeing that she seemed more herself, he took up the reins and clucked to Maggie,

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"HOME," SHE REPEATED, DREAMILY, "ISN'T IT A NICE WORD?"

who went jogging off again. Helen sat back in the buggy, her arm through his, her little fingers mingled with his as they held the reins. Now and then they spoke of the coming trip, but for the most part she was silent. She did not feel that satisfaction a gratified desire should give. Jim could not go with her. That was a painful revelation. Once she started urging it, but he quietly made her understand it was impossible. If things went well he would go on and bring her back. When? Whenever she liked. Would she like to stay over Christmas?

"Christmas?" she exclaimed in a voice of hurt surprise. "Why that would be over two months there."

And she felt secretly aggrieved that Jim should want her to stay so long.

The air was growing cooler as they began to ascend toward Ortega's land, a long-neglected tract extending into the first rounded farms of the hills. Here and there an oak dotted the burnt expanse, casting a slanting, inky shadow over the pale grass. Ortega's house, a sorry little cabin, standing amid a litter of household refuse, was overshadowed by a superb specimen. Here, in a rickety cane chair, his heels balanced on what was once a hitching bar for visitors' horses, sat Ortega himself smoking a cigarette. His children were playing near him. As the sound of wheels struck their ears, Helen had a vision of their small faces lit by startled black eyes, and then their scurrying departure in every direction.

After the first words of greeting were exchanged, the two men entered upon the discussion of business, and Helen alighted and began to wander about. A glance into the wretched cabin was enough for her, and seeing a footpath winding upward behind the tree, she took it and began to saunter aimlessly about.

The grass was slippery under her foot, almost white, and dry as hemp. A stealthy quiver now and then agitated it, betokening the passage of a snake. The live oaks grew at intervals, the only vegetation that seemed able to defy the fevered length of the rainless summer. Gaining a level space backed by one of them, she paused to rest, and sat down on a fallen log some predecessor of Ortega's had dragged there for a seat.

The sun's rays were red and slanting and the floor of the valley was striped with a few long shadows. The ranches and their surrounding verdure, high and close gathered about the houses, and low lying where the vineyards ran out into the plain, looked like green islands floating in a yellow sea. She turned her eyes away from them with a muffled sigh. Her glance fell on the ground

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beside her, and suddenly was arrested by a blossom starting up from a bare patch of earth.

At the first glance she thought a butterfly had lighted on a spear of grass and was resting there with outspread wings. Then she realized it was a flower, three wide petals of a pale pink, streaked and mottled with a darker hue, expanding in exquisite efflorescence from the end of a long, leafless stalk. Though she had never seen it before, she knew it to be the Mariposa lily, of which she had often heard.

How wonderful it was, and in what ungrateful soil and unlovely surroundings it had bloomed! From the baked ground, whence even the hardy grass had withdrawn, and on which no rain or dew fell, it had slowly unfolded its beauty, uncommended, unseen. A chance seed had fallen there. The flower had risen, accomplishing its mission of grace in the arid spot where Fate had placed it.

Immovable, stirred by sudden, illuminating thoughts, Helen sat looking at it. How had it grown there? What moisture had nourished its thread-like roots in that parched soil? How hopefully patient must have been their slow spread, groping for sustenance in the iron earth. What power of endurance had been in that tiny stem to withstand the furnace heats of mid-day, and under the sun's fiercely hostile eye mature with such sweet, deliberate daintiness. It had done its part with heart of grace, unmindful of the hard conditions of its environment. It had bloomed slowly and perfectly in the spot where it had chanced to be.

The voice of Jim calling her aroused her from the grip of her thoughts, and she started up and retraced her steps along the path. He was tying the foal to the shaft, while Ortega stood by exchanging a few last sentences, and the children's faces peered round the side of the cabin. As she settled herself in the seat, the Spaniard stood beside the buggy, his hat lifted with the solemn, almost grandiose courtesy of his race, while the children crept out of their hiding-places, drawing nearer with frightened stealth. Jim clucked to Maggie, who jogged off again with some show of speed, the foal, prancing at her side, trying to veil its fear of the settling twilight by a show of spirited nonchalance.

They were not particularly talkative at first. Jim made some remarks about Ortega's wretched condition, to which she offered monosyllabic replies. They were out in the valley again, when she suddenly said:

"I don't want to go to New York this autumn. I'd rather stay here."

"Helen! Really? Do you really mean that?"

In the dim light she could see his face, illuminated, beaming with surprised joy. The pathos of it gripped her like a hand on her heart.

"Of course I mean it. I want to stay. I don't seem to want to go any more."

"But what's made you think so differently? This afternoon you couldn't bear the thought of staying. You said you—you—hated it."

"Did I? Well, that was this afternoon. This is this evening. Three hours have passed. A great deal can happen in three hours and I've changed my mind. Sometimes I change my mind in three minutes, so it's not so odd for me to change it in three hours."

"But why did you change it at all?"

"Oh, I don't know." She leaned against his shoulder in the old, rickety, unwashed buggy and slipped her hand into his.

"Perhaps I didn't want to leave you," she said. The two hands clasped tight.

"Did you change it up there while Ortega and I were talking?"

"Yes, up there on the hillside. I was sitting on a log and I just changed it."

"What a little, whimsical wisp of a girl you are!" he said, dropping his voice to the key of lovers' confidences. "And I wouldn't have you different for anything in the world."

"Did you ever see the Mariposa lily?" she asked, with abrupt irrelevance.

"Yes, hundreds of times. What's that got to do with it?"

"I think it has a good deal. It was growing in the dry ground up there so beautifully—just doing the best that was in it, being itself in a simple, complete sort of way, as if it was in a greenhouse, or the prize flower in some millionaire's garden——"

"That's the way it alway's does; that's its nature. You wouldn't have it get mad and fade, would you; just because it wasn't in a greenhouse?"

"Well, it might. People do, sometimes."

"Do they? Well, then, those people haven't got the grit of one poor little wild flower."

"No—" she answered, in a small voice, "that's one of the things I discovered this afternoon."

"Good little beggars, aren't they?" he said,

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turning to give her a fond side glance, and quite ignorant of the fact that his words might be regarded as having a personal application, "they just grow where they happen to get dropped without making any fuss. And they do it in such a pretty way, too, so bright and perky, and not pulling a long face about it being their duty, and making their friends feel mean."

"Have I made you feel mean, Jim?" she asked, in low, almost solemn tones.

"You? You? You've made me feel the proudest man in the valley. You've made me feel as proud as that bare, dry patch of ground when the Mariposa lily gets up and blooms on it."

"Jim!" she breathed, in softly falling cadence.

"My life out here was just like that bare, dry patch, till you came and bloomed on it."

"And it was such a miserable, pinched little blooming. But it's going to be different now—a beautiful blossoming. It will quite hide the bare, dry patch."

They drove on for a space in silence. The valley, swimming before them in suave evening tints, began to settle to rest, with the soft, sleepy sounds of nightfall.

"See," she said, "the lights are coming out. It looks as if the ranchers were saying 'Good-night!' to each other."

Here and there over the far-flung expanse the glimmer of a light pierced the veil of dusk. These friendly dots of yellow seemed to render the huge plain more home-like, to project a ray of welcome across the levels of field and vineyard, and flash a beacon from ranch to ranch.

Jim pointed with his whip to an agglomeration of winking points far away.

"There," he said, "is where we belong. That's our home."

"Home," she repeated, dreamily, "isn't it a nice word!"

The Musician

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

WHO comes, at last, from long eclipse?
Apollo's darling child.
He comes, with laughter on his lips,
Or weeping, strange and wild.

How bravely clear his bugle rings,
The Morning-peaks along—
How tender-sweet its echoings
Thro' Twilight-vales of song!

At dawn the Youth he challengeth
To win some Shining Slope.
At even, on the mist of Death,
He paints the rainbow, Hope!

Oh, give him welcome! Bid him play
His heart-compelling strain—
Lest, after many a dreary day,
Thou summon him—in vain!

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HANS WAGNER

Star Batsman, National League. Average, .355 per cent. Made 182 hits during 512 times at bat.

NAPOLEON LAJOIE

Star Batsman, American League. Average, .355 per cent. Made 173 hits during 488 times at bat.

The All-Star Base-Ball Team

By THEODORE WATERS

THERE were ten thousand base-ball enthusiasts crowded into the New York Polo Grounds the day "Iron Man" McGinnity won his third double-header for the month, and as the last man went to the bat the front rank in the bleachers swung its multitudinous left leg over the fence preparatory to jumping into the field.

"He's out!" bawled the umpire, and the crowd swarmed over the green.

McGinnity started on a run for the dressing-room, but the crowd caught him half-way, and screaming like fiends carried him off the field in triumph.

"And that makes Joe McGinnity the star pitcher of the day," said one who had remained in a bleacher to watch the mob. Be it known that the inhabitants of bleachers are more strenuous critics of form than the inhabitants of grandstands. To the latter, base-ball is a mere amusement, whereas to the bleacherite it is more serious than the earning of one's daily bread and much to be preferred. Such earnestness, however, does not always beget oneness of opinion, hence the prophet above mentioned lost honor in his immediate neighborhood.

SAMUEL LEEVER

Champion Pitcher, Pittsburg Nationals. Average, .781 per cent. Won 25 out of 32 games. Ended season by winning 10 successive games.

From Copyright group, by Pittsburg Athletic Club.

"Say," replied a collarless youth near by, "did you ever see him strike them out one by one like Matty—say, did you?" Christian Mathewson is the other big boxman of the New York Nationals.

"Aw!" retorted the first, "Matty'd been all in long ago if McGinnity hadn't tipped him to the body swing."

Such heresy was not to be replied to in words. They let it pass sneeringly.

"There's Roaring Bill Kennedy," said another. "You watch Roaring Bill and stick a pin in his record when the averages are made up. You watch him."

"And talking of fast company," said a

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JOSEPH McGINNITY

Endurance Pitcher, N. Y. Nationals. Pitched 55 games during season; won 3 double-headers in August.

CHRISTIAN MATHEWSON

Pitcher, N. Y. Nationals. Struck out 13 men in one game, the record for 1903.

third, "what's the matter with Cy Young in the other league?"

And each contended for his favorite until old "Well-well" passed by singing:

"McGraw, McGinnity, and McGann,
Upon the word of the Well-well man,"

and policemen came and cleared the grounds.

Now, the moral of the above is that though the most interesting base-ball season in history has gone the way of all seasons and there has been plenty of time to stick pins in the averages, yet an opinion as to which are the nine best base-ball players in the United States may not, after all, meet with the unanimous approval of the bleachers. Nine men there are, both major leagues considered, who, playing in the same position throughout the season, have made better averages than others of their fellows. Banded together they constitute the star base-ball nine of the season of 1903.

It is possible that some of these men will not receive the highest salaries during the coming season, because there are other players in both leagues who made lower averages, but who, nevertheless, did brilliant work for their respective teams and injured their personal averages thereby. For instance, it is counted an error if a player gets both hands on a ball and then allows it to slip through

CY YOUNG

Star pitcher, Boston Americans, who helped to win Post Season series. Average, .737 per cent.

C. E. FRASER

Pitcher, Phila. Nationals, who "shut out" the Chicago Club without a hit.

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JOHN KLING

Catcher, Chicago Nationals. Caught in 132 out of 140 games played. Average, .958 per cent.

JOHN O'CONNOR

Catcher, N. Y. Americans. Made but 4 errors in 64 games. Average, .988 per cent.

his fingers. The fact that the ball may have been travelling so swiftly that no human grip could have retained it, makes not the slightest difference; it is an error just the same and counts against the man. So a player yearning for a high seasonal mark may take care not to get his hands on such a ball and the latter unretarded may travel far enough to allow a runner to reach the home plate. One of the best players on the Pittsburg Club last year was Thomas Leach. He made sixty-five errors during the season, which cut

JOHN ANDERSON

First Base, St. Louis Americans. Made an average of .987 per cent.

down his average very much, but those errors saved many a run. He would sooner stop a ball in the infield even though he dropped it, than let it go past and fatten his average. So in estimating a player's worth, it is well to consider the number of games played and the chances taken of making errors.

Curiously enough, the high averages for the season, number of games and chances considered, are almost evenly divided between the two big leagues. Leaving pitchers and catchers aside for the moment and moving with the base-runner around the infield, we find that the highest average attained by a first baseman was made by John Ryan, of the St. Louis Nationals. It was .989. As he played in but 18 games during the season, however, he cannot be counted a champion. A man might play but 2 games and make no errors and his average would be 1,000, the highest attainable, but that would not be fair to the other players. John Anderson, St. Louis (American League), made an average of .987. Daniel McGann, of the New York Club (National League), had .988. McGann might be perhaps more honored in the bleachers, but whereas he played 129 games, took 1,267 chances, and made only 15 errors, Anderson, playing in 139 games, handled the ball 1,609 times, and made but 21 errors.

Captain McGraw, of the New York (National League) Club, has given it as his opinion that his second baseman, W. O. Gilbert, is the "fastest fielder in the world." But Gilbert, in the matter of average and probably in the opinion of the bleachers, ranks far behind Claude Ritchey, of the Pittsburg

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CLAUDE RITCHEY

Second Base, Pittsburg Nationals. Took part in 137 games, made 30 errors in 771 chances. Average, .961 per cent.

LAVE CROSS

Third Baseman, Phila. Athletics, made but 18 errors in 391 chances. Average, .954 per cent.

Club (National League). It is true that George H. Mcgoon, of Cincinnati (National League), had an average of .971 or 10 points more than Ritchey, but Mcgoon played in only 32 games, so he is out of it. Ritchey took part in 137 games and had 771 chances with 30 errors, making an average for the season of .961. How about Napoleon Lajoie the bleacherite will ask. The star batter of the Americans took part in but 124 games and his chances were .816, so while he handled the ball more times per game than Ritchey, he made 35 errors and so reduced his general average to .957.

Among the short-stops, Wagner, the star batsman of the Pittsburg Nationals, is generally acknowledged a leader. His average, however, was 15 points behind that of W. F. Dahlen, of the Brooklyns (National League), who made .948. Dahlen played in 138 games with 815 chances and 42 errors. Wagner played in 111 games with 750 chances, so that he really handled the ball oftener each game he played than did Dahlen, but 50 errors reduced his average materially. Moran, of the Washington Club (American League), also made an average of .946, but he played in less than 100 games. Parent, of Boston (American League), and Elberfeld, of New York (American League), are stars whose averages were several points below the highest, yet whose play throughout the season was brilliant.

In looking for the best third baseman we find the average of Leach, the sensational player of the Pittsburgs, next to last on the National list. This is no discredit to him, for it has already been pointed out how his devotion to team work has perhaps interfered with the maintenance of his personal average. On the other hand, Lave Cross, of the Philadelphia Athletics, who achieved the highest average, .954, is recognized as a star whose interest in the general welfare of his club is intense. He makes good stops even when for his own sake he would do better to let the ball go by. With 391 chances he made only 18 errors. Cross won his first place ahead of such men as Coughlin and Captain Collins, of the Boston Americans.

R. O. SEYBOLD

Star Right Fielder, Phila. Athletics.

The right fielder who won highest place

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F. JONES

Centre Field, Chicago American. Average, .988 per cent, highest of any out-fielder.

WILLIE KEELER

Right Field, N. Y. Americans. Said to be the highest salaried man on the diamond. Average, .944 per cent.

as far as mere averages are concerned was H. H. Gessler, of Brooklyn. He got .984, but he played in only 43 games. So we are enabled to pass at once to the much admired Willie Keeler, of the New York Americans. Out on the bleachers they call him by his first name and tell one another of that mammoth salary he is said to get, and how it was all—"every cent of it for three years ahead"—deposited in a New York Trust company "before he would touch a ball," etc., etc. So even if he is somewhat far down the list, there would be peril in selecting anyone else as the star right-fielder. In 128 games he made but 11 errors and an average of .944. True, Brown, of the New York Nationals, is a great sprinter and Seybold, of the Athletics, playing in 121 games came out near the top, and the people of other cities said it was a shame that such a man as Patrick Donovan, of the St. Louis Nationals, was not on a winning team. But Willie's place on the list was, like that of Leach, achieved by virtue of team work, and in spite of the fact that a high flysent in his direction is as sure of being caught as though it were "dropped into a barrel." With Keeler in right field and Elberfeld at short and Ganzel at first urging them to "work hard," there is "the whole team for you," as they used to say on the home bleachers.

In centre field one finds Jones, of the Chicago Americans, a good player with a good

W. F. DAHLEN

Short Stop, Brooklyn Nationals. Played in 138 games, made 42 errors in 815 chances. Average, .948 per cent.

SAMUEL B. MERTES

Left Fielder, N. Y. Nationals. Average, .973 per cent. Made but 8 errors in 291 games.

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FRANK L. CHANCE

Chicago Nationals. Stole 67 bases during 123 games.

CLARENCE BEAUMONT

Pittsburg Nationals. Made 137 runs in 142 games.

average. In Pittsburg they would like to know why Jones comes in before such a man as Clarence Beaumont, of the Smoky City Club, and certainly Beaumont is a star, but Jones, playing in 137 games, made .988, the highest average of any outfielder in either league, so he must be accorded the honor which is his due. And in left field there is S. B. Mertes, who "slams dem," as they say on the twenty-five-cent benches. He took part in 137 games out of 140 played, and made but 8 errors during the season, attaining an average of .973 out of a possible 1,000. In Brooklyn they will tell you that it is not Mertes, but James Sheckard, of that city's club, who is the star. Well, Sheckard took part in 139 games, put out 314 men, and "assisted" 36 times, but 18 errors cut down his average, so that Mertes is entitled to his place at the top.

Of the catchers who worked for the entire season, John O'Connor, of the N. Y. Americans, attained the highest average. It was .988, and he stood behind the bat during 64 games and made but 4 errors. Now the work of the catcher is the hardest on the field, and for that reason he is not supposed to do it every day. He is usually alternated with one or two others. Under these circumstances O'Connor did excellent work. Yet taking it all in all, it was not as remarkable as that of John Warner, of the New

HENRY O'DAY

Umpired Post-Season games for National League.

THOMAS CONNOLY

Umpired Post-Season games for American League.

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York Nationals, who with an average of only 9 points less than that of O'Connor played 21 more games, making but 18 errors. Even this, however, pales before the brilliant achievement of John Kling, the Chicago National back-stop, who actually stood behind the bat during 132 games, that is, 8 less than the entire schedule. His average even then was .958 out of the possible 1,000. True, he made 24 errors; but when it is considered that the catcher is under fire constantly; that, in addition to supplying the impact necessary to stop the ball, he must be ready at any moment to throw a man out on the bases; that a passed ball, failure to get a wild foul, or to catch a base-stealer in the act, may mean success for the opposing team, Kling's work was remarkable indeed. So while O'Connor is entitled to his top-notch mark, Kling on the other hand deserves more than honorable mention.

And now we have come to that man of rare talent who bears the same relation to the ball club that the tenor does to the opera company—the pitcher. The pitcher is naturally the pivot around which every contest revolves. He is the object of adulation when he is in form, of execration when he is not. A poor club with good pitchers would probably do better than a good club with poor pitchers. But this is a favorite subject of argument capable of perennial renewal on the bleachers, for the pitching arm of the boxman is a very uncertain quantity. It may strike out man after man one year and be batted out of the box the next. And the contrast between idolatry and obscurity is so strong that few pitchers remain in the business after once leaving the box. Of the big pitchers who have taken the country by storm in former years, how many can you name off-hand? Even Rusie is all but forgotten when comparisons are made nowadays.

When a pitcher makes a brilliant seasonal record there is always much anxiety to see if he will equal it during the following year. If his first few games are below the average, the doleful chorus, "He's in! He's in! He's all in!" can be heard above the hum of the bleachers. It has been said of every good pitcher. It was said of Mathewson, the brilliant New York National twirler, and later when he surpassed himself the general surprise was so great that several newspapers made scientific explanations of how Matty had renewed the pristine freshness of his salary arm. The gist of that explanation is contained in the remark of the bleacherite recorded in the fore part of this account. "Far from being jealous of each other," said one paper, apparently astonished at the absence of the green-eyed monster, "Mathewson and McGinnity are the best of friends, and it seems the older man has been instructing Matty in the mysteries of the body swing. This should add years to the usefulness of his pitching arm." The general implication is that these pitchers lack a leading trait in the character of opera tenors. The special implication is that Joe McGinnity is more than a mere star if he is capable of teaching a younger rival how to extend the life of his salary wing. A prominent league official told me that in his opinion McGinnity is the greatest pitcher on the diamond to-day.

McGinnity pitched in 55 games during the season, a greater number by 10 than was required of any other pitcher, and of these games he won 31. As already stated, he won during the month of August 3 double-headers, that is, he won 2 games from Boston on August 1st, 2 from Brooklyn on August 8th, and 2 from Philadelphia on August 31st. No wonder he is called the "Iron Man." In fact, he is a reliable workman who takes the game seriously and plays it as a matter of business, not as brilliantly in spots as some others perhaps, but always up to his own standard, whatever the conditions.

And yet there are clubs that stand more in fear of Mathewson's pitching than of McGinnity's. Mathewson is a young college graduate who used to be as strenuous on the gridiron as he is now on the diamond. He pitched 45 games of ball last season, 10 less than McGinnity, and won 30, 1 less than McGinnity. His average was therefore much higher. On May 12th, in a game with the Cincinnati Club, Mathewson struck out 13 men, the record for the year, and yet lost the game by 4 to 1. This was not, however, the greatest individual pitching feat of the year. That was achieved by Fraser, of the Philadelphia Nationals, who, on September 18th, "shut out" the Chicago Club without a hit.

Glancing through the averages of the American League pitchers we find four men, Fairbanks, Athletics; Bliss, New York; Putnam, New York; Feeney, St. Louis, who made 1,000 per cent. But each of these

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played and won only 1 game. Farther down the list we come upon the famous Cy Young, of Boston, many years a star, who won 28 out of 38 games and ended the season with .737 per cent. Cy Young did much to help his club win the American League pennant, which placed it in position to compete with the National pennant-winners, the Pittsburgs, for the championship of the world. And thereby hangs a complication.

In spite of McGinnity's double-headers, in spite of Mathewson's strike-out game, in spite of Fraser's shut-out game, there was another pitcher who went through the entire season in such remarkable form that it is only a matter of sectional opinion whether or no he was the greatest pitcher of the year. This was Samuel Leever, of the Pittsburg Club. Leever gained the highest average in the National League and, all points considered, made a higher mark than any pitcher in the American League. He took part in 36 games. In 4 of these games he was asked to pitch only the concluding innings, and the fact that some of these were already lost cannot be charged to his account. Of the 32 complete games in which he took part he lost but 7, his average being therefore .781 per cent. All summer long he pitched steadily, valiantly, and as the season drew to a close he seemed to gather strength and speed like a racer in the home-stretch and ended by winning 10 successive games. It was undoubtedly the most remarkable feat of the season. But herein is the complication. Leever accomplished his feat, but in so doing he weakened his pitching arm and was not able to take his full part in the international series. He tried a game or so, but failed, and the task of winning the post-season series fell heavily upon Phillippe, who has a pretty delivery, but whose endurance could not be expected to equal that of the alternates of the Boston Club. At least, that is how the admirers of the National Leaguers explain why it was that Pittsburg lost. Of course there is the other side of the story, which is that the pitcher is not the whole show in any event and that the best pitchers in the country have been batted all over the field and games won in spite of it. There is much truth in this, for we have yet to consider another very important element in base-ball, the element whose force is opposed directly to the cunning of the pitcher—that is, the star batsman.

Long before the season ended, it was a foregone conclusion that Napoleon Lajoie, of the Cleveland Americans, and Hans Wagner, of the Pittsburg Nationals, would be in the race for the batting championship. Toward the last it was known that each would win in his respective league. At one time both had a high average of .356 per cent. They were then within hitting distance of the end. But one day Wagner was injured in a game and was compelled perforce to stop playing for the rest of the season. His average then was .355 per cent. This was in his favor, for the more games Lajoie played the greater would be the chance of cutting down his average. The race was intensely interesting to base-ballists, for here, at least, percentage was an absolute indication of excellence and both men had been heavy batters for years.

Lajoie is of French descent and from driving a hack in Woonsocket, R. I., had entered professional base-balldom by way of the minor leagues and had crept up through the ranks until in 1901 he was the first major leaguer to make an average of .422 per cent. Wagner, of German descent, had been a butcher-boy in Carnegie, Pa., and used to play ball for a few dollars a game whenever opportunity offered. He broke into the professional ranks by way of the old Steubenville team, which must have been a good training school, for among his comrades were Frank Bowerman, the present New York catcher; George Smith, some time with the New York Club; Harry Smith and Claude Ritchey, now with Pittsburg; and Al. Wagner, brother of Hans, now with the Toronto Eastern League Club.

Both men had repeatedly knocked the ball out of bounds and twice in 1899 Lajoie hit it so hard that he broke it. Lajoie's grand average, 1896 to 1903, was .370 per cent. Wagner's grand average during the same period was .323 per cent. So when Wagner stopped with .355 per cent. the eyes of the base-ball world were on Lajoie. When the season ended it was announced unofficially that Wagner had beaten Lajoie by 11 points, but later when the official averages were published it was found that Lajoie's average had equalled that of Wagner, .355 per cent. Wagner made 182 hits in 512 times at bat. Lajoie made 173 hits in 488 times at bat. Both men are star fielders, Wagner at short-stop, Lajoie at second base, and each on occasion can get around the

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bases as fast as Browne or Willie Keeler. Of course, if mere runs counted in the above, Clarence Beaumont, of Pittsburg, would be champion. He made 137 runs in 141 games.

Frank Chance, of the Chicago Nationals, and James Sheckard, of Brooklyn, stole the most bases during the season. Each had 67 to his credit, but as Chance captured his bases in 123 games to Sheckard's 139, Chance must be accorded first place. In the American League, Harry Bay, of Cleveland, stole the most bases, 46 in 141 games, but then it may be harder to steal bases in the American League—who knows?

So even if a base-ball magnate had only averages to depend upon in choosing his players for 1904, he would be able to get together one of the most remarkable clubs that ever played on a diamond. On first base there would be Anderson, of the St. Louis Americans; on second base, Ritchey, Pittsburg Nationals; on third base, Lave Cross, Athletics; at short-stop, Dahlen, Brooklyn Nationals; right field, Willie Keeler, New York Americans; centre field, Jones, Chicago Americans; left field, Mertes, New York Nationals; catcher, O'Connor, New York Americans, with Kling, of Chicago, for alternate; pitcher, Leever, Pittsburg Nationals, with Cy Young, of Boston, for alternate. Seybold, Athletics, would be extra fielder, since he held high averages both as baseman and fielder during the past season. Facing these men at the bat would be Wagner, of the Pittsburg Nationals and Lajoie of the Cleveland Americans. Stealing bases when the pitcher's back was turned would be Chance, Chicago Nationals, and ready to add to his home-run record, Beaumont, of the Smoky City Club.

It is not at all certain, however, that such a club would win a pennant. All-star aggregations have a way of playing at cross purposes that is very discouraging to managers who believe in team work. And so it would be necessary to have at least two of the best umpires in the leagues to keep them going. Who are the best umpires? That depends on whose club is getting beaten and what city it is playing. Probably there is no such thing as a universally popular umpire.

His position, like Silas Wegg's poetry, should be judged from the standpoint of its weakening effect on the mind. Last year the big league umpires did nobly. For years the public has been howling for clean ball and under the administration of Harry Pullium and Ban Johnson 1903 base-ball was clean. This was due largely to the general impartiality of the umpires in spite of much provocation to be otherwise than impartial. No one who is not of the bleachers can fully appreciate the inevitable amount of annoyance that goes to make the lot of the umpire unhappy. Hostile crowds, belligerent players, aggressive managers, the critics jeers,—and small honors in any event.

And yet there are umpires whose sense of humor manages to survive years of grim alternatives. It must have been one of these who ordered Pitcher Taylor off the New York Polo Grounds. Taylor, who is a deaf-mute, objected to a ruling made by an umpire and to show his displeasure thereof he dashed the ball to the ground. (There was a story to the effect that he threw down his cap and danced upon it, but that cannot be proved.) At any rate, he gave vent to what the umpire considered was an extreme expression of displeasure and, translating that into what he judged it might have been had the mute been able to speak, the umpire was inexpressibly shocked and ordered Taylor off the field. The expression on the mute's face, as he retired, spoke volumes.

There is a way, however, to get at what managers and players think of umpires. Both leagues were concerned in the post-season series of games, and each naturally chose an umpire to represent it. It is to be presumed that each selected its best man. The National League sent Henry O'Day, the American League sent Thomas Connolly, and as they were eminently satisfactory to all concerned, we can make no mistake in calling them ideal for our own purpose. Both men have been many years on the diamond, O'Day in particular having seen longer service than perhaps any other umpire. So their philosophy must long ago have proven itself superior to the taunts of hostile crowds, disgruntled players,or wily diamond politicians.

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Dutch and The Skinner

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

"EX-TRY! Ex-try! Ex-try!—Tammany carries de Second!—Ex-try ten erclock! —Republercans fly ter home an' mudder!—Ex-try! Ex-try! Ex-try!" The Skinner's voice fairly jerked his sharp little face and form from the pavements. His cry rang shrill, beseeching, impatient, demanding—high over the roar of the street. His keen, eager eyes strained up on the sea of faces above. "Ex-try! Ex-try! Ex-try! Republercans fly ter home an' mudder!" It was the night and place he lived for—Election Night by the Brooklyn Bridge. The Skinner was in his element.

Suddenly he turned, dived through the straining, struggling mob, under horses, wagons, and cars, and jerked hard on the short, ragged sleeve of Dutch, his stunted little pard. "Say! Dutch! Say! Gimme change fer a half — quick!" Dutch turned a face dull, honest, tired. "Aw, Skinner" — his voice was hoarse and slow —"take it easy, can't yer?" He began laboriously counting the change. "Where's all yer made since supper?" "Got it up! At t'ree ter two! On Mulligan!" Dutch turned quickly. One moment, in the press and roar of the Street, the two chums stood face to face.

"GOT IT UP! AT T'REE TER TWO!"

Dutch seized The Skinner's bony, quivering little arm. "Say—quit yer bettin', can't yer—quit it!" "Quit it? It's de easiest money in town! It's a dead sure thing! Say Dutch!" With a new idea, The Skinner's eyes flashed into the anxious face of his chum. "If yer'd only cough up the pile —de big pile—I kin double it!" With a sudden throb of fear, Dutch tightened his grip on The Skinner. "De pile" was the $40 they had saved toward a news-stand. "We won't! I tell yer—we won't! Aw, Skinner, quit yer bettin'!" "Quit bettin'?" The Skinner shook with impatience. "Ha! ha! Wot is yer, anyhow? His Nibs Jerome—or de whole Salvation Army? Quit a sure t'ing? Say, Dutch. Yer a square kid sure! But in bettin' yer—ain't—wise! Quit a sure t'ing! Hu!" "Naw, it ain't a sure t'ing!" Dutch watched The Skinner's sharp features twitch, and his own tired eyes grew worried. "Yer lookin' clean crazy." He turned over the change, but held The Skinner back for an instant. "Aw, Skinner —take it easy—take it easy!" The Skinner gave a short, nervous laugh and was gone.

Dutch stood for a moment jostled by the crowd, staring after his chum, anxious, bewildered. "Bettin' like he used ter!" he muttered. "I wonder if he's goin' off his nut agin." He was thinking of the night in the height of the racing season, when he had roused with a start and seen The Skinner crouching, in his sleep, out on the floor of their attic room, plying and lashing imaginary horses. In his dull, dumb way, Dutch

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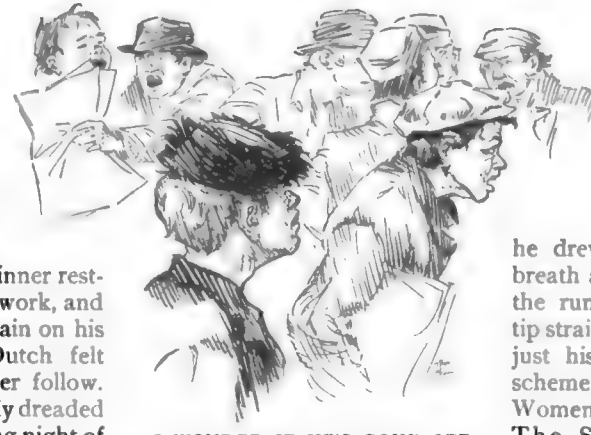
worshipped The Skinner—The Skinner, who was always bright, shrewd, and eager; who could dream wild schemes and make some of them work; who, like hundreds of other city waifs, had absorbed the very blood of the restless, striving, exciting Street; who had seen and felt no other existence; and whose life at fourteen was already set in one consuming passion "ter chance it"—moving on from city to city—wandering, betting, restless always.

Dutch had come over in the steerage four years back with his father, who shortly died, and ever since he had lived on the Street, which to him was "de woild" of America. Somehow he had missed its excitements. His life had been dull and tired—like his face. Then six months back The Skinner had flashed in; they had rented an attic room—"the joint"—to sleep in, and for Dutch existence had been bright and happy ever since. His only dread was the streaks of betting which left The Skinner restless, impatient of work, and eager to be off again on his travels, where Dutch felt that he could never follow. He had particularly dreaded this greatest betting night of all the year. Staring now into the roar and jam of the Street, he felt suddenly small—as he was. The Skinner seemed smaller still and out of his reach, drifting away with the strained, excited, struggling mob. "I wonder if he's goin' off his nut agin." Dutch stamped his feet fiercely to keep warm, and began shouting the head-lines. His voice was low, hoarse, tired.



"I WONDER IF HE'S GOIN' OFF HIS NUT AGIN."

The Skinner had not lost an instant. And the old passion "ter chance it" rose hot and furious. Here and there he snatched rumors of Mulligan—Tammany—for Senator—whose election would be uncertain till long after midnight. "Sure?" he heard above him. "Mulligan sure? Why, man, he can't lose! He—" "Hully gee!" panted The Skinner below. "If Dutch would—*only* shell out de pile!" This frantic wish for "de pile" rose up again and again in his mind as the nihgt wore on. And soon around it one of The Skinner's schemes slowly began to take fire.

He turned in at the swinging doors of a brilliantly lighted café, alive with loud voices, music, and laughter. He crept warily down the middle, selling papers to right and left, with one eye fixed on the waiters and the other on a table in the rear, where three men and a woman sat drinking. It was Her. The Skinner watched his chance and slipped in behind her. She gave a quick, delighted laugh and threw her jewelled hand over his shoulder. "Say!" He lost no time but whispered an eager question. The men were laughing good-humoredly. She was whispering back to The Skinner. His head jerked up. "Yer ain't bluffin'? Is it on de level?" He broke away. "T'anks! Yer all right! Read 'em all." He threw down three papers. "Dey won't cost yer a cent!" He was already darting out to the door.

In the Street he drew a deep, shivering breath and then started on the run up Park Row. A tip straight from Her! And just his way! So far his scheme was perfect. "Say! Women is beauts!" chuckled The Skinner. "Now, Dutch, if yer won't come up wid de goods, an' get rich wid me—I'll make yer! See!" On he ran, thinking hard and fast. The scheme was keen, shrewd, generous—like The Skinner himself.

He paused by the side door to a corner saloon. A wild hubbub came from within. The Skinner jerked open the door and slipped into the noisy, jovial jam of Irishmen.

A minute later he sat over in a corner excitedly talking with Mike—the man he had come to see. Mike had his big arm round The Skinner's waist. "Why, sure. I can put it up with me own if you say so. But say, Skinner—ain't you in deep enough without it? Six dollars already? This election ain't dead sure—not by a long sight."

"Ain't it?" The Skinner poured $2 in change into the hand of his friend. "Say!" he whispered, laying his hand on Mike's

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broad shoulder. "Yer know Billy's down below? Yer know B——? Yer know what a drag she has wid D——?" Mike started and drew closer. "Say!" The Skinner whispered, breathlessly, "she's got kinder soft on me. I sold a extry jest now —an 'she said, 'Go on an' bet all yer got on Mulligan!'" He grinned—then drew a quick breath and stopped.

"YER AIN'T BLUFFIN'?"

Mike gave a long whistle. "Then it's—almost —cock—certain!" he exclaimed. "Certain? It's a regler cinch! Say, Mike! Could yer place forty plunks?"—"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm goin' ter make Dutch shell out de pile we've bot' been savin' fer a stand! When I see him last he balked! Now I got dis tip from Her an' I won't *stand* fer his balkin'! If it ain't too late I wants yer ter put up de forty plunks right off. See? Den I goes ter Dutch—tells him of de tip—and den says de cash is up already an' he's gotter shell out! An' he will!"

Mike scratched his head and thought hard. "Skinner, go on," he said at last. "If Dutch won't cover his half, I'll take it with me own."

"SAY! WOMEN IS BEAUTS!"

"Hully gee! Mike, yer a t'oroughbred!" The Skinner was off like a flash to the door. Mike turned and gazed admiringly after him. "I wonder—if he ever was—jest a kid," he muttered.

Eleven o'clock. The slow, plodding Dutch must be back in "de joint" by this time. Through the crowd hurried The Skinner, down a narrow street on the Bowery, round a sharp turn into an alley, up four steep rickety flights of stairs, to a battered door in the end of a dark, low hallway. This was "de joint." On the door was a large laborious sign: "The Firm of Dutch and Skinner," proudly printed by the little German. Underneath, by a humorous pal—in green paint —"De Wise Guy an' De Bum." The door was unlocked; but The Skinner gave three mysterious raps, then two, then one. They were answered by a grunt. He entered quickly.

"De joint" was a mere box of a room, with a ceiling that began to slope at the top of the door and ended three feet from the floor, over a small, cracked window, which was decked with a gayly flowered curtain. Every inch of "de joint" was occupied. The floor was crowded with a red table, a blue chair, and a red bed with a racing print tacked to its foot and facing the pillows. The walls were alive with vivid stage "beauts," bright racing prints, and flaring posters of the plays "Tracy the Outlaw," "Over Niagara," and many others. Even the little air space left was taken up by smoke. Dutch had just come in and was lying back with a cigarette in his lips, surveying "de joint" complacently. He was never too tired for this.

He turned on his elbow and anxiously looked at The Skinner.

"Heigh! how did yer bet come out?"

The Skinner gave a short laugh. Such

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"LOOK-A-HERE, DUTCH, T'ROW YER LAMPS AT HER!"

denseness annoyed him. "Say! Does I look like it had come out?" he demanded. "It ain't settled," he went on more kindly. "But it's a sure t'ing!" Dutch shook his head doubtfully. "Look-a-here, Dutch, t'row yer lamps at *Her!*" He pointed to a gay chromo on the sloping ceiling directly over the bed. Dutch looked up. "I've got a tip—straight —from—Her!—dat Mulligan'll win! See?" He caught the slight change on his chum's heavy face and talked on the faster. "I wasn't losin' no chance like dat—ter make you an' me rich! See?" Dutch started. "I went ter Mike! De pile is up already! Yer can't balk now! It's all over but de shoutin'! Yer—gotter—get—rich!" A quick gasp of bewilderment and fright from Dutch. "Skinner! yer don't mean—" "Yes, it's up," said The Skinner, as if that settled it.

"Aw, say! Say! Dis ain't right!" Dutch spoke in thunderous tones and arose from the bed. The Skinner seized him. "Dutch look-a-here. Wot was yer six months ago before I met yer? Slow—a square feller—right on de level—I liked yer phiz from de start. But slow—dead slow! Now say! Look at de race!" He pointed at the flaring print facing them from the foot of the bed. "Don't it put life inter yer? Well—yer balked at dat at first! Now look at Her—ain't she a beaut? Well, yer balked at Her first! I'll like dat all over der joint. I'm tryin' ter put yer in racin' trim, an' yer balk every step. But yer comin'—yer just about out of de stable—ain't yer?"

"Yer right about de joint," said Dutch, slowly; "it's a swell place. But—why can't we—stick ter a good t'ing?" Dutch was visibly trying to think.

"Why? Because me an' you is on de rise! We're jest gettin' inter de race! I'm gettin' yer in trim—yer helpin' me save—an' we make a bully pair! But it's time now to chance it! Dis is a sure t'ing an' yer can't stop us! Here, slide inter yer pants. We gotter win!"

"Wait. S'posin' we do. Den wot next?"

"Quit dis slow work—light out—an' keep risin'!"

"Aw, Skinner! Where'll we light out ter?" Dutch's indecision and bewilderment was pitiful.

"Say! Yer know de pile I cleaned up a year ago at de New Orléens races? I've told yer —t'irty plunks in a month—an' I started wid five!"

"Aw, Skinner—I can't beat it to New Orléens."

"I know yer can't! *Yer* couldn't stick under a ice-wagon! But why can't yer see we got forty plunks doubled—makes eighty—an' me own eight doubled makes ninety-six fer de two of us? We ain't ridin' under de

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train—we ride upstairs—on de soft red fur seat wid our feet up! I tell yer, Dutch, me an' you is on de rise!"

Dutch stood one moment by the bed—bewildered, desperate—his slow mind completely done up by the long day and night in the Street. "It's a—mighty—swell joint," he muttered, shaking. His face was haggard—completely unnerved. The Skinner seized his arm.

"Look here, Dutch—yer gotter choose quick! I'm lightin' out to-morrer! Yer a square man an' I want yer! Will yer break de firm or is yer wid me?" Silence. The Skinner's voice grew suddenly low and almost tender. "Say, Dutch—didn't I tell yer it's dead sure? Bully! Yer a good square feller! Look out fer dese stairs. Br-r-r!—Cold? I'm shakin' all over. Aw, say—quit yer cryin'—take er brace!" The alley door down below closed behind them.

An hour later. It was after twelve. And the elections were decided, all but that of Patrick Mulligan. This was the closest race in years. It was fiercely discussed, over bars, at tables, in the Street; by voices low, unnerved, shaken; by faces flushed with excitement or drink; by white, strained, twitching faces. But the whitest of them all was a small German face with dull, stunted features, which now looked thoroughly frightened. For Dutch had fully awakened to the crisis. Too late! Mike had been seen and paid. "De pile" was up. And more than that. Dutch knew The Skinner's moods too well to doubt it. If they lost, The Skinner would light out alone, riding on the bumpers beneath the cars with a nerve and skill that for Dutch was utterly hopeless. He had risked it all in a night.

Dutch sat with Skinner in a two-cent lunch room at a table crowded with supper; with steak and fried potatoes, mince pie, frankfurters laden with mustard, dough-nuts, and a huge, steaming stack of buckwheat cakes. He could eat nothing. Suddenly he stretched out over the plates and seized The Skinner's sleeve. "Say! Listen!"

The Skinner set down a huge bowl of coffee. "Look here, Dutch—quit yer listenin'—get busy an' eat." He spoke jubilantly between mouthfuls. "S'posin' it is close! Don't I know it's a sure t'ing? Get busy eatin'."

"We light out," The Skinner went on, speaking thickly through a frankfurter, "termorrer! We reach Orleens Saturday night! De fun begins Sunday at de track—where I knows t'ree jockeys an' a bookmaker. We bets on nuttin' but sure winners! See! In t'ree weeks we cleans up a easy hunderd! An' moves up Nort' wid de bunch! Den de season begins! Saratoger—Morris Park—an'——"

"Listen! Say! Listen!" Dutch's voice was only a whisper.

"An' keep pilin' it up! Pilin' it up! Yer can buy up de lemonade biz on de track—hire kids, an' jest simply pile up de cash! I'll train fer a jockey! In ten years I has me name way up high in de sportin' column! See? An' Dutch—yer will be rich—old feller, rich!" The Skinner laughed in an ecstacy at their brilliant prospects. "Say! Talk about yer house in Saratoger! Me own villa will be in Newport!"

"Listen." Dutch was up, leaning on the table with one hand—which quivered.

The Skinner sprang up too. "It—it can't be out! It ain't time!"

"Listen! Say! Say! Listen! Does yer hear who they're cheerin'?" Both sprang to the door.

"It ain't Mulligan!" cried Dutch, hoarsely. "It's de odder man! It is! It is!" The band and the wild, cheering mob were sweeping by. "Say! Say! Is dis yer sure t'ing? Wot does yer mean? Where's de pile? What—" Dutch glared wildly around.

"IT AIN'T MULLIGAN! IT'S DE ODDER MAN!"

A swift, complete change had come over the small, thin face close behind his. It was

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drawn, rigid, deathly white. The eyes were closed. Dutch broke off and watched it—his lips moving—without a sound. And so they stood as the procession swept by.

When it had passed, The Skinner stood there as before, except that his eyes were open and strained on the crowd moving down the street. Dutch touched his arm. The Skinner suddenly quivered from head to foot. "Say"—Dutch spoke low and short—"le's—go home." He threw his arm over The Skinner's shoulders. The Skinner turned and stared at him, and his eyes showed how hard he was trying to remember, to think, to feel. "Say," Dutch repeated, "le's—go home." He tugged gently on The Skinner's arm, and together they stumbled into the street.

"SAY—LE'S GO HOME."

Back in "de joint" Dutch sank into the blue chair, with his head in his arms on the table. He was cold, dull, sick, hopeless. The Skinner was going to leave him. He felt it with a dead, helpless feeling. He knew that he could never follow. The firm was broken. "De joint" must be given up. And the old, dull, tired life must begin again. Suddenly this all came over him with a rush. He gave a deep, broken sob—another broke in on the first—then another—and his aching head shook in his arms. In a moment he checked himself fiercely, and at last he sank into a stupor.

The Skinner—still silent—had been standing by the one small window. The fierce struggle to think, to realize, had gone on and on, and from out of his mental confusion two predominating feelings had arisen. There had come first the aching sense of loss, crowding out all else—then the old fierce restlessness that had burned all through the night drove all else away. To leave his loss behind, to forget, to see something new, to move on! It was the ruling passion of his life. It led him now completely.

But when he heard the sobs of his chum, The Skinner felt a sharp pang which pierced even the passion to be off. He turned and stood silently, looking down at the unconscious face resting upon its side. The dullness, the coarseness of the features had for a time been swept away by the strain of the past two hours. He saw there only honesty, hard work, terrible disappointment.

"Yer a square feller!" he whispered. "Yer a—square feller! Yer can't stand fer it! Yer can't live jest chancin' it! We gotter—break up." A sudden idea struck him. He shut the door noiselessly, and groped his way down the stairs.

It was two o'clock when The Skinner turned into Park Row. He carried two papers under his arm, and assumed a pitiful limp, which was almost real. The Street for once had thrown wide open its background. Groups, frantic, swept by; wild hallooing, forms reeling, dead minds, and mad senses: The Skinner's white, drawn face watched them all. And his idea, which Dutch had deadened six months back, took new hold on him. All around him it was being worked by men and women, silent, watching their chances. The Skinner suddenly vanished.

The next moment passers-by saw a little newsboy asleep, snuggled up close to a well-dressed man, lying drunk in a doorway. They pitied the little sleeper and hurried on. The Skinner lay on his side. His hand beneath felt lightly for the overcoat pocket. It slipped in. The pocket felt rich and warm, but it was empty. More troublesome, pitying passers-by. The other pocket. Still no luck. A pause. Then a swift dive into the inner pocket. Ha! "Shet up. Go easy." More people passing. They saw the little sleeper wake up and moan, and rise slowly and limp away.

In a dark, narrow street down by the docks is a small, tumble-down house, with a pawnshop below. At the backdoor The Skinner rapped twice, then waited shivering. A face peered through a blind, disappeared, and a moment later the door opened just a crack. The Skinner slipped in. "Begun again, has yer?" croaked a harsh voice. "Naw, I ain't," said the boy, sullenly. "Only just fer to-night. I've quit fer good." "Humph!" The man glanced down. "Wot yer got?" The boy fobs off

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a drunk an' a fight." Again the man glanced down at the strained, twitching face below him, and decided he could drive a better bargain to-night than in the old days with The Skinner.

It was four o'clock. Back in "de joint" Dutch slept still unconscious on the red table. Again The Skinner stood silently by. He was thinking anxiously. "Yes," he decided, "he'll believe it." He wrote slowly—painfully:

"Mike diden get up de pile in time. It ain't lost. Yer twenty plunks is on de tabul. Stay here. Get anudder pard. Don't giv up de joint. I will see yer agin. Yer can't never go wid me. Yer can't liv jest chancin' it."

He finished and stood silent, staring at Dutch. "I wish yer could!" he whispered. "I wish yer could!" He shook violently, from the chill and strain of the night, as he counted the money out—five, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen— The Skinner paused. It was the last. It meant breakfasts, lunches, suppers all the way to New Orleans. He would get no more. He had—"quit fer good." When one is cold and faint it is hard to think fast. More silent staring—more shaking.

"Not on yer life!" at last he whispered. The money was added to "de pile" on the table. "Gotter be gone — when he gets up," thought The Skinner. Once more he looked at the unconscious face below him; again the lips quivered.

But they soon closed fiercely. The old passion was down only for a moment. It was to rule The Skinner's life, and it ruled him to-night. "I wish yer could!" he whispered. "I wish yer could!" He drew the blanket from the bed and wrapped it round his pard. Then he went out closing the door softly behind him.

"HE DREW THE BLANKET FROM THE BED AND WRAPPED IT ROUND HIS PARD."

As the day was breaking over the Delaware hills, a train came rushing by. Underneath whirled a cloud of dust and cinders. And in the cloud, half stifled by it, curled up close on a board placed over the iron rods of an axle, was a slight figure. The hands were skilfully—as by long practice—clinched round the iron bars above. The mind was numb, kept just awake by the roar and jolt and whirling. The train rushed on—bound southward.

Back in "de joint" the same daylight was breaking dimly in through the one small window, and the gaily flowered curtain. It showed Dutch still at the red table. His head was in his arms—as before. His face was still unconscious. But "de pile" was not on the table. It lay scattered on the floor. The light grew stronger. It showed The Skinner's note tight clinched in the hands of the sleeper.

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The Madness of Much Power

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Author of "Golden Fleece" and "The Master Rogue"

WHEN Frank Thompson died, the Pennsylvania Railroad got a new president and a new policy. The old policies and the old presidents had been progressive. The new policy and the new president, A. J. Cassatt, were what is called "aggressive." Forthwith the stock began to boom from 109 and thereabouts, up and up, and still up, to 170. For Mr. Cassatt, clothed with practically absolute power by a board of directors who were, by no means without cause, fascinated by him, inaugurated a series of extensions and improvements as intelligent as they were vast. And he quickly established himself as a model Twentieth Century American railway president.

But unfortunately Mr. Cassatt was human. He went the way of all human beings who have been put in a large place and intrusted with large power. He became intoxicated with the sense of his own almightiness. He searched his heart and found that there was no vanity in it; that he was indeed doing himself scant justice when he pronounced himself truly great and truly infallible. The corollary to this, of course, was that whoever disputed his greatness or his justice was guilty of a heinous crime and must be punished, if the power of the Pennsylvania Railroad, wielded by the puissant Cassatt right arm, could reach him; as any one of the Emperor William's luckless subjects is punished if he dares say "boo" under his breath.

Unhappily for Mr. Cassatt, there are other great men in the United States in this same complacent frame of mind with reference to what they carry about under their hats. A collision, even in such a roomy place as the United States, was certain to come sooner or later. These great bodies are nowadays almost constantly in deliberate or accidental collision. His first collision was with George Gould—the ejecting of the Western Union from the Pennsylvania system with court-defying axes that destroyed $2,000,000 worth of property almost overnight. This battle might have been a draw but for the second and almost simultaneous collision—with Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller—and Mr. Gould—decided that Mr. Cassatt was too "chesty." With a single swinging blow Mr. Rockefeller gave Mr. Cassatt's chin a grim and uninterrupted view of his feet; with a second blow he sent Mr. Cassatt "to grass"—where he now lies. How did Mr. Rockefeller do this? Mr. Cassatt was borrowing money, huge sums of money, for his schemes. Mr. Rockefeller happens to be the absolute ruler of the money market, thanks to his banks and his gigantic sums in cash. Mr. Cassatt found that he could borrow no more money, and down came his projects for larger expansion. Then he found that the collateral for the cash he had borrowed, his Pennsylvania stock, was falling, falling, falling. This meant more collateral, or the payment of the loans. And so Mr. Cassatt "went to grass."

Here is a perfect illustration of a phenomenon that forms part of each day's news latterly. It is the phenomenon of the madness of much power—the madness of irresponsible power.

WALL STREET OUR REAL CAPITAL!

It is in the capital, the actual capital, of a nation that such madnesses as this of ours to-day concentrate; it is from the capital that they radiate. They concentrate from the remotest corners of the nation; they radiate to its remotest corners. And as our social organization is almost purely commercial, as every great question in our politics is a commercial question, our actual capital is necessarily Wall Street. It sets the fashion in manners and in morals for all the rulers, great and small, from the least town in Maine that can boast, and does boast, a millionaire, to the least town in California where the richest man is the weightiest citizen. In America to-day there are growing up all over the

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country, unimpeded by elections or political parties or the spellbinders' shrieks about liberty, or by any other republican forms, grinding local tyrannies, under the general control of and in faithful imitation of the great central oligarchy of New York's financial district.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE RICH

With the urban ideal—and to a disquieting extent the rural ideal also—to become rich and to live like the rich, the people inevitably make the local rich, the true aristocracy of the locality, the more potent because their rights and privileges are not defined by law. And the people—*not* the rich, but the masses of would-be rich—exclude these few rich from the operations of the ordinary laws, even assign to them especial privileges in such matters of fundamental morals as honesty. Nor are the rich of a thousand localities slow to take advantage of these grants, so attractive to universal human interests. Hence we have the spectacle of "best society" which would not have been in existence but for violations of law and of such elementary ethics as "Thou shalt not steal." And this "best society" weaves its nets about and enforces its sanctions upon the most intelligent and most aspiring members of its community. Aristocracy is a force not at all because it is the ideal of aristocrats themselves, but altogether because it is the ideal of those over whom aristocrats lord it. Caste is made not by him that looks *down* but by him that looks *up*. And upon the people with their material ideal rests the responsibility for this aristocracy of ours with its vast power. As for the abuse of that power, whenever did human beings get irresponsible power without abusing it?

When the founders of the republic were making the Constitution, their chief anxiety was to avoid making grants of power. They arranged for the granting of the least amount of power consistent with orderly public administration. That is, they broke all the precedents and left the people to rule themselves with the aid not of a government, but of an administration. Such small power as was cautiously granted was divided among coequal branches of the administration; and sundry ingenious checks and counterchecks were devised in further restraint, not to speak of biennial and quadrennial judgment-days at the polls. Why were they thus careful? Because they read aright the warning of history—power means abuse of power; rule means tyranny.

But these founders, amazing though their foresight was, still could not possibly foresee the revolution which science was about to make in the relations of men by giving mankind steam and electricity in harness. And so they could not provide against, or rather attempt to provide against, the growth of all kinds of vast organizations among the citizens as private citizens, which would create a series of governments, overawing the people on the one hand, and on the other hand now corrupting, now cozening, and now defying the public administration constitutionally provided.

This is the age of organization. State and Church, once practically the only far-reaching organizations, have become, even in Europe, and most signally in the United States, of small consequence beside organizations political, financial, and industrial, wholly outside of State control. Organization means many good things, many things of inestimable value. It also means many bad things, many things of incalculable danger. For an organization implies a membership that has pooled its individual strength in the hands of a management, and has given that management a power which can with difficulty be criticised, much less restrained—for to oppose the management may be to defeat the plans for which the organization was made.

And so, free American citizens, pooling their industrial rights, interests, powers, and consciences, have created political bosses, financial bosses, labor bosses—those arbitrary and capricious tyrants who, thinking with their own brains, and longing with their own appetites, and making their moral judgments with the stony conscience of "the organization," fill the country with shameful spectacles of corruption, and make war upon each other when they are not busy despoiling the unwary and the helpless.

THE DANGEROUS DELIRIUM OF POWER

The custodian of concentrated power may be an enthusiast like Morgan, or a cold and stomach-like Rockefeller, or a suddenly crazed Schwab or Gates; he may be a professional corruptionist, a Platt or Croker; he may be a Dowie or chief man of a Mormon church; he may be a Debs or a Sam Parks. The

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condition of the possession of power produces always the same result of delirium, dangerous delirium. Some are mad for money; others are mad for fame which they cannot distinguish from notoriety; others again have the desire to rule in its simplest form. But they all go the same way. Some are actuated by the highest motives; some are merely deluded into thinking their motives high; others again, and these are naturally the most numerous, have as profound a contempt for morals as they have for law or for the rights of others. But, whatever their motives, the net result is the same—rule and ruin.

ORGANIZATION AND THE STATE

The most interesting feature of this mania, which has grown out of the spread of organization, is the absolute helplessness of the State to exercise the fundamental and unalienable function of a State, the police power, against these mad wielders of irresponsible power. To begin with the United States—there is on the Federal statute-books a law forbidding all manner of conspiracies in restraint of trade, whether to raise or to lower prices. And the Supreme Court of the United States has many times decided that this law is constitutional, and applies to any person engaged in interstate commerce. Yet the mighty managers of mighty organizations engaged in interstate commerce make not the slightest concealment of their flagrant violations of the law. A single citizen acting alone in mildest imitation of these wielders of organization-granted power would be dealt with in summary fashion. Not so Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Gould, or Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Carnegie, or a hundred other lesser lords of finance and trade. They wave, or rather hire expensive and crafty lawyers to wave, the magic wand of organization, and the Federal administration is helpless. A few men meet in an office in New York or Chicago, and prices rise or fall, and the law chatters its fangless gums and gnaws its nails in helplessness.

THE "COMPANY CONSCIENCE"

Thus there seems no law for the organizations these men control; and by easy transition they come to the conclusion that there is no law for *them*, since they are the organization in every respect except one—conscience. That precious possession is left in tact to the organization, an unwielded force. It is Mr. Rockefeller's brain; it is Mr. Rockefeller's pocket; but it is the Standard Oil Company's or the National City Bank's conscience. Mr. Rockefeller faces public opinion and his God with clean hands and a pure heart; the filth all drapes the conscience of the Standard Oil Company—let the public condemn that; let the Almighty hurl it to the bottomless pit; let Mr. Rockefeller ascend amid the choiring of men and angels.

In the fascinating yet repellent personalities of some of our financial magnates is concentrated practically all the kinds of irresponsible power and practically all the abuses of it—political, financial, industrial, sociological, religious. Every kind of boss that we have is represented in this individuality, which preforms all parts in turn.

The great source of all such extraordinary aggregations of power is, first and perhaps foremost, the vast control of cash. Consider that upon one man every day, as the income of his five or six or seven hundred millions of investments in wells and in mines, in factories, railways and street-car lines, in gas and electric works, in houses and in lands, in mortgages, in banks, in steamships, in telegraphs, in telephones, etc., etc., etc., etc., pours an incredible stream of gold. And it must pour out again into investments. But while it is waiting impatiently for investment, it rests in his hands as a power that can be flung with brutal force into the scale of a financial or industrial, yes, or political situation, to make the other pan kick the beam. And if this huge yellow lump, which Shakespeare called "the visible god," happens to be on the right side, it is a "happen so." For it is either unmoral or the maker of a moral code of its own, as you please.

THE POWER OF INVESTMENT

Second, there can be his power through his investments—in every State in the Union, in every town and village. Through his banks alone he may dominate every financial centre from ocean to ocean. He is even a factor in most European countries. The British Parliament bows to him; Russia respects him; France and Germany fear him. He is not very famous abroad by name, but his power is famous. He is not a geographer. In places he hardly knows the name of and could not locate on the map, men starve and others

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grow rich because he has woven and cast his enormous nets.

THE GREATNESS OF ROCKEFELLER

The temptation is always to go back to Mr. Rockefeller. To what extent he exercises his power, no one, not even the "insiders," knows definitely. He was the original exploiter of vast irresponsible power, the original industrial victim of the madness of too much power. Compared to him even Carnegie, even Morgan, are petty princelings; in a large measure they live nowadays by grace of Rockefeller—and they are, or ought to be, careful how they attract his attention unfavorably by breathing too much of the air he may need. As for the ordinary run of "captains of industry"—traction despots, like Whitney and Ryan; copper kings, like Clark and Heintz; stock-raiders, like Keene and Gates—they shine beside Rockefeller as a wooden match beside the noonday sun.

But too much stress can be laid upon Rockefeller. Nowadays every town that has an organization of any kind under the control of one man has a faint imitation of Rockefeller, or rather, perhaps, a typical development of the same conditions which have produced Rockefeller. For Rockefeller never invented anything, not even how to go mad through the possession of irresponsible power with no inconvenient conscience attached. And considering his opportunities, it is less than justice to say that Rockefeller has abused his power less than he might, has even been moderate. Nor does it mitigate this praise to note that his moderation may have been due to a wholesome fear of the consequences to himself from baiting the public too far. Other men, of greater natural brain power than Mr. Rockefeller, have speedily destroyed themselves through inability to wield power infinitesimal beside his.

However, the main point is that Rockefeller has, as it were, merely set the fashion in manners for controllers of organizations. It has been a fashion eagerly adopted—a man has only to get the brief irresponsible power of the position of motorman of a street car or chauffeur of an auto nowadays to catch the disease in its galloping form.

To return for a moment to the haughtiness of these madmen in their dealings with public administrations, we have scores of conspicuous illustrations in the States and cities. Take Addicks and Delaware—a sovereign State the door-mat for the muddy boots of a carpet-bagger. Take Montana, distracted and debauched by the fights of rival copper kings, who shamelessly buy not only legislatures, but also courts. Or there is Pennsylvania, the slave of Matt Quay, of whose true character not an intelligent child in the State is ignorant. Take Platt, the agent of the big New York State corporations, and in his arrogance he uses the Republican party to elect Democrats that he may assail the ambition of his sturdy and aggressive young rival, Odell. In the cities—there is Durham, of Philadelphia; Croker, of New York; there are the ravenous rings which have been exposed in St. Louis and Minneapolis, and so on through a long and humiliating list. The organizations which are at once the sources of this kind of bosses and their instruments are called political. In fact, they are in every case purely business enterprises, engaged in the same industry the Standard Oil Company is so successful at, and the Ship-Building Trust is so unsuccessful at—the business of fleecing the private citizen openly, insolently, with the Tweed grin, "What are you going to do about it?"

THE PRESIDENT'S PRESUMPTION

And even when we have public officials or corporate or other organization managers of the highest character, we get the most astonishing performances, so general is the feeling that a man in power must show his power by doing things that will differentiate him from the peaceful, law-abiding masses of his fellow-citizens. We find the President of the United States running about, fancying that his position gives him the right to advise the people upon their most personal affairs—how they shall spend their money, how many children they shall have, what shall be their standards of morality and of social conduct. He interferes in labor disputes, agitating employers with the fear that, in any dispute they may have with their men, the President of the United States may suddenly appear on the other side—for how can a candidate for an elective office be on any side but the side of the most votes, whatever he may intend? And when canal negotiations do not go fast enough to suit him and a sister nation does not conduct itself in the negotiation as he thinks it should, he establishes precedents of tearing up treaties and

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of recognizing seceding States that may some day cost us wofully dear.

Here is the same spirit, the same swollen megalomania of "Ich bin der Bürgermeister, Ich!" which makes a Low, elected mayor of New York City, fancy he has a right to abrogate his solemn public pledge to the people, that there shall be "liberal enforcement" of certain laws; the same spirit that seems to swell most heads and topple most reasons and silence most consciences nowadays when authority, be it little or much, is granted.

POWER WITHOUT RESPONSIBILITY

Power—power without a corresponding responsibility or sense of responsibility—power in human hands; the conscience that should accompany it an atrophied shadow deep hid in the organization granting the power!

What will come of it? For the present, more and more arrogance; more and more madmen, undeterred by the disagreeable personal consequences and the calamitous general consequences of abuses of power by their predecessors. Why? Because no people ever yet set itself seriously to the task of checking a profitable or otherwise attractive abuse when there was or seemed to be an open chance for everyone to attain a position in which he may benefit by that abuse. Because this is a democracy, truly a democracy, where the heeler or door-keeper of to-day may hope to be the boss or captain of industry to-morrow. There are comparatively few of these "upper dogs"; there are millions on millions of the "under dogs." But among these millions, there are thousands on thousands—and these the most energetic, the most ambitious, and the shrewdest—who have good hope of being upper dogs to-morrow. And not even the beneficiaries of an abuse are so stanch for it as are the hopeful, assiduous worthies teetering about the crowd round the cow, in momentary expectation of pushing in to the milking-stool. The full man may say: "I've had enough. *Now*, this thing's got to stop." But does the empty, hopeful fellow assent? Not he!

But is there to be no end? Yes, there will be an end. For the turn of the tide we must look to the people, to the masses of Americans who wish neither to be robbed nor to rob, who wish neither to rule others nor to be ruled themselves, who may admire "smartness" and "aggressiveness," but who do not have those qualities as their own moral standards, nor approve of them as standards for American politics, business, or professions. This mass is deliberate of motion. It must first see just what to do. Then it must find leaders to do it. Then it must be assured that in the doing more will be gained than lost. When that time arrives there will be a great "sobering off," a sharp recovery of sanity, a sudden discovery that the "majesty of the law" is not merely something to talk to the fellow one has robbed in order that he may not become violent, but is something to take home to oneself, even though one be President of the United States, or of a railway company, or of a manufacturing or mining concern, or in whatever other position of responsibility to be honest, just, and faithful to the public.

A CHECK AHEAD

The possibility of power in this country came hardly half a century ago. Latterly it has been developing with accelerated speed. This will be temporarily checked from time to time by such spectacles as Mr. Morgan's recent discomfitures, Mr. Cassatt "put to grass," and Mr. Schwab hauling in the wretched remnants of a once umbrageous pair of antlers. And the permanent check may come sooner than we expect. All the "smartness" in this country isn't used in the exploiting of this much-power lunacy. A considerable part of it is trying to contrive sober, practical measures for retiring lunatics and for abolishing the opportunities which were their undoing. And the measures will surely be found.

Meanwhile, we may comfort ourselves with the hope that our madmen will continue to play havoc with each other and with themselves.

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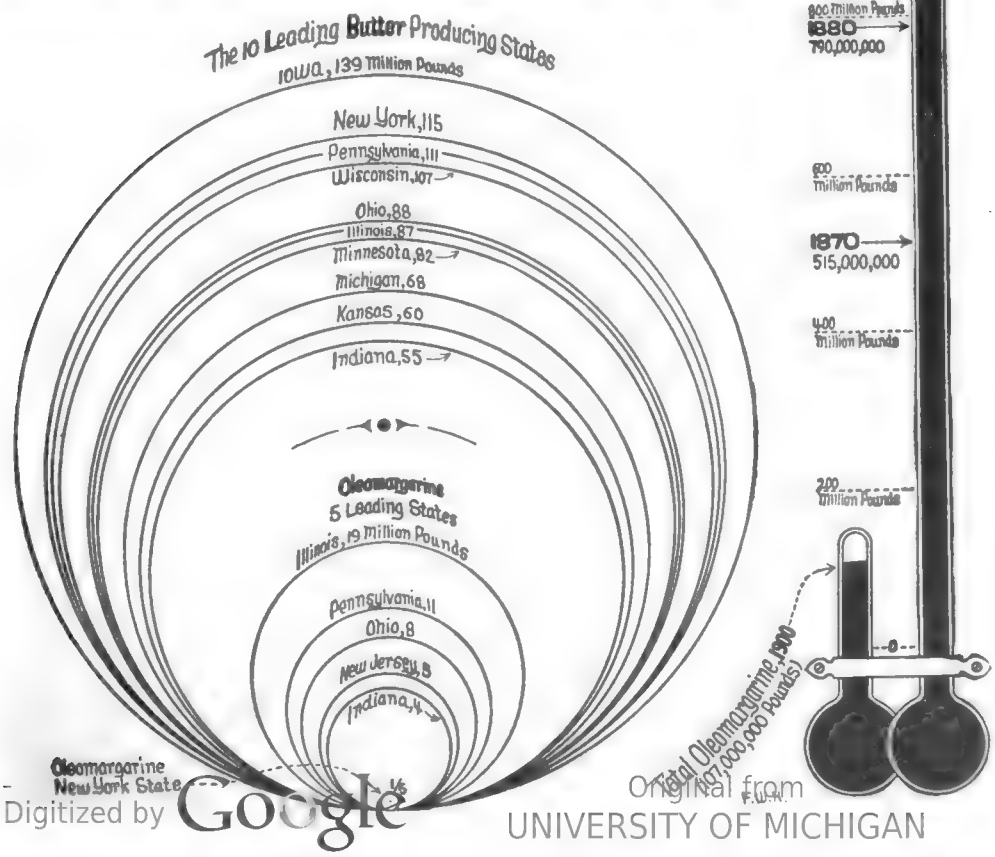
Our Great Butter Crop

A Graphic Comparison of the Product of the States

By F. W. HEWES

BUTTER judges at the Paris Exposition held an almost unremovable prejudice against American exhibits because they were salted. To a Frenchman, salt is put in butter only to cover up a bad flavor or other defect. However, in spite of that prejudice, after laborious argument and convincing proof, fifteen and a half per cent. of American exhibits took gold medals, while of the French exhibits only sixteen per cent. won similar honors. No other country could compete at all successfully.

Not only do our people make high-grade butter, but they also produce great quantities of it. The largest circle of the graphic study below records 139,000,000 pounds for the single State of Iowa, with its wide, fertile prairies; more than half of it (77,000,000 pounds) was made in those wonderful creameries, which turn out such an excellent product. In striking contrast is the Ohio record. While that State stands only fifth in total product, as is seen by the Ohio circle, yet its farm product (80,000,000 pounds) is greater than that



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of any other State, and its creamery product drops down to only 8,000,000 pounds.

Among the ten leading States, Minnesota is the only one that divides the product evenly between farm and factory—41,000,000 pounds each. In Iowa and Wisconsin the factory (creamery) product is greater than that of the farm. The other seven still make very much more farm than creamery butter—but the proportion of creamery butter is on the increase. In 1890 it was only fifteen per cent. of all, while in 1900 it was over twenty-eight per cent.

The tall thermometer and its census-records illustrate graphically that since 1870 the total production of butter has nearly trebled; and if we were to count in the substitute butter (oleomargarine) of the short thermometer, it would give more than a threefold record.

Taken by themselves the oleomargarine circles tell a very interesting story, not the least striking feature of which is the very diminutive circle representing New York State. By way of explanation: The oleomargarine circles measure the amounts shipped from the factories to the several States. In connection with this part of the subject it is pertinent to state that Napoleon III. is the author of oleomargarine. That is: French chemists produced it in response to his inquiry for some substitute for butter which would keep longer and be less expensive. Perhaps, then, if the French had salted their butter so that it would keep longer, we never should have had the substitute.

The reader will find in the graphic circles and thermometers many items of interest not noted here and so will have the more complete story by his own finding.

Two Lullabies

By MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

I

WHAT shall thy lullaby be, Dear?
Croonings of belted brown bees;
Whispers of wind in the trees;
Oriole's rune in the hot midnoon;
Meadow-lark's melody, lyrical, clear;
Cooing of pigeons and lowing of cows;
Shrilling of katydids in the green boughs;
Ripple of brooklet and plash of the rain
Drowsily, dreamily tapping thy pane—
Voice of the forest, the hills, and the sea,
These—all these—shall *thy* lullaby be!

II

What shall thy lullaby be, Dear?
Merciless passing of feet
Down in the wearisome street;
Discord of cries from the alleys that rise;
Voices of barter and anger and fear;
Rumble of wagons along the rough stones;
Jesting and quarrelling, laughter and groans;
Drink-gendered ravings and curses and songs;
Shrieking of trolleys and clanging of gongs—
Sleep, if thou canst, in this grim nursery!
These—all these—shall *thy* lullaby be!

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THE PLAYERS

NOT within the memory of the present generation of theatre-goers has an actress gained so secure, so remarkable a hold upon its affections as Maude Adams, that strange impish creature with her spontaneity, her enticing contrariety, her touches of pathos. She is a capital player—although there be many who are better—and none in the broad land has her following.

When she returned to the stage after a rest of eighteen months, people thronged to the Empire Theatre in New York, to become fairly hysterical with enthusiasm, and to have a perfectly beautiful time. This slender little woman with the thin, drawn face, the big eyes, and the deep, contralto voice that seems so much bigger than she, conquers by virtue of her personality. She is irresistible. I am persuaded that if she were announced to play *Little Eva*, people would crowd the theatre and go into raptures over her performance—and they would be quite right. "The Pretty Sister of José" is not as old as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but neither is it strictly of modern vintage, being Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's dramatization of a story she wrote years ago. The character of *Pepita* is not very well fitted to Miss Adams, although she is delightful in the first two acts. It is a sort of an idealized *Carmen* rôle, without *Carmen's* intense wickedness.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

MAY ROBSON AS *QUEEN ELIZABETH* IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."

Although she is past thirty, Miss Adams still looks like a very young girl. She has had long experience on the stage, making her first appearance at the age of nine months, when she was carried on the stage of the Salt Lake City Theatre, her mother—then Mrs. James Kiskadden, known professionally as Annie Adams—being the leading woman of the stock company. When she was five, Maude Adams was playing children's parts with J. K. Emmett. A year later she was sent to a convent, remaining there until she was about fifteen, when she came to New York and secured a place in "A Midnight Belle," through the influence of Flora Walsh, a convent school-mate who had married the late Charles H. Hoyt. Later on Miss Adams had small parts in "All the Comforts of Home," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," and

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other plays. It was while she was playing *Nell*, the crippled girl in "The Lost Paradise"—the company had left Proctor's Theatre and was appearing in the Harlem Opera House—that she was "discovered" by Mrs. *Lady Babbie* she made one of the greatest hits the modern stage has known. She essayed *Juliet*, and people went into ecstacies about her, although nature never intended her for that rôle, and then came "L'Aiglon,"

TRIXIE FRIGANZA AS *MRS. CROCKER*, THE WIDOW; IN THE WESTERN "PRINCE OF PILSEN" COMPANY.

John Drew, who told her husband that she had found a leading woman for him.

Maude Adams was little more than twenty when she played the tipsy girl in "The Masked Ball" and won instant success. After several seasons in Mr. Drew's company, she was launched as a star in Barrie's dramatization of "The Little Minister," and as the strain of which shattered her health, although she played in "Quality Street" before she broke down utterly.

Miss Adams's new leading man, Henry Ainley, comes to America fresh from triumphs in England—it is said that Charles Frohman has imported no fewer than two hundred English players this season—and he is cer-

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From a photograph by Hall, New York.

THE MORNING AFTER—FRITZI SCHEFF AFTER THE OPENING NIGHT OF "BABETTE."

tain to become a matinée idol. He is a howling masculine beauty, and he is also a remarkably fine actor. London raved about his pulchritude and his performance as *Paolo* in "Paolo and Francesca," a performance that gained him the engagement with Miss Adams.

The player who was Miss Adams's leading man and who had the title-rôle in "The Little Minister," Robert Edeson, has also become a successful star, and he is now appearing at the Hudson in "Ransom's Folly," his second Richard Harding Davis play. He is an exponent of strenuous virile modern American life on the stage. Mr. Edeson started his theatrical career as treasurer of the Park Theatre in Brooklyn, his father, a successful comedian, having insisted that his son should not become an actor.

The youth was balancing his accounts when Colonel Sinn, manager of the theatre, who was rehearsing "Fascination," in which his wife, Cora Tanner, was the star, began telling his troubles, especially bemoaning the illness of one of the minor actors. In pure bravado Edeson offered to play the part himself, and he did. He was as bad as one would expect, but he decided to stick to the stage because he thought it offered better opportunities than the box office.

There were years of drudgery, but he always managed to find work in good companies, thanks chiefly to his father's name, and then he broke into the Boston Museum Stock Company, which has never turned out a bad actor and which has done more for the American stage than any institution in this country. While he was in Boston the young man attracted Charles Frohman's attention, and he joined the Empire Theatre Stock Company the first year of its existence, appearing in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and with it he remained for six years until "The Little Minister" gave him his first big opportunity. *Lieutenant Denton* in "Arizona," and *Edward Warden* in "The Climbers," which he "created," were followed by his appearance as a star in "Soldiers of Fortune," Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis' story, which served him for two seasons.

Mr. Edeson, like many other actors, would really prefer to be a painter, and he has no little talent with the brush. He hopes to earn enough money by acting some day to be able to devote himself to making pictures.

William Gillette is appearing for the first time in years in a play of which he is not the author, "The Admirable Crichton," by James M. Barrie, a delightful, whimsical, brilliant

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From a photograph by La Marche, Chicago.

GRACE FISHER AS *LOENA WATKINS*, THE VILLAGE MILLINER, IN THE "COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

satire, in which he portrays a butler who is quite as remarkable a character as *Sherlock Holmes*.

Many people have been curious as to the way the American public would receive the conceit, inasmuch as the whole point of it rests upon class distinction. It is truly difficult for free-born Americans to realize the existence of a servant class that has an ambition to be only perfect servants and nothing more.

The man who was butler in the London house of the *Earl of Dadd* becomes king, when he and his employer's family are cast away on an island, by virtue of his ability, strength, and capacity. He proves himself immeasurably superior to the others and they worship him. Even the *Earl's* daughter is proud of having his love and is honored by his proposal of marriage. But when they are rescued and returned to England, *Crichton* resumes his place as a house-servant. Of course, he loses the *Earl's* daughter and, as Barrie wrote it, he marries the kitchen-maid, but Mr. Gillette balked at that.

The comedy seems a direct reflection upon the Fourth of July, and there be earnest, worthy folk in this free land who think that *Crichton* should excuse himself for twenty minutes, go to the stock exchange, make a million, and come back and marry *Lady Mary*.

The play is almost perfectly acted—nearly all the members of the company were in the original production in England, by the way—and Mr. Gillette is truly an admirable *Crichton*, although he is never quite the butler, but rather genius masquerading as one. It has taken Mr. Gillette nearly a quarter of a century to convince the critics, professional and amateur, that he is an extraordinarily good actor and not simply Gillette. He was practically the pioneer of the naturalistic school as distinguished from

BERTHA GALLAND AS *DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL*.

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the emotional and realistic. Then, too, his great success as a playwright has overshadowed his acting.

This strange man, the son of a United States Senator, the member of a New England family distinguished for its piety and intellectual attainments, has had a curious career in which hard work has played the chief part. He is one of the richest of living players—for years his royalties have exceeded $100,000 a year and sometimes they have reached twice that amount. He has made considerably more than half a million from "Sherlock Holmes" alone. Stock companies have to pay upwards of five hundred dollars a week to produce his old plays and they are always in demand.

Mr. Gillette has said that he was driven on the stage by predestination and insubordination. After he was graduated from the Hartford High School, he trifled for a time at Boston University and at the College of the City of New York, giving readings and imitations of famous actors in Connecticut towns incidentally. His first engagement was with a New Orleans stock company, without any salary, and he was discharged when he asked for five dollars a week. He worked in stock in Cincinnati and Louisville, and even then he had begun to write plays; but he speedily came to the conclusion that he didn't know enough about people.

To gain knowledge he went to Cleveland

From a photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

CHARLES RICHMAN AS *CAPTAIN BARRINGTON* IN VICTOR MAPES'S PLAY OF THAT NAME.

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and apprenticed himself in a machine-shop. At the same time he had the audacity to hang out a doctor's shingle in Marietta, O., where he "practised" two days a week, although the only knowledge of medicine he had was gained by reference to the "House-hold Doctor." In between times he travelled about the country as a peddler.

"Circumstances over which I had no control compelled a change," Mr. Gillette once announced with great gravity. "The machine-shop boss said he didn't care for an apprentice who worked only two days a week, and the authorities inconsiderately threatened to prosecute me for practising medicine without a diploma, but I learned a good many things in Ohio!"

He returned to his home in Hartford, and Mark Twain, a family friend and neighbor, secured for him a place with John T. Raymond in "The Gilded Age." This was in 1876. Afterwards he joined the Madison Square Stock Company under A. M. Palmer and dramatized "Esmeralda" with Mrs. Burnett. In 1880 Mr. Gillette made his first appearance as a star in his own comedy, "The Professor," and after that came his adaptation of "The Private Secretary," an enormous success which involved him in a row with Charles Hawtrey, who also adapted it.

From a photograph by Jeffres, Baltimore.

HELEN REDMOND AS *AILEEN* IN "WINSOME WINNIE."

The best play that Mr. Gillette ever wrote, in fact the best American melodrama, "Held by the Enemy," was presented in

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1886. Adaptions of foreign plays, which he called "All the Comforts of Home," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "Settled Out of Court," and others followed and made much money for the author. Then Mr. Gillette invested all his money in a great spectacle, "Ninety Days," which he wrote and produced at the Broadway Theatre and which was a dire failure. This wrecked his health as well as his bank account, and he rested for a couple of years, to come forth with "Too Much Johnson" and then "Secret Service," which was a failure when it was first produced and which the author rewrote into a great success. "Sherlock Holmes" is, of course, the most profitable of all his plays and it is now being played all over the world.

A moody, self-contained man is Mr. Gillette, whom most people consider cold and hard. They know nothing of his passionate devotion to his mother, of his love for children, particularly for certain dainty little girls to whom he writes love-letters cleverer than any of the lines in his plays. He makes no pretensions. Once upon a time he said:

"As for the drama, it may be declining or it may not. I do not care two cents which it is, so long as there is enough of it left to live on. I do not work with any lofty ideals or strain after high art. The only art I have in view is the art of producing something which will please the public sufficiently to attract it in paying quantities."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ROSARIO GUERRERO, THE SPANISH DANCER WITH THE "RED FEATHER."

From a photograph by Jansen.

DAVID WARFIELD, WHO IS STARRING FOR THE THIRD SEASON IN "THE AUCTIONEER."

Three Revolutionary plays came to New York just before the holidays, and it is rather remarkable that the one written by Clyde Fitch, who, next to Mr. Gillette, is the most successful of American playwrights, should have been an utter failure, though its author long regarded it as his best effort. "Major André" was written some thirteen years ago, and Mr. Fitch had for it the greatest affec-

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From a photograph by Byron, New York.

WEBER AND FIELDS, LILLIAN RUSSELL, AND LOUIS MANN IN "WHOOP-DEE-DOO."

tion. It was only during the rehearsals that he lost faith. The play was structurally weak. The hero did not hold interest, in fact he ceased to be the hero in the first act, and even with Arthur Byron making his first appearance as a star in it, "Major André" lasted not a fortnight. Manager Frank McKee lost eighteen thousand dollars in the production. One of the chief weaknesses of the play was Mr. Fitch's blunder in making his heroine climb a tree for no reason in the world except to have a climax, and women are usually ridiculous when they climb trees. Certainly a serious heroine may not attempt it.

William Faversham had a little better success with "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," although the hero in that has hard work in retaining sympathetic interest.

More fortunate is Charles Richman in "Captain Barrington," which served to introduce him as a star. The play was not wholly new, inasmuch as it was presented by the Sergeant School of Acting some five years ago, but since then the author, Victor Mapes, has tinkered with it considerably, and it is now an interesting and reasonably strong piece of dramatic work. The cast is excellent. The leading woman is Suzanne Sheldon, a young Boston woman who made her first appearance with Henry Irving six years ago as a supernumerary and who won her greatest success as *Huguette* in "If I Were King." Last summer she became the wife of Henry Ainley, the leading man in Maude Adams's company.

The star does excellent work. He has plenty of opportunity to be strenuous and he likes that. He is one of many members of the Empire Theatre Stock Company to become a star, following in the footsteps of Henry Miller and William Faversham, who preceded him as leading men. Mr. Richman was born in Chicago and he was a student at the Law College when success in amateur theatricals drove him on to the stage. After a couple of years in barnstorming companies, he was made leading man in "Across the Potomac" and was discharged for incompetency. A frank acknowledgment of this, coupled with his appearance, won for him the position of leading man with Cora Tanner in "The Crust of Society." The leading rôles in James A. Hearne's "Margaret Fleming" and *The Stranger* in Hauptmann's vision play, "Hannele," established him in New York. His best training was in the A. M. Palmer stock company and with Augustin Daly. His playing of the *Indian Prince* in "A Great Ruby" brought him into the Charles Frohman

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forces. He was in "The Royal Family" with Annie Russell and then came his seasons in the Empire Company.

Mr. Richman is under the management of Weber & Fields, who are branching out rather rapidly. They have not only their music hall on Broadway, one of the most profitable enterprises in the theatrical business, although the salary list is about six thousand dollars a week, but the West End Theatre in New York, the Globe Theatre in Boston, and they are negotiating for theatres in Chicago and Philadelphia. They have produced a big musical show, "An English Daisy," with Christie MacDonald and Charles Bigelow as the leading people, in addition to starring Mr. Richman. Recently they parted with William Collier, who was under their management, but later in the season they are to introduce Clara Lipman, Louis Mann's wife, as a star.

From a photograph by Stanford, San Francisco.

ROBERT EDSON, NOW APPEARING IN "RANSOM'S FOLLY," HIS SECOND RICHARD HARDING DAVIS PLAY.

Their music hall in New York is as prosperous as ever, and Louis Mann, the most important new member of the com-

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From a photograph by Marceau, New York

MILLIE JAMES, AS *SARAH CREWE* IN THE "LITTLE PRINCESS" AND WHO WILL SOON APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH.

pany, has been most successful as a fun-maker. After playing many minor parts, he came into notice in the "Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" seven years ago. Then came "The Girl From Paris," "The Telephone Girl," and his first starring venture in "All On Account of Eliza," followed by "Hoch Der Consul." Weber & Fields are marvellously astute managers so far as their music hall is concerned. They are perfectly willing to let any member of the company monopolize a scene if he can please sufficiently, even if it is at their own expense as comedians, and that is a rare thing on the stage.

It is not remarkable that Forbes Robertson should make such a great impression as the artist *Dick Heldar* in the dramatization of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," for many discriminating critics regard him as the greatest living actor. He was an art student when he went on the stage, being persuaded to accept a part in "Mary Stuart" because he looked it and not because he had given any indication that he could act. His name is Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and he was educated at the Charterhouse school and in France. He was seventeen when he left the Royal Academy in London to become an actor. After a hard provincial experience he first gained attention as *Abbé Larose* in "Corinne," and after that he rose steadily. He first came to America as leading man for Modjeska, about 1880, and he was afterwards Mary Anderson's leading man on both sides of the Atlantic. His third American appearance was in 1891, when he came over to play in "Thermidor," under Charles Frohman's management, with Elsie De Wolfe as the leading woman. He became an actor-manager in 1895, and his greatest success in England has been as *Hamlet*. His is a beautiful poetic interpretation of the melancholy Dane's character in which all traditions are swept aside.

In "The Light That Failed" he is marvellously fine. In the lighter scenes he has the daintiest, surest, most delicious touch, and in the stronger ones he carries his audience with him irresistibly. He has one of the most beautiful, flexible, sympathetic voices ever possessed by any player.

After nine years of absence, Marie Tempest has returned to America, no longer as "the Dresden china prima donna" but as one of the most delightful comediennes on the stage. She is an artist to her finger-tips, and people are raving over her as much as they did when she was in comic opera. "The Marriage of Kitty" is one of the brightest, most entertaining of comedies, perfectly acted and with a cast that includes Leonard Boyne one of the foremost English

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actors who was here in "The Prodigal Father" and "Sister Mary" ten years ago; and Gilbert Hare and Ada Ferrar who were here with John Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex," in which play Ada Ferrar was the sentimental *Duchess*, it will be remembered.

Marie Tempest was christened Mary Etherington, and her selection of Tempest as a stage name illustrates the fitness of things. She has caused many a one in the theatrical teapot. She was educated in a convent in Belgium and afterward in France. She studied music in the Royal Conservatory in London and the famous Garcia, brother of Malibran, was her teacher. She began in concert and oratorio, making her comic-opera *début* in "Boccaccio." She sang the title-rôle in "Dorothy" nine hundred times—the run began in 1885—and she came to America in "The Red Hussar" in 1890. After appearing here in "The Fencing-Master" and "The Algerians" she returned to London to become the star of George Edwardes's forces. She left "San Toy" three years ago—her voice had failed temporarily—and a few weeks later she won great success in "English Nell," one of the Gwynne plays. After that came "Peg Woffington" and then "Becky Sharp."

One of the great triumphs of the season has been won by Fritzi Scheff, "the little devil of grand opera," who is even more at home on the comic-opera stage than on the Metropolitan. She is so dainty to look upon, so clever an artist, and she has such a beautiful voice that she has made a great sensation. She sings as if she were a bird, rejoicing in it and with as little effort. Victor Herbert has written ex-

cellent music for "Babette," and Harry B. Smith's book has a dignity if not a brightness that has long been missing from his work.

Few players have gained distinction so young in life as this charming little Austrian. She has beauty, an exquisite figure, and she is bubbling over with humor. Her father was a teacher of music in the Vienna Conservatory, and her mother was the prima donna of the Frankfort Opera House. Madame Fritzi was in a convent until she was fifteen and then she prepared for the stage,

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

GRACE VAN STUDDEFORD, PRIMA DONNA OF THE "RED FEATHER" COMPANY

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making her *début* in the Royal Opera in Munich in 1897, when she was eighteen. Since then she has had a series of triumphs. She was personally the most popular member of the Metropolitan Company during her several seasons there, and the singer most in demand for concert work.

Grace Van Studdeford is another singer who has won success in comic opera, and who makes her first appearance as a star this season in "The Red Feather," which Reginald de Koven and Charles Klein wrote for her. It is an elaborate production and Miss Van Studdeford sings beautifully. She came from Chicago originally, and was a singer in the Oak Park Presbyterian Church when the Bostonians persuaded her to appear in "Robin Hood" as *Annabel*. She was then Grace Quive. A quarrel with Jessie Bartlett Davis was followed by Miss Quive leaving the stage to marry Charles Van Studdeford, of St. Louis, the son of a prominent physician. He lost all his money and she returned to the stage to retrieve their fortunes, becoming the *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood." Afterwards she was with Jefferson de Angelis.

From a photograph by Otto Sarony, New York

HENRY AINLEY, MAUDE ADAMS'S NEW LEADING MAN.

Paula Edwardes has come into her own as a star. She is one of the cleverest of stage young women and has distinguished herself in opera, in comedy, and in melodrama, but she had singularly bad luck until "Winsome Winnie" under the Schubert management gave her opportunity to display her versatile talents. The leading woman of the company, Helen Redmond, like Miss Edwardes, rose from the chorus. She was in Frank Daniels' company when the illness of the prima donna gave her opportunity to play the leading-woman rôle in "The Wizard of Oz" and she has been a principal ever since. She also won much success as *Dolores* in "Florodora."

Milly James will probably not play "The Little Princess" again, for Clyde Fitch is determined to furnish her future vehicles. It was in his play, "Lover's Lane," that she emerged from obscurity, and no one was more surprised than Mr. Fitch himself. Of course, the daughter of so fine an actor as Louis James would be expected to have talent, but the girl had given no indication of it, although she had several seasons on the stage, until she carried off most of the honors in the bucolic comedy. Then came the Mrs. Burnett play which won greater triumphs. Now Mr. Fitch is writing for her a play, "Little Nell and the Marchioness," based upon Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop."

George Ade scored brilliantly again in his third stage venture, "The County Chairman," one of the quaintest, most amusing straight comedies of late years, whose chief charm lies in its characterization and its fresh humor. The players seem to fit their parts perfectly and it is a faithful picture of politics in a small town in the early eighties. Macklyn Arbuckle is wonderfully fine and Willis P. Sweatnam, as the shiftless darky, divides honors with him. Mr. Sweatnam is one of the few famous minstrel men who can really act, and it is no easy thing for a burnt-cork fun-maker to portray a well-sustained character throughout a play.

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The Unemployed Rich: Their Sponges

By MARY MANNERS

Illustrated by Charlotte Weber

THE Horse-show was in full swing. Four-legged animals, in different stages of high-strung nervousness, trotted and caracoled inside the ring; and two-legged ones, craning and staring—a moving mass of heads, faces and gaily clad shoulders—flowed sluggishly round and round the outside. The people in the boxes leaned and looked with easy indifference, now at the horses, now at the crowd, sometimes recognizing a friend, but for the most part engaged in light talk and laughter among themselves. The electric lights trembled in dazzling lilac effulgence; the band played with mechanical brilliance from its high gallery; the smell of sanitas bit into the nostrils; the mingled noise of music, voices, moving feet, and beating hoofs, rose and broke against the great glass sections of the roof till it found one open, and so escaped, hissing into the night air.

"HE'S RIDING FLYAWAY FOR THE HIGH-JUMPING."

From one of the corner boxes an elderly woman with a Roman nose, a cascade of gray braids, and a much-befeathered bonnet, was talking to a dark, fresh-complexioned young man who stood rather below her on the steps which led past these most fashionable sittings to the tiers of seats beyond. He had a high voice and the reputation of saying more amusing things than any one young man could possibly have originated.

"You know everythin', Mr. Golightly," said the lady, clipping the final "g" in a way that had become habitual to her, and seemed somehow to add point and emphasis to every sentence. "Tell me, how do the young Wagtails get on? What does he do for a livin'?"

"Other people," returned Mr. Golightly, joyously. "Now, Mrs. Kennibec, you know as well as I do that Legrand Gregory pays him six or eight thousand a year, just for driving and riding his horses for him at different shows and races all over the country. Don't you pretend you don't know that. And he calls him his 'Private Secretary,' or his 'Confidential Clerk,' or something of the sort, so it won't come under the head of 'professional' and bar him out of the Gentleman Rider class. Why, I heard you telling the whole story to old Mrs. Lichen at supper last evening, as pat as possible."

"It's surprisin' how often the truth turns out to be just what a person has said," re-

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marked Mrs. Kennibec, with a fine air of giving that illusive virtue its due. "Now, I heard it yesterday mornin', and when I was tellin' Mrs. Lichen last evenin'—she's so deaf you have to tell her somethin' all the time, or there's no conversation!—I couldn't say whether it was gospel or gossip. But I'm glad you confirm it. People are so lax nowadays in the way they talk about each other. Yes. Well, do you suppose Legrand Gregory dresses her, too?" (She looked after a beautiful gray chiffon and Irish-lace back, that was following a pair of fawn-colored masculine shoulders through the crowd.) "You needn't tell me she buys many gowns like *that* on an income of eight thousand a year—supposin' it *is* eight thousand, and I dare say it is, for Gregory's not mean! Why, I wouldn't have that model myself at D——'s. It cost"—and here Mrs. Kennibec lowered her voice as if the mention of any sum of money inspired her with awe—"three-hundred-and-fifty-dollars. Yes."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Golightly, who knew all about clothes, and frequently designed dresses for the ladies to whom he was most attentive. "I'll go and have a look at it, and if the lace isn't real, I'll come back and let you know;" and chuckling delightedly he departed.

"Who were you talking to?" languidly inquired the lady next to Mrs. Kennibec, who, having only lately acquired social prominence herself, was in that still uncertain condition where she knew the faces of most people, but could not always attach the right names to them.

"Billy Golightly! You must know Billy Golightly. *Protégé* of Mrs. Masterdon's. They say he's an agent for some wine and tobacco firm down town. Gets orders from his friends up here. Yes—lives by his wits, you know, amusin' other people. They do say—" And here Mrs. Kennibec lowered her voice so that the next words were inaudible. "But, of course, she wouldn't look at him. He'll have to put up with a squint, or a stutter, or somethin' if he wants a home."

"HARD LUCK, OLD MAN!"

In the meantime Mr. Golightly plunged into the crowd and made his way slowly and with difficulty to the place where he knew the Wagtails' box was situated. Mrs. Wagtail was already installed, her fine figure displaying her fine gown to the best advantage, her magnificent black hair looped and twisted in the most extravagant manner under her great white hat, and her ready tongue employed for the amusement of the half-dozen men who already surrounded her chair. The slender, auburn-haired girl with her, who really was a "personage," or rather the all-too-well-bred daughter of a "personage," was quite neglected; for the attention of

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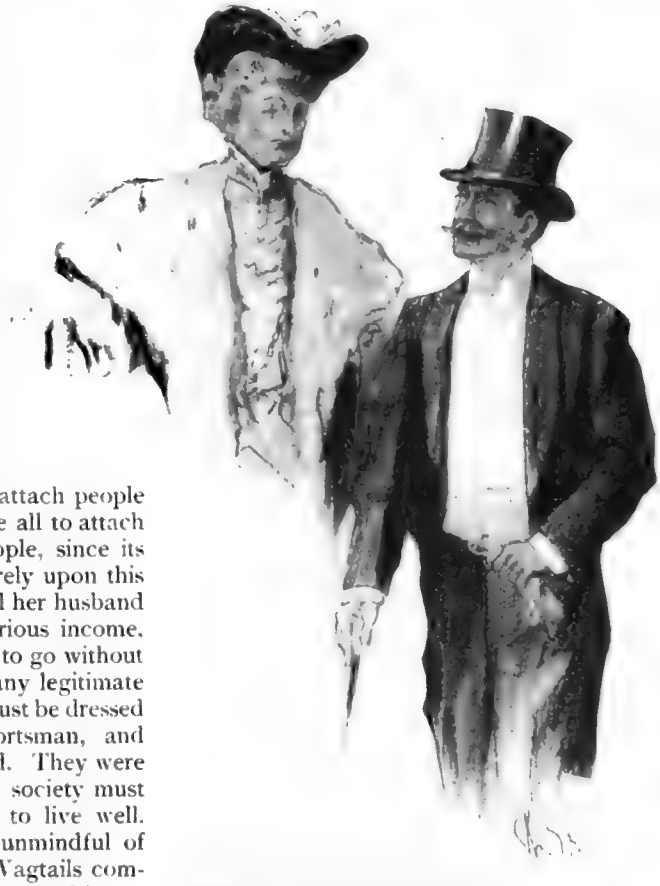
gentlemen at an evening entertainment is more engaged by the flashing qualities of noise and merriment than by those modest charms of mind and manner which in a fire-lit drawing-room, over a cup of afternoon tea, they may be brought to believe essential in a wife.

So Miss Demure sat quietly in her place and watched the horses, and Mrs. Wagtail laughed, and joked and chattered, and was generally voted the "best fun going"—a reputation she did her best to live up to. For it was part of her stock in trade to be gay; to attach people to her triumphal car, and above all to attach her triumphal car to other people, since its progress depended almost entirely upon this means of locomotion. She and her husband had expensive tastes, a precarious income, and an absolute inability either to go without things or to work for them in any legitimate way. She was handsome, and must be dressed accordingly. He was a sportsman, and must be equipped and mounted. They were both fond of good living, and society must provide them with the means to live well. And society was by no means unmindful of its obligations. It found the Wagtails companionable, spirited, and amusing, and it was willing, as it always is willing, to pay for its amusements.



"PEOPLE ARE SO LAX NOWADAYS IN THE WAY THEY TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER."

The Wagtails seldom had to dine at home, but when they did it was wonderful how charmingly they returned the hospitality of their friends. Their little house was so attractive, their table so well served, the food so well cooked, the wine of so admirable a quality, the hot-house fruit and flowers so particularly fine.

"How do you suppose they do it, my dear?" some woman always asked of some other woman, and the other woman always replied:

"My dear, he has something from Legrand Gregory, you know, and then he's made some awfully lucky hits in stocks—gets tips, I suppose. And they both make a good deal at bridge. And they say she's a *wonderful* manager."

She certainly was, as far as managing people was concerned. Mrs. Masterdon hardly guessed that the little dinner which she so regretfully declined for Tuesday had been arranged for that day *because* the fruit and flowers from her country greenhouses were due in New York on Monday, and her "spontaneous" offer of an ample portion of these luxuries might be confidently expected at the end of a late afternoon visit.

Mr. Loiterer would have scorned to believe that, of the two different kinds of champagne submitted to the criticism of his taste, one had been cajoled by flatteries from his friend, Mr. Manakin, and the other "borrowed" from his own butler under pretence of a joke to be played upon himself.

Then the game had been sent to Walter Wagtail by a butcher whom he had casually met buying horses at the Bull's Head, and promised to recommend to the patronage of his friends and acquaintances. The cook was lent for the occasion by one of Flossy Wagtail's dear friends, and the butler had

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"YOU'LL STAY WITH ME—YOU WON'T DESERT ME!"

generally been with them too short a time to know how entirely his wages were the sport of circumstance.

The host was always genial and good-humored, the hostess charming and beautifully dressed, or as the newspapers (cautious perhaps about committing themselves to anything beyond a surface opinion) would say, "beautifully gowned," and the atmosphere of the house was entirely free from the strain and anxiety which usually attends elaborate dinners given by small people to their great friends.

Walter hadn't a nerve in his little, calm, cast-iron body; Flossy was gifted with the highest sort of animal spirits, and they had both played at heads and tails with chance too long to be mortified by anything but a persistent run of unsuccess in the game of seeing how much they could get without spending money for it.

So when Mr. Golightly, crowing like a cock—partly because it was one of his accomplishments, and partly because he wished to attract the immediate attention of the somewhat noisy party—skimmed into the box, and skilfully dislodged the man behind her, Mrs. Wagtail at once began to reproach him, playfully, but in no measured terms, for his failure to send, on trial, some half-dozen different brands of cigarettes she had ordered.

"But, my dear Mrs. Flossy, I give you my word they were sent!" cried Mr. Golightly, who, on the principle of 'honor among thieves,' felt that he must conceal the deplorable desire exhibited by his firm to "see the color of the Wagtail money" (a coarse expression used by the low head of it) before any more wines, liquors, or cigars were trusted to that establishment.

"They were sent, beautiful female, they were sent," he continued, in a high, sing-song key, "your Billium has not failed you. Do you know why I came?" dropping into a more conversational tone. "You'll never guess. Mrs. Kennibec wants to know if you're all made of *real* Irish. If you are, she won't sleep a wink to-night. You know that's a stunning dress!"

And having gazed at her with half-shut, appreciative eyes, he picked up a bit of the lace-banded skirt and began to examine it with interest.

"That'll do, Billy," said Mrs. Wagtail, laughing as she removed her drapery from between his fingers. "I've passed the custom-house—though, indeed, if Mr. Midas

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hadn't secured the courtesy of the port for me —I was bringing out his daughter's trousseau, you comprehend!—I should have had to pay a pretty penny for it. Aren't you crazy about it? That's right. Your taste's perfect. And 'approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley——'"

"It's a D—— model, I'll bet a little, teeny ten-cent piece!" declared "Sir Hubert." "I know the style—simple" (he spread out his hands), "but, oh, my!"

"You're as good as a fashion paper," she interpolated.

"And I can guess what it cost," pursued the gentleman, archly.

"Not what it cost *me*," returned the lady, with happy audacity, and indeed the price of the garment had been, as it were, absorbed into the sum total of Miss Midas's wedding fineries, which Mrs. Wagtail had (after some hesitation) decided to order from the house in question; a favor of which it was but natural they should do their best to show themselves properly appreciative.

Mr. Golightly was nonplussed for the moment, and before he could resume his inquiries, another man broke in with:

"What's Walter got in this evening, Mrs. Wagtail?"

(Mr. Gregory's stable was always spoken of as if it were the exclusive property of the gentleman who condescended to run it for him.)

She rustled the leaves of her catalogue impatiently.

"A pair of high-steppers in the Phaeton class," she said, "three among the Polo ponies, and he's riding Flyaway for the high-jumping."

"Expect to win with him?"

"He thinks he'd have had a better chance with Top Note, but Legrand got obstinate and wouldn't put her in. He's like that sometimes."

"Come to supper with me at the Martin, afterward, will you?"

"Been there every night this week, my dear boy. Make it Sherry's or Delmonico's, and then I'll be nearer home—I've got to leave *her* first, you know" (with a side nod of her head toward the auburn-haired girl). "It will be on the way. Going to ask anyone else?"

She had made up a party for him in a few minutes, composed almost entirely of people with whom she considered it well to be seen, or to whom she desired to be civil. She even dictated the form of invitation to him (he being a young and callow gold-fish in the pool of fashion), and it ran as follows: "I'm giving a little supper for Mrs. Wagtail at Sherry's to-night, and she thinks that perhaps you'll be so kind as to honor it with your presence," and she anticipated quite as many acceptances from the fact that *he* was among the coming eligibles as that *she* was among the present popular successes. This, however, she did not permit him to guess, and he departed under the impression that if his entertainment—which had grown considerably since he first proposed it—were a success, it would be entirely owing to the enticing Mrs. Wagtail.

After he had gone the conversation became very lively. Comments, jokes, anecdotes were exchanged with a rapidity that bewildered the well-brought-up young lady in the corner. She, having, as was said before, nothing to do but watch the horses, presently announced that Mr. Wagtail's last mount in the Polo-pony class had just been sent out of the ring.

At this there was a chorus of exclamations, which rose to an absolute wail of condolence, as the gentleman himself appeared, tugging at the string which fastened his unsuccessful number round him, and boring a way through the crowd with more haste than ceremony.

"What was the matter?" "What happened to you?" "Hard luck, old man!" "Right on the ball all the time." "Don't understand it!" cried the sympathetic party.

"Rotten judging," declared Mr. Wagtail, viciously. "I'm willing to admit that Colton's gray made a better all-round performance, but my pony deserved another show, hanged if he didn't! And they've left that mallet-shy brute of Arthur Higgins' to fight it out with the gray. A thing like that makes you sick!"

"I should think it would make Gregory sicker," observed someone.

"He'll dock your salary if you're not a better boy, Walter," cried Mr. Golightly, who always said exactly what he pleased to those persons to whom he believed he could say it with impunity.

Mr. Wagtail favored him with a cold, murderous glare.

"Going to pull off the high-jumping?" inquired one of the men.

"Yes," said Walter. "I don't see why

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not, if they'll give us a couple of white men to judge."

"Have you backed Flyaway?" asked his wife, in a low tone, as he passed her in making his way out of the box.

"No," he answered. "Strictly on the Q. T., I've got a goodish bit on that Canadian horse, the Lark. He's got far and away the best chance in my opinion, but I wouldn't tell it to the world. Legrand ought to have put in Top Note."

They exchanged a brief look.

"We're going to supper with Jim Western," she called after him.

"Is he the coming catch?" asked Mr. Golightly. "I must tell Mrs. Kennibec. Now, Mrs. Flossy, you've got a husband yourself, and no sisters to marry off, and you might let Mrs. Kennibec have him for Griselda. She's nearly forty and not a sail in sight!"

"I thought you were rather favored there yourself, Golightly," put in a voice.

"I said I could only be a brother to her," returned Billy, simpering.

"The old lady had an awful mash on you."

"Dear old soul, she has the worst tongue!" said Mr. Golightly. "Going to her party, on the 10th, Mrs. Flossy?"

Mrs. Flossy *was* going to that party, and every other you cared to mention. She did not slave with hands, and eyes, and tongue, and make herself an indispensable companion to party-giving ladies for nothing! She was engaged for every night (except those when she feasted her neighbors on the fat of the land at home), for the next three weeks or more. Mrs. Flossy's business was society, and she understood it thoroughly.

"Why, *I* arranged the whole thing for her," she insisted. "Lady Maule-Outlander sent those wretched skirt-dancers over here with letters to me, and I didn't know what to do with them, so I told Mrs. Kennibec she'd better try them. And I told them they mustn't charge anything for the trial. So they're obliged and she's obliged, and all we've got to do is to sit still and look on. There goes Estelle Dunston. I call her the spare-bedroom girl, because she's always staying with somebody. I don't believe she's even got a residence where she has her washing done. Good gown? Let me see—It's one Clara Lingard had last year, I *think*," said Mrs. Wagtail, contemptuously, as becomes your social Freebooter when speaking of your social Pensioner. "They say she makes her own dresses, but she doesn't, she has them *altered*."

"She looks very well in them," said someone, leniently, "and she seems nice. You meet her everywhere."

"She's the kind that gets her pleasures by looking wistfully at other people's," cried Mrs. Wagtail, smartly. She despised the meekness that begs when it could borrow or steal.

"They've begun jumping," exclaimed Miss Demure, in her little, thin, lady-like voice. "Aren't you nervous, Mrs. Wagtail?"

"Not a bit, my dear," returned that lady. "Life wouldn't be worth living if I had hysterics every time Walter got on a horse."

She watched her husband, however, with some interest as he cantered round the ring. The great, ewe-necked, long-legged chestnut he was riding would have a fair show, she knew, if—. Well, there were several ifs. If his temper, which was a nasty one, held out (she hoped they wouldn't keep him waiting too long), if the Canadian horse were not a very "winged Pegasus"—above all, if Walter had not bet against his mount! That impressed her with a feeling of foreboding. Legrand hated to have his horses beaten. And if Walter had *not* backed Flyaway it meant that he didn't think Flyaway could pull it off. If only it had been Top Note!

There were seven or eight horses entered, but everybody knew that the real contest lay between Mr. Gregory's big chestnut and the Canadian, and the audience settled down to the silence of more intense interest when gradually the others were weeded out, one by one, and only these two remained. The Lark's last performance had been faultless. It seemed as if Flyaway's best could only tie him.

"Walter looks like business," said somebody. "There he goes! Cleared it like a bird! Gad, what quarters that brute's got! Hullo! He's bolted! No, he hasn't. Yes, he has, by Jove! Steady him! Steady him! If he rushes it at that pace— Don't be frightened, Mrs. Wagtail. Walter's got him in hand."

"I know," she returned, impatiently.

The jump—now raised to six feet six—was almost opposite the box. The chestnut came tearing down the ring. Florence prayed that nobody but herself had seen the very slight wrench of the bridle which sent his head into the air. At the last minute he tried to refuse, leaped forward at the sudden dig

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of the spur, rose too late, and came crashing down among the bars, rolling over his rider on the other side.

A mighty hum and sudden hush ran through the crowd. Man and horse were surrounded and hidden by a ring of helpers in an instant.

"It's all right, Mrs. Wagtail, he's up," cried one of the men in the box.

"I hope Gregory will feel 'how far high failure overleaps the bounds of low success,'" exclaimed the jocose Mr. Golightly, with the kind intention of creating a diversion.

"I don't think he *is* up," said Miss Demure, horror-stricken.

"Walter's never hurt," declared his wife. "He knows how to fall."

"On his feet," remarked Mr. Golightly, *sotto voce*.

At this instant one of the helpers ran out of the ring.

"Perhaps he's looking for a doctor," suggested Miss Demure to anybody who would listen. "Oh, *aren't* you going down?" She was half-crying from nervousness.

"He would not like me to make a scene," answered Mrs. Wagtail, who, on the contrary, was calm, although her face was very pale.

The group beside the shattered jump parted, there was the quick vision of an opening gate—a way made through the crowd—a limp figure, carried by several bearers, disappearing down a wide passage—a horse with a drooping head being led away.

Flossy got up, gathering her belongings together mechanically. "I'll go now," she said, "if one of you will take me. No. Wait! Here is Mr. Gregory. Perhaps he's bringing me a message. Well, what is it?" she cried anxiously, bending over the edge of the box to address the tall, white-faced man who stretched up toward her from below.

"Will you come at once, please, Mrs. Wagtail," he said, simply. "I'm afraid it's pretty bad, but if he regains consciousness you'd like to be there."

"It was all my fault," he added, with a catch in his breath, as they wound in and out through the crowd, which somehow learning, in the mysterious way crowds will, that this gorgeous gray and white lady was the wife of the "accident," made way for them to pass. "He advised me against Flyaway—I—I'll have the brute shot. He's not fit for a man to ride."

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Wagtail, looking ahead of her with fixed eyes, like a woman in a dream. "It wasn't the horse's fault. Walter lost his temper, I think, and—and— Will he *die?*" she asked, stopping suddenly.

"They can't be sure," he told her.

"You'll stay with me—you won't desert me," she cried, beseechingly.

It was a very sordid, commonplace little tragedy. Walter Wagtail lived to be taken home, lingered for a few days, and died without regaining consciousness. While he lived Society went regularly to inquire about him. When he died the men attended his funeral. He had sat at their tables, eaten their food, drunk their wines, smoked their cigars, contradicted their opinions, and won their money with easy good-humor. As an institution they felt they had been attached to him. The women hastened to leave cards for "poor, dear Flossy," after which other merry, light-hearted, acquisitive couples arose in their stead, and the place they had occupied knew them no more.

"What has become of Flossy Wagtail?" asked Mrs. Kennibec, of the ever-ready Golightly, one evening at the opera. "How's she gettin' on?"

"Oh, she's the kind of widow whose husband's friends support her through the trying ordeal—and ever after," he returned.

And Mrs. Kennibec repeated it everywhere as a witticism of her own, until, having given voice to it one day in the presence of Legrand Gregory, a friend informed her that his engagement to Mrs. Wagtail was confidently affirmed, and caused her to restore the epigram hastily to its owner, under the title of "Golightly's latest."

But Mr. Golightly, who had every intention of being intimate with the Gregorys, always denied it.

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The Real Issue in Automobiles

By ANDREW APPLETON

WHEN the first of the automobiles that had survived the last endurance run reached Allegheny, Pa., it was greeted by a cheering mob that had assembled to do it honor. One group seated in a red touring-car manifested its delight so variously that bystanders took stock of its opinions.

"It's the steamer! It's the steamer!" yelled a man on a front seat. "That settles the question for me."

"What question?" queried his seat-mate, who had cheered himself hoarse.

"Why, the kind of auto I'm going to buy. You fellows didn't know it, but I'm going to get in line. I was only waiting for this race to decide what kind of machine I want. Hurrah for the steamer!"

The man who was the owner of the red wagon turned to two others standing in the tonneau yelling like mad and said:

"Hey, you idiots! Hey there! Slow up a bit, will you? Here's Jim says he's going to buy a steamer because it won the 'race.'"

GEORGE SOULES
Winner, Automobile Endurance Run

The others stopped yelling and began to laugh, whereupon the first man turned upon them indignantly. "What of it?" he demanded. "It won, didn't it?"

"In a canter," replied number two, derisively. He turned to the others. "And that's about the size of the public attitude. It's a race, nothing more."

"But isn't it a race?" insisted the novice.

Eight days previously thirty-four automobiles had left New York City for a run over the Catskills across New York State to Buffalo, through Ohio to Cleveland and back again via Youngstown to Pittsburg, Pa. Coincidently with the start a storm broke over the Empire State that made the going the very worst in the memory of chauffeurs. Even the famous Tom Fetch, who had just made a trip by auto from ocean to ocean, said that his whole transcontinental experience was not to be compared with this endurance run. For, while the Route Committee had picked out fairly rough roads in average weather, most of the rivers on the way had overflowed their banks, carrying away bridges and compelling the autos to ford streams that often flowed above the hubs. It was the severest test yet given the automobile as a class. Several dropped out on the way. Many lagged far behind the leaders, struggling along in a desperate effort to catch up before the time limit on each day's run expired. Accidents were numerous and drivers had to resort to the most ingenious expedients to keep moving. But with the reputation of his machine at stake every man had striven, in some cases over stretches of fifty hours, to keep in the running, and now after eight heart-breaking days of it the first of the survivors had chugged up, mud-covered but undaunted, to the rendezvous where the Automobile Club of Pittsburg waited to escort it and its fellows into the Smoky City.

"Jim is a good fellow, but he will have his joke," remarked the automobile owner, deprecatingly, to his friends in the tonneau.

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WE KEPT GOING WHEN THE RAILROADS WERE STALLED.

Then, as the other showed signs of irritation, he explained: "This isn't a 'race,' Jim, it is a 'run.' Each machine at the start is given a number of points—3,000—and every time it has to stop on the road for any cause whatsoever it is penalized a proportionate number of these points. The winning machine will be that one which has the greatest number left to its credit at the finish, but it will not necessarily be the first to arrive."

"Oh!" replied the other, sententiously. "That's the way of it. And yet it seems to me that the first to arrive ought to have some merit beyond the others or it would not have beaten them."

"Well, when the cars left last night's control they say the leaders attempted to race. A gasoline machine got going so fast that it left the others far behind. Near Economy it struck a brewery wagon and landed in a pipe-line ditch. But it was able to go on to Avalon, where it hit another wagon. The steering-gear and a spring were broken, and still the driver pushed it forward. Later it struck a third wagon, and then they were compelled to stop for repairs. I believe they are still tinkering at it out there on the road somewhere, yet it wasn't the fault of the *car* that it did not arrive first."

A gasoline car came bounding up the road and ran in behind the steamer. The crowd cheered it as it swung into line. It was followed by another, a steamer, and that in its turn by two gasoline cars. All were so mud-covered as to be hardly recognizable.

"One looks as good as another," declared the novice. "What is the use of such a run if it does not prove which is the best machine?"

"Perhaps it will," returned his friend. "Let us watch the cars as they go by. Maybe we can pick out the faults you should avoid in buying an auto. At least one axiom occurs to me already."

"What is that?"

"Never buy a foreign car if you are going to tour American roads."

"But I thought European cars were the best."

"So they are for European roads. But look at that one over there. Judging by its appearance, it has had a tough experience. European cars are built, as they say, for billiard-table roads. In some respects they are as finely adjusted as watches, and for city streets or for the fine roads of Europe they are best. All makers are striving to place the centre of gravity as low as possible. It increases the stability of the car. With their flat, rutless roads the European makers can

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FIVE MILES OF SAND.

afford to drop the body of the car to within a few inches of the ground. But American roads are often very little more than wagon tracks, and when muddy the wheels sink into them until even the higher bodied American cars almost touch. A European car would be knocked to pieces on some of those roads. Probably that is what is the matter with that car over there; it is so low that the machinery has been scraping mud and hitting stones."

"Well, I've learned something. By the way, I have not seen any electric car come through yet."

"No, and you will not see any, for there was none in the run. The electric car is an ideal car in itself. It is smooth-running and noiseless, and if there were enough charging stations along our roads you might take an indiscriminate tour on an electric car. You will find a great many electrics giving satisfaction in cities and suburbs, however."

"Why is not the steam carriage the best, after all; it came in first?"

"Still harping on that. I do not say it is not the best. It *is* in the minds of many; but the consensus of manufacturing opinion seems to favor gasoline just now."

"But if gasoline is good for automobiles, why is it not used on locomotives?"

"Oh, there is no parallel there. A locomotive is an excessively high-powered vehicle running with an equipment that permits the carrying of coal and water as fuel and with definite replenishing stations along the way. That would be impossible for the automobile, which is limited by its size and weight. On the other hand, many small manufacturing plants are operated by gas engines. I know of one auto manufacturer who used to make steam runabouts exclusively. He still makes them, but he has a gasoline car in this run, nevertheless."

"Are there any kerosene machines?"

"In Europe, yes, but not in this endurance test."

"Which is the better, a runabout or a tonneau?"

"They are evenly divided in this contest. If I wanted a machine for city work I would get a runabout. But if I wanted to climb hills I'd get a touring car. I must say, though, that the runabouts did about as well as the touring cars in this run."

THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I THOUGHT WE WOULD HAVE TO GIVE UP.

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"If the majority of the cars use gasoline, which is the best motor?"

"Well, there is the horizontal motor with the piston working back and forth, and there is the vertical motor with the piston working up and down. The advocates of the latter claim that the lubrication is more evenly distributed in the vertical type. Many of the American and nearly all of the European manufacturers have adopted it. Yet one of the best machines on the American market still employs the horizontal type."

"By the way," suddenly asked the novice, "what kind of engine have you on your machine?"

The automobilist smiled. "Oh," he replied, "mine is a single cylinder gasoline, but I am going to change it for a two or perhaps a four-cylinder engine."

"Then," exclaimed the other, triumphantly, "the extra cylinder type must be better?"

"Not for a beginner. If you are going in for automobiling I would advise you to stick to the simplest forms, for a while at least. If you have but one cylinder you have practically but one engine to look after. It is comparatively simple to understand. But if you multiply your cylinders you multiply your troubles; that is, if you are a novice. But a single cylinder machine is not as efficient as a multiple cylinder. It would not get you up a hill as fast. Later, however, as your knowledge of the craft grows, you will certainly want a more complicated motor. Even as a novice you might operate a two-cylinder machine without mishap; many have done it; it depends on the man. The general taste is now for the greater number of cylinders, but the general taste has a lot of experience at its back. Of course, if you employ an experienced chauffeur you can have as complicated a machine as you please and go up hills as fast as you want."

Other cars came in one by one and halted at the rendezvous. One of the drivers walked over to the red car and shook hands with its occupants.

"It was the toughest experience I ever had," he said, in answer to a question. "There were moments when I thought we would have to give up. The rain cut our face like fine hail, and when we were not hub deep in the mud we were body deep in the rivers. In one place the water was so deep that we had to hire horses to float the machine across. Yet we had no difficulty in starting the engine again on the other bank. One fellow ran into a ditch and his machine began to sink in the mud. He posted off to the nearest farm-house for a horse. The farmer told him he wouldn't drive his worst enemy out in such weather, let alone his horse. How did he get out—oh, another machine happened along and pulled him out. Why, we kept going when the railroads were stalled for twenty-four hours. It has been a great triumph for the auto.

"Who won? Well, of course, the official figures are not to be had yet, but there's no doubt that George Soules is bringing in a bigger load of points than any of us. No, he isn't in yet; he's out on the road somewhere taking his time. There is a sermon on automobiling with the fable of the hare and the tortoise for a text. There were two cars of the make driven by Soules entered in the run, and the one he did not drive was the bigger, the more expensive, and the greater powered of the two. It ought to have left him far back in the mud, and whenever it came to a spurt it did show him the muddy heel. But Soules is a careful man and he wobbled along at a steady pace, neither too fast nor too slow, and he had the almost daily experience of passing some of the sprinters where they had broken down on the road, He was never the first to reach a control at night, but he was never the last, and by pure virtue of careful driving he came through with but two stops. Once he had to stop and clean a sooted spark plug and again he found his chain gearing running so loose as to be in danger of slipping cogs. He stooped in the muddy road and got out of a difficulty that would have beaten another man. He found a short piece of gas-pipe and placed it across the sagging chain like a roller and hung a nut from it to weight it down. It kept the chain tight enough and he was still hauling his load of points when I last saw him. I heard he had not lost more than 13 points out of the whole 3,000, and some of those sprinters had lost hundreds. That other machine, same make—oh, that lost the bearings out of a wheel some distance back. Here comes Soules now."

Over a dozen automobiles had arrived, some with an ostentatious honking of horns; others merely blatant with satisfaction. The Automobile Club had taken the leaders off to Pittsburg, throwing out a trail of confetti, to guide the stragglers to the official garage. So when the fifteenth machine arrived there was perhaps less enthusiasm than there might

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have been had the Odyssey of its driver been more generally known to the spectators. With a merely curious glance at the enthusiastic few in the red auto, Soules and his observer (his seat-mate who had kept tab on his performance throughout the run) drove through the crowd and followed the confetti trail into Pittsburg. There was not the slightest sign of triumph on that placid face, not even the realization that anything out of the ordinary had been done. Yet this feat of travelling 800 miles, almost without a mishap, was, under the conditions, one of the most remarkable in the history of the automobile. It gave the owner of the red touring car an idea. Turning to the novice, he said:

"There is the real issue."

"Of what?" inquired the other.

"Why, don't you see; it isn't the machine that counts, it is how it is operated."

"Why, do you mean——?"

"That any one of the machines that has come through is a best machine, and that Soules or an equally careful driver could have taken any one of them and made as good a record. It is the man that counts."

"I believe you are right," answered the novice, as they prepared to follow the trail of confetti.

Significant Autobiographies

A Mother

I WAS twenty-four when Elinor was born. I can remember to this day my feelings when I heard her first cry; a joy entirely new, a delight not compassed in any of my dreams, took swift and unforeseen possession of me. I said, Is that *my* baby? in an ecstasy of wonder, and almost laughed aloud. Although I had wished for a boy, it instantly seemed to me that nothing could be more precious than my little girl. I was, however, very anxious for fear her father would not be equally pleased, and was only quieted when Francis, secretly instigated to that effect, was brought in to swear to me—what was certainly not true at the moment—that he would far rather have a daughter than a son.

For that first month I occupied the position of royalty. I was petted, tended, allowed to do nothing for myself, and my least wish was law. The princess was brought to me to be fed indeed, but otherwise only as a delightful plaything, to be exhibited and admired. We were under the control of a superhumanly wise power called a nurse. She knew everything. If she went out for an hour's walk, the bottom seemed to have dropped out of the world, and we were all tense and expectant until she returned to tell us what to do. The training of babies was not the exact science that it is today, and she inculcated but few rules for my future guidance. They were my mainstay for many years.

The baby was never to be walked with.

She was to take a three hours' nap in the morning—if she woke up sooner, she was to be put to sleep again.

She was to be put to bed at six o'clock, for it was very bad management to have a child around in the evening.

The man didn't live that liked to see his wife in a morning gown when he came home at night, so no matter *how* tired I was, I was always to dress for dinner, and not "get in any of them slip-shod ways."

She added a parting word of comfort:

"Don't let it worry you when people tell you this thing and that thing to do for the baby. *You'll soon find out that you know more about your own child than anybody else does.*"

I shall never forget that first bewilderment when she went and I was left to my own resources. Like most girls, I had gone away from home when I married, and I tried to get along now with too little help, as many girls have to.

I was expected to be all at once—from pure, heaven-sent instinct, and without any practice at all—that omniscient, untiring, capable, unselfish, judicious, and controlled person known as a Mother, and I knew no more how to be one than if I had never seen a baby in my life. The poor little thing bitterly resented being transferred to the care of a bungling amateur after that of

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a professional. When Elinor was quiet it was a merciful interposition of Providence which I could probably never duplicate; when she cried—and how she *did* cry!—there was nothing back of my own inexperience for her succor. If I couldn't get her to sleep there was nobody else to do it. And there was no respite night or day. I, who had always been a law unto myself—I could only eat, sleep, walk, read, practise on the piano, visit or see visitors dependent on the will of this tiny autocrat. It was a situation queerly subversive of all that a girl had been before!

A DIFFICULT RÔLE

Francis, dear fellow, was confessedly inadequate—he could say:

"I wish I could help you, dear," and sit down comfortably and read, while I, who felt almost as inadequate, was a mother. I could feel that it really shocked him a little when I didn't come up to the ideal requirements of the position, the knowledge of which is popularly supposed to come by nature. As a rule, it doesn't come by nature, but the love that keeps on trying to learn it—that does.

I not only had the baby to see to, but many, many other things besides. Theoretically, I believed that a wife should always be interesting to her husband, but after dinner was over I seemed to myself the tiredest thing in this breathing world, capable of nothing but listening for that little muffled stirring in the crib near the bed on which I had thrown myself down.

Do not imagine that I took no joy in my child; she was no tyrant, but a darling, helpless thing that I couldn't bear to have uncomfortable for a moment; if her wails tore my heartstrings, her smiles gave me rapture. The very feel of her round little body in my arms was like an elixir that ran through all my veins.

CONSTANT ANXIETY

But every smallest thing regarding her was of such tremendous moment, that I lived in constant anxiety—whether she was bathed an hour or forty-five minutes after she was fed; whether her minute clothing was tied upon her squirming form or safety pinned; whether she ought to have a teaspoonful of cold water once or twice a day; whether her back was properly supported. It seemed as if everything might have some awful ulterior consequence.

Then, she was not of the prize-order of baby—no wonder, with all my worry and fatigue! I heard it suggested that I "might not raise her," and cried myself to sleep in a passion of fear lest this treasure should be taken from me!

At the end of a couple of months—just as I was breaking down—I was sent on a visit with Elinor to my old home and my own mother. There, everything smoothed itself out. I had just the rest, just the care, just the guidance that I needed. When I went back again to Francis that nerve-shattering inexperience was gone. Everything pertaining to Elinor was still of tremendous import, but I had learned how to take charge of her, I had a certain deftness of touch, and a maternal divination which came from practice.

There came an evening when I had a pink bow in my hair and played accompaniments for Francis. He said, delightedly:

"This seems like old times, doesn't it?"

But we both knew that it was a great deal better than the old times—that we were the owners now of a lovely little dimpled baby joy in addition to all else. Ah, not my least happiness was the fact that Francis loved me so very much more because I was a mother!

For two years I was the mother of an only child.

If I had been the mother of twenty children, I could have given them no more time, for she took all I had. Feeding, bathing, dressing, putting to sleep, taking her out for an airing—all these were linked together with the constant necessity of amusing the child. Heavens, how we shook rattles, and squeaked animals, and later, gave her jewels and watches for her solace when all else failed! How we built up blocks, and looked through picture-books, and made dolly walk! I have found very few mothers who enjoy incessantly amusing a child, and I was no exception, in spite of my pride and pleasure in Elinor. I not only resented the prospect of Kenneth's arrival as in some way interfering with her *prestige*, but I really did not see, as a matter of every-day fact, how I could possibly have another baby!

That he was a boy took off the stigma of being a second. Although I was really overflowing with pride in my sturdy boy, it was a strange fact that he was not only second as to birth, but in everything to the

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first child. By some extraordinary necromancy the baby, instead of being the dreaded, thought-absorbing, strength-devouring little creature of my past experience, was a mere incident in Elinor's star performance. *She* had to be watched every minute as she ran hither and thither on her swift yet tottering little feet; he stayed whereever he was put. The point was not whether Kenneth slept, but whether he woke Elinor.

I took solid comfort with my fat, lumpy, good-natured boy; I was not afraid to handle him, nobody suggested that I might not "raise him." In lieu of any complicated scheme of training, we started off on the long morning-nap and the early bedtime for both. None of my babies ever cried themselves to sleep in this process of education. I had a horror of anything that made them cry, and I meekly confess to having it still. Sometimes they went to sleep at once on being "laid down," and at other times they were "put" to sleep—rocked or patted. This of course took time and strength—yet some of my happiest moments went to it.

At the end of three months I began to find myself doing with two children what I had never compassed with one—going to town at intervals for amusements, and taking part in the little social functions of the place. I felt a new ardor for everything of the kind. We were all married people around where I lived, most of us young and desperately interested in our households and our children. We talked of these matters incessantly; we compared notes, we canvassed methods. I began to feel very superior to the mothers who had an only child, a feeling which grew even stronger and deeper after the coming of Richard in eighteen months, and his sister Dorothy three years later. If it came upon me each time as a shock and a surprise that I was to be still more a mother—and I confess that it did—I was wiser than I had been; I no longer said, "Another child will be so much trouble," but instead, "After all the pain and trouble, there will at any rate be a child to compensate for it." I could not have borne to feel that my baby was unwelcome.

When I look back upon those early days it seems to me that I was the most indefatigable of mortals. To be sure, I did not now spend any time in amusing the children, except on special occasions; they amused each other. But wherever I was, there they played. I taught Elinor and Kenneth their A B C while the younger ones napped. I sewed for them endlessly. I read to them for hours. I taught them songs to sing at the piano. I had little parties for them, and no matter how tired I was, I told the good-night story, and brought up "drinks" of water. When they were dressed to go visiting, not the angels of the Old Masters could have looked more beautiful to me, and no music was comparable to their sweet little voices. I wasn't very strong, and I think I was always tired, and I am sure that I was often cross, but I possessed the very enthusiasm of maternity. I was eaten up with pride in "my children," and planned so hard for their happiness as to sometimes almost defeat this result. I remember one Christmas-tide when Elinor stood outside and banged on the door of my room with bitter tears at being shut out, while I was within, sewing feverishly on clothes for her Christmas dolly!

In spite of all these claims, I did not lose my own identity in them; I had always been very fond of reading, and I read now, and oh, the delight of a good book at odd minutes, when I was getting the baby to sleep, or before bedtime! I had always been fond of music, and although I practised few new pieces, Francis liked to hear me play the old ones. Except when the children were ill, we had our evenings together, and when Frances was not too tired to go, I liked nothing better than to get out of my own house and into that of somebody else; it usually did us both good, and we were the more interesting to each other afterward.

EARLY DAY

I must still dwell on those early times to get the key-note of what followed after. I suppose that it is unnecessary to state that on Elinor fell all the first brunt of education, and that she withstood my mistaken efforts as firmly as her tiny personality would allow. She was, of course, early instructed that she was a Big Girl, while the others were only babies. She was a slimpsey, feather-curled, blue-eyed slip of a thing, inordinately mischievous, and utterly unimpressionable. There were dreadful hours when Elinor was told to shut the door and wouldn't shut it; I can remember now the voice in which I would say: "Elinor! Mind mamma at *once!* Shut the door. You cannot come in until you *mind* me!" while she peeped at me re-

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belliously around the door-knob. This was before I learned to shut the door myself at first, and leave no loop-hole for conflict. We had some harrowing times because she *would* rush for her mug of milk and upset it. This was before I found it easier to keep the mug out of her reach until it was needed. She ran away whenever she was left to play in the yard, until I found that it was not only a saving of future woe, but of actual time, to take the services of the nurse or myself to watch her, and prevent the crime. No punishment—and heaven knows, the poor mite was punished conscientiously and perseveringly in spite of her mother's aching heart—was of any avail.

I well remember our horror when at the age of two years and nine months Elinor told a lie. We agonized over that lie. She said she hadn't touched the jelly while her face was still smeared with the unholy feast. Elinor was—but let us draw a veil over her correction. At three she was heard trying to teach Kenneth to say devil, a word which she had learned from a boy next door, a monster of iniquity aged five. I gave her a long and feeling discourse on the wickedness of the word which fixed it so firmly in her mind that she repeated it at intervals all day. I wrote to my mother for advice, and it was noised abroad in the family that Nell's eldest child was very hard to manage.

We kept on expecting much of her; was she not the eldest? When she was five and a half, and I was putting her to bed with a little serious conversation, she said, resignedly:

"Mamma, *everything* you say begins with DON'T!"

AN EASIER DISCIPLINE

That night I had a "heart to heart" talk with myself. I had not been satisfied with my methods, and I earnestly wanted to do the very best for my children that I could. I fathomed the fact that punishments which do not deter have no excuse for being. If punishment wasn't effectual, what was?

I grew wise in prevention—it took time, I warrant you! I acted on a different basis, both then and ever afterward—I acted as if I expected the children to do right, instead of wrong. And I tried not to see everything. Fortunately as they grew there was safety in numbers; no one child had the lime-light of notice turned continually on him or herself. I found that the elder ones grew out of some of their faults naturally.

I instinctively tried to penetrate the nature of each one, and to order occasions happily.

My self-poise lent a new power to my authority; when I spoke it was with the conviction that I should be obeyed. With four little children and all the work that they imply, there was no place for long inductive reasoning. When I said:

"Richard, stop banging on the piano," I did not have to explain the connection of discords with the delicate mechanism of my ear. Richard simply stopped.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE ON THE HOUSEHOLD

I once read a little story by Margaret Vandegrift about the members of an Echo Club, so called because they usually received from others the echo of their own behavior. Certainly, I found that a mother is the President of an Echo Club. If I were out of sorts the whole household went by the ears, from garret to kitchen. Ah, how I longed sometimes to be as cross as I wanted to be, and have everyone else unaffected by it! But many a time when the children had been naughty I would go upstairs and search back for the cause in myself, and find in my own self-control later that the necessity for further correction had disappeared.

Of course, I went through harrowing times in other ways. My house was the general playground—the hospitable cookey, the shawl for a tent, the clothes to "dress up" in, were always forthcoming. On rainy days a smelly magic-lantern was exhibited in a darkened room upstairs for the neighborhood. There were all the usual escapades: when Richard left the water running in the bath tub until it trickled down the stairs; when Dorothy stuffed buttons up her nose; when Elinor cut off Kenneth's hair in scallops; and when Kenneth hurt himself, as he had a positive mania for doing. He never took part, even as an infant, in any game without returning bruised and maimed in some way. I became actually nervous about leaving the house unless he was in bed.

Elinor's manners gave me poignant anxiety. How I labored to make her polite! She *would* be truthful. When a mature cousin once asked her: "Well, Elinor, do you think I look like Cousin Elizabeth?" She replied, still staring candidly, "I don't think you *look any worse!*" Fortunately they were a healthy crowd, they had few ailments, yet

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I remember once after a three days' siege of chicken-pox, in which I had exhausted every form of entertainment, I changed all my clothes and fled to town to save my reason.

ADVICE VALUELESS

It may seem odd that I do not speak of being helped by any wisdom of my neighbors. I cannot remember that their experience ever helped me, except in minor details. I do not believe my experience ever helped them particularly. Each family might have the same laws, yet differed as much in their application of them, as they did in nature. Even my mother's written advice—before she died—seldom seemed to fit my case. I often remembered the words of the old nurse, that I would find that I knew more about my own children than anyone else did. I had one other saying that I kept with it. A much older woman who had spent her early married life as a pioneer in the far West, once found me in tears holding the baby, with some housework left undone perforce.

She said:

"Now don't you fret because the stairs aren't dusted. The children come first every time. I'll tell you something. Many a time I've pushed a basketful of clothes unironed beneath the settle Saturday night, because I wouldn't let the children go untended! They come first!"

Many a time since I have pushed my clothes-basket, figuratively speaking, under the settle Saturday night, because I was more needed as a mother than a housekeeper. And though they were a merry, romping, restless crowd, they were good children. Francis was the Power back of the throne. I always had his arm to lean on. He would say, quietly: "Did you hear your mother speak? Then do as she says, at once."

It may seem odd that I speak of no fears for the future, no sense of great and burdening responsibilities, such as some mothers feel. I have heard the responsibility of Bringing up Boys spoken of in terms that would curdle the blood, there seemed to be such a very slim chance of their turning into anything but outcasts. My simple life was spent in each day's work; whether the lessons were well done, the hands clean, the merry eyes honest, the look for "Mother" still my own. For the rest, I honestly believe that if I had thought the whole outcome of their future, either in mind or body, depended on me, I should have lain down and died on the spot. I could not have carried the burden. But it early seemed to me, that my own strength would have been quite insufficient for even that daily care, if there had not been a God, who was very near to mothers—and who would hear my prayers and protect my children as I never could.

It may be considered also strange that I did not read or study with a view to my own culture. I read just because I loved to, and it was one of the great pleasures to make the children acquainted with some of my old favorites. We began with the "Old Curiosity Shop," and worked up gradually in winter evenings, through Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Lorna Doone," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Ivanhoe." Other children came in to listen, and Francis even joined the circle, and enjoyed it as much as they did. I had always lived with educated people who not only read, but thought and talked about what they read. Club life did not appeal to me personally, although I occasionally went to a meeting as a guest, and enjoyed it. I think when I have gone out of the house for entertainment it has usually been amusement pure and simple that I craved—like any other hard worker in a profession; some social gathering, or the theatre and the opera.

NEW DIFFICULTIES

It came as a bewilderment to me when I found that my children were growing up. I had ordered everything hitherto regarding their welfare both at home and at school. But just as I thought I had learned my business and was giving advice to my friends with some conceit, I found myself at sea again. There was a change in the older children. My authority was combated! Elinor wept defiant tears because she was sent to bed at her usual hour when there was company. We had an awful time over the length of her dresses. It was no satisfaction to be obeyed outwardly with an injured feeling in the heart of my child. And my tall, fourteen-year-old Kenneth—who looked sixteen at least, and was the pride of my heart—slipped out evenings whenever he could to frequent the society of strange and alien youths. I was told that he smoked, and wouldn't believe it, until I found one of his pockets bulging with matches and an old pipe belonging to Francis in the other. I

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lectured—I even went back to the old, old methods. Instead of being the source from which all pleasures came I was a living Restriction. I adopted also the long and agonized appeal at bedtime, to which both Elinor and Kenneth turned ears of utterly uncomprehending and sullen resignation. Even if I did manage to touch Kenneth, I knew he resented it afterward. Oh, how much I talked! I appealed vehemently to Francis, who then seemed to me either foolishly lax or terrifyingly severe.

THE FIRST SEPARATION

Finally it was decided to send Kenneth to boarding-school. I don't know how I ever let him go! I cried at night, despite the comforting words of Francis:

"Don't take it so to heart, Nell. Kenneth has got to be made a man of. Your boy will turn out all right."

I felt that I was going to lose him forever, and found to my wonder and delight that he was more my boy than ever before; my absence had ten times more power than my nagging presence. When he came home at Christmas he brought a couple of his friends back with him to be mothered too; "Just the kind you'll like, mother." And the letters he wrote me! I was no longer only his mother, I was his sweetheart, too, and when you are *that!* Now I grew wise; I said not, "You shall do this or that," but "Dear, I would prefer it."

With my daughter there was no immediate change. Francis and I had an old-fashioned dislike to sending a girl away from home. My friends told me she would get out of this phase, but this didn't give me any comfort when she refused to eat her breakfast, and was injured at all I said, and thought she knew better than I about everything. Then I was called away from home for six weeks, and when I came back I was greeted everywhere by praises of Elinor. Francis confided to me that the child was a perfect little woman. I ought to have seen her the day Dorothy tumbled off a ladder and cut her head, and when the cook left incontinently she got up and cooked the whole breakfast herself! She had flowers at my place at dinner, and everything served in courses. Well, perhaps I *had* become a little careless about conventionalities with my houseful of children. I took note of the innovations she had made. I didn't always like them, but I discovered that my prejudices didn't always make a thing right or wrong. And gradually I began to ask her opinion, to lean even while I guided. I began to enjoy one of the most delightful things on earth, an eldest daughter! We became friends, disagreeing at times as heartily as friends have a right to do, and agreeing with enthusiasm.

We had always had sufficient means with economy. But now Francis was not as successful as he had been. My heart was wrung for him, yet it seemed very hard to have to cut off on the children's pleasures, just as they were growing up. Kenneth had set his heart on going to college, and Elinor was to come out in the society of the place.

One night I gathered up my courage and laid the facts before them. Never shall I forget their eager sympathy, their high, young courage. It is a strange and wonderful thing when one's children become one's protectors. But I suffered when Kenneth went into business, and lived in harness—when he could no longer have any Christmas holidays! Yet I saw that he was no longer a boy, but a man—my son. Elinor, with the intrepidity which had always characterized her, got a place on a newspaper staff; she has been there now for three years, but I do not think she will stay much longer. I suspect that He has appeared on the scene. Richard and Dorothy are at school yet, but they have their own plans for the future. But no matter how far away from me my children may go, the loving care of them is indissolubly woven in with my heart-strings, and if they come back again to the home, I am sure I shall always tell them when to change their shoes and when to go to bed, because no matter how grown-up they are, they will always be my children.

THE PROFESSION OF MOTHERHOOD

I have led an apparently uneventful life so far—yet it has been full of excitement; pains and fears, and hopes and pleasures, the latter far in excess of the former. I am so deeply imbued with the love of my profession as a wife and mother that I can conceive of nothing higher—and it is a profession that never becomes dull, for there is something new to be learned in it every day. When people ask me, "How did you bring up your children?" I can only answer, "Why, I don't feel as if they *were* brought up *yet!* This isn't the end."

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Little Stories of Real Life

Billy Marr's Girl

By Inez G. Thompson

BILLY MARR had a glib tongue of his own, but it always failed him when he met Lou Marie. To-night, while he stood in the dark across the street watching the Baths till she should come out, his mind was full of words to greet her; but the sight of her, against the rosy light from the doorway as she ran down the steps and over to him, rendered him speechless. He took off his hat, groping vainly for a fragment of the greeting he had been rehearsing, and they went up the street silently, his hand under her arm, holding her tight.

When they came to the crossing, Lou Marie stepped down first, and Billy, pausing on the sidewalk, drew her back against his shoulder, and kissed her. Standing level with him, she would have had to stoop a trifle, but this little manœuvre brought her the right height. The side street was almost deserted, and in the early dusk no one saw them unless the occupants of a couple of rumbling cabs chanced to be busying themselves.

All winter they had stopped at this same spot, loitering to fall behind an intruding passer-by, or hurrying to outdo a carriage. After the kiss, Billy would light a cigarette, take a firm hold of the girl's arm again, and they would go on happily, to the busy, brilliant thoroughfare.

He tried to-night, as he had tried so many times, to apologize for his lack of greeting.

"But—oh, I dunno—but th' sight of yer—d'yer know what I mean? There's no words to fit what I feel."

She snuggled closer to him.

"Of course I know—I'm th' same. There's no need of talkin'."

He sighed contentedly. For comfortable understanding, there never was such a girl as Lou Marie. And for many of her things, there never was such a girl as Lou Marie She was such a beauty, with her big brown eyes, and her crinkly hair, the color of the warm side of a chestnut, with light places the color of sherry wine. Her cheeks were soft and pink like a rose-leaf, and her mouth—he had never found anything that rightly compared to that.

"Aw, it's an all-right world, Lou Marie," he cried, as he stopped at a flower-stand to buy her some violets. Then: "Happy?" he asked as he pinned them on to her jacket.

"Happy!" Her voice scorned the limitations of the word. "It's most too good to be true, Billy—havin' you—an' all. . . . You mustn't spend so much money on me though. It's flowers, an' candy, an' that sort of thing all th' time."

"Never you mind about that," said Billy reassuringly.

"But I do . . . I like it all right enough, but we must—save up."

He gave her arm an ecstatic squeeze.

"It'll take a lot of money—then—Billy. An' you're givin' me something all the time. That diamond, now, must have cost a heap."

He dropped her arm, and lighted another cigarette at the stub of the first one.

"Say . . . I wish you'd cut it out—about that ring," he said, curtly.

"Why, Billy!" She looked up, hurt at his tone. "What makes you so queer about it? You're cross at me."

"Aw—never mind me," he said, catching her arm again. "Only, yer know I think nothin's good enough f'r yer, dearie—yer know if I could I'd give yer th' world, don't yer?"

"Why, of course I know," she answered happily. "Only—I'm so proud of my ring, an'—you won't let me say thanks. . . . I've got it on."

"You're wearin' it?" asked Billy, sharply

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She drew off her glove and a great stone on her finger gleamed in the street light.

"Well, I thought I'd better. At the Baths, when I'm rubbing, I pin it in under my hair. I left it home a day, and mother had it, showin' it all round. She even showed it to Dennison."

"The devil she did!"

Catching sight of the girl's face he excused himself hastily.

"There now, don't look so, dearie. I'm a chump. But it always makes me sore t' think of that cop makin' up to yer th' way he did. Not but that he's as good a man as me—maybe better," he added, gloomily. She fell a victim to his tone, as he knew she would.

"Better than you . . . Billy Marr! As if I'd give your old shoes for a hundred of him."

They halted again in the shadow of an alley, and she stepped down first. As he held her against his shoulder, somebody disentangled himself from the wall of a house, and coming up behind tapped on his unoccupied shoulder roughly. He turned half about, still holding her.

"What th'—oho! So it's Mister Dennison, is it? An' what th'—what d'yer want with me?"

"'Tis not 'Mister' Dennison this time, Billy Marr. 'Tis 'officer' Dennison, number twenty-eight—on business. If yer lady friend'll excuse yer, I'll trouble yer to come along er me."

Lou Marie felt the arm that held her stiffen, and she clutched his wrist with her strong hands.

"Billy . . . F'r th' love of Heaven be careful . . . What's th' matter? You've done nothin', have you, Billy? What do you want with him?"

Number twenty-eight moved so that the light fell on his fine tall figure in its uniform and buttons. He was balancing his club in his hand delicately, for he knew Billy Marr. And he answered Lou Marie with a careful eye on his man.

"I'm sorry to be interruptin', he said with elaborate politeness, "but it's a little matter yer frien' can explain in a few minutes—mebbe. . . . It's only that we've a likin' to know where he got that fine ring you're wearin'. 'Tis much like one another lady's been lookin' for this two weeks. That's all."

Lou Marie turned to Billy, but he stood quiet, not looking at her. Suddenly she caught up his hand, and pressed it to her hot cheek.

"He never did it," she said, fiercely. "He . . . he didn't give it to me, anyway . . . I'm th' one . . . I bought—I took it myself, an' lied about it. . . . He never knew I had it till now, an' he—" Billy twisted his hand and put it tight over her mouth.

"There girl—there now," he said, huskily. "Yer can't help me none that way. I can fix it all right in no time . . . Yer . . . don' think I . . . stole it . . . do yer, Lou Marie?"

She clung to him protesting, with the tears streaming over her face, giving her words the lie. He put her away gently.

"Now listen to me, girl. Go home, an' wait till I come. See? I give my word to yer I'll be back this night—I'm not lyin'—an' yer stay home—don't follow, nor move out till I come. D'ye hear me? Now let me go . . . one more then . . . now go, my girl."

She took off the ring and dropped it in the hand officer Dennison extended. He shifted from foot to foot at the shine of her eyes.

"I believe you're lyin'," she said, tensely, her voice rising with each word. "You're tryin' to make trouble for him, because mebbe you think you'll get square by it. But I tell you now if harm comes to him, it'll be a sorry day for you. I'll lose your place for you if it takes me all my life. I'll give you back double an' treble for ev'ry lie you tell on him. I'll——"

Billy's hands on her shoulders wheeled her about.

"None o' that girl. . . . You're a bit wild, Lou Marie. I don't like to see you so. Go now."

She went away without a word, but she walked unsteadily, and Billy's face grew ugly as he watched her. He looked up in ominous calm.

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number twenty-eight took a grip of his club and moved nearer.

"Stand where ye are," he said, quietly. "I'm makin' no kick, an' as soon as I see her inside, I'll go . . . but not till . . . see?"

The men stood without speaking, till Lou Marie went slowly in from sight, then they swung off, elbow to elbow.

. . . . . .

Three hours later found Billy on his way to Lou Marie.

He felt murderous when he saw the havoc tears had wrought in her.

"The man that made yer cry," he said through his teeth — "may he—" but she covered his mouth to stop the words, mothering him with a tenderness that left him ashamed.

"Ah, but I've got you back again, Billy. Nothin' amounts to anything, but that . . . don't think of it."

He put her away, half desperate.

"Why don't yer ask me how I got off? There's somethin' yet to tell yer, Lou Marie. Mebbe then yer'll send me off fer good."

"It isn't that you're to be taken back, is it, Billy? You . . . ?"

"What if I am? What if I stole it, an' am out on bail, an' am to be put through fer it . . . what then?"

"Nothin', Billy—only that I'd wait for you, an' work for you, an' love you the more for what you'd suffer. 'Twould be for love of me you did it, I know."

He looked at her dumbly, for a moment.

"I believe it would be so," he said, finally. "Though why such a girl should care fer th' likes o' me, I can't see. . . . Lou Marie . . . what I done wa'n't so decent as stealin'—I lied to yer. . . . Don't say a word now till I'm done. . . . 'Twas about th' ring. I went lookin', an' th' best I could get was too poor fer yer. 'Twas a spark of a thing, f'r th' money, an' I swear I couldn't face yer with it. Them that was fit fer yer cost more money than I'll ever see. An' then th' feller trotted out this one."

He pulled it from his pocket and threw it on the table. Lou Marie picked it up and kissed it and put it on her finger. He leaned forward resting his clinched fists on the table, and she saw the knuckles of his right hand were bruised, but he brushed her hand away when she touched his.

"Never mind that till I'm done," he said, doggedly. "When yer touch me, I've no courage to talk. . . . That ring, I saw it looked what I wanted, an' it cost what I could pay. For . . . it's paste. . . . Lou Marie. Now yer know how I got off—an' yer know me fer th' mean dog I am. I'd been gladder to've stole it an' took my term than to stan' up here an' tell you this. I've lied to yer, an' cheated yer, an' been a sneak lettin' yer think I was doin' th' big thing for yer, and if I acted square now I'd take myself away an' not hang round yer any more. I'm not fit fer yer to speak to, Lou Marie." He lifted his head and looked at her miserably — then in wonder. The pink roses were flaunting in her cheeks again, and her eyes were a bewildering succession of tears and stars. The smile on her lips made him swallow hard twice before he could speak to her.

"Lou Marie—did yer understand what I've told yer?"

She came over and put her head down on his shoulder and he held his breath.

"Yes, I know," she said, soothingly. "When you began, I thought it was something dreadful you had to tell."

A Question of Responsibility

By Oscar King Davis

ELLIS slowly opened the gate and moved deliberately up the walk to the porch. Mechanically he took the hand Gordon extended. Then he sank into a chair and fetched a sigh that was like the wind around a corner of the house on a dark summer night.

"Well," said Gordon, "you seem dejected."

Ellis roused himself with evident effort and looked Gordon in the face. "Dejected!" he responded. "Huh!"

Gordon took a cigar from his pocket, passed it significantly under his nose, clipped the end with the jewelled cutter that hung from his watch-chain, and passed it over to Ellis. Then he struck a match and held it out. Ellis puffed in meditative silence. Gordon lighted a fresh cigar for himself and blew huge rings across the porch.

"How's your squirrels?" he asked.

A sudden gleam flashed up in Ellis's eyes.

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[illegible] the medicine in the world

[illegible]e, Viet," said Elizabeth, when [illegible]lf alone with her sister again, [illegible]ot somethin' on your mind, [illegible]oler me around with your eyes. [illegible]methin' bearin' down onto you. [illegible]ou'd git it off, you'd feel better."

[illegible] never feel better; my stummick's [illegible]o pot and my heart's gone with it. [illegible]petered out and my time's come; but [illegible]somethin' I'm thinkin' about, Lib, [illegible] you 'll set down here a minute, I'll tell [illegible] about it."

Elizabeth complied.

"Mebbe you'll think I'm foolish," said Mrs. [illegible]aver, as her sister bent close, "but here in [illegible]y last few hours I'm thinkin' a good deal about Connie——"

"Connie?"

"Yes, Connie Caruthers, my first husband. Who else should I mean?"

"For the land's sake, Et, he died more'n thirty year ago. I'd most forgot there ever was sech a man."

The big blue eyes of the sick woman overflowed and the thin lips twitched.

"Seems like yesterday that we stood up together to be married. He had brown hair, thick and soft, and cheeks as red as a rose. I—I—he took me to a dance once."

"Viet Shaver! You don't mean to say that you went to dances?" Here, no doubt, was the confession, and it was bad indeed.

"Yes, I did," cried the sick woman, "an' I glory in it. The only real happiness I ever had in life was them two years I lived with Connie. He wa'n't so very pious, mebbe, though I never seen as he done anything very bad, but he was more human-like than other folks an'—an'—he had thick, brown hair an' red cheeks an' I was young, too."

"Well, don' worry too much about the dancin', Viet. Folks have done worse things than that an' gone to heaven, too."

"It ain't that that's on my mind. It's somethin' else. It's about that monument I put up over Connie. I got a good deal of comfort out o' that, an' I never begretched the money. Hain't it neat?—a broken pillar with a [illegible] threw over it, an' four tassels hangin[illegible]

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"So I toddled over to her house agin, an' says to her:

"'Rec'lect thet brindle cat I bin talkin' t' you 'bout?'

"'I do,' she says.

"'An' you 'lowed when she killed my squirrels as 'twas up to me?'

"'Yes,' she says, 'it was.'

"'Well,' I says, 'I guess it's up to somebody else now.'

"'What you done?' says Mis' Creston.

"'Oh, I done it, good,' I says. 'They ain't no manner o' duberance about that. I jess filled my ole gun weth them number tens I got fer snipe an' when your Mis' Pie Face come snoopin' round my lot I filled her so full o' mustard-shot I reckon she won't feel comf'tabul settin' down fer six weeks, er thereabouts,' I says.

"'You did!' she says.

"'That's what I done,' I says. 'An' now Min says it's up to you an' that s'ciety o' yourn weth all them letters to its name.'

"'Well,' she says, 'I don't see how it's up to me,' she says. 'Tain't my cat!'

"'The deuce you say!' I says.

"'No, I don't!' she says. 'I say 'tain't my cat, an' 'tain't! That brindle cat b'longs to Sairy Miller, an' I reckon you better see her,' she says.

"That just about hornscrabbled me an' I piked back home.

"'What d'you s'pose is up now?' I says to Min.

"'Blessed if I know,' she says; 'what?'

"'That wa'n't Mis' Creston's cat 'tall,' I says.

"Min jess looked at me a minnit, and then she says:

"'Well, Bud Ellis, ef you don't beat the hull town an' the graveyard throwed in. Whose cat was it you bin tormentin', anyhow?'

"'Sairy Miller's,' I says. 'Leastways, that's what Mis' Creston says.'

"'Well,' says Min, 'I reckon it's up to you to go see Sairy 'fore that snoop cat gets home an' begins t' raise a row!'

"So I legged her down to Sairy Miller's like I was goin' to Dan Martin's clambake. There sot Sairy knittin' on the front porch.

"'Mornin', Bud,' she says.

"But I didn't have no time for mere p'liteness, an' busted right into the middle o' my business.

"'You got a brindle cat,' I says, 'with a scalded back an' a face like a free fight?' I says.

"'They is a brindle cat bin hangin' round here some,' she says, 'an' I guess that's about the description. You want her?'

"'Not unless it's to bury her,' I says. 'She's hung 'round my place consid'abul lately, an' I bin tryin' t' make her understand she wa'n't jest welcome. She killed my three squirrels that was as smart an' cunnin' as Jedge Hossford himself, an' I wouldn't of took a thousand dollars apiece fer 'em,' I says, 'not ef 't'd bin offered to me on a gold plate weth di'monds.'

"Mis' Miller looked kinder plagued at that, an' I reckoned I better drive it home pretty solid 'fore I let on what I done, so I says:

"'My kids bin grievin' like their ma was dead ever sence, an' I ast Mis' Creston, that's got all them letters after her name, what she thought I better do about it. She 'lowed 'twas up to me, so I took my gun an' filled that brindle cat so full o' number tens it's my solemn conviction she won't set down comf'tabul fer six weeks, er thereabouts,' I says. 'I told Mis' Creston what I done, an' she 'lowed as how that cat was yourn an' 'twas up to you. So I come 'round t'see what you thought.'

"Say, Jim, you jest ou't to seen Sairy Miller. She sot right up in that little chair o' hern, an' them black eyes snapped like they was goin' off.

"'Bud Ellis,' she says, 'you go straight back an' tell that hateful ole thing t'keep her opinions an' her cats to home! She's bin tryin' fer six weeks to give me that brindle cat, an' I hate it! 'Tain't my cat, Bud Ellis, an' never will be.'

He stopped, and Gordon held out another cigar.

"Say, Jim," said Ellis, as he struck a match, "who th' mischief d'you s'pose it's up to now?"

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Mrs. Shaver's Recovery

By George Horton

Author of "Like Another Helen," "In Argolis," etc.

"HOW is Vietty gittin' along?" asked Deacon Shaver, who sat by the kitchen stove, mending a head-stall with a piece of string. "Does she seem to be improvin' any?"

The deacon's voice was becomingly subdued, a very noticeable sign of conjugal concern, as in Wayne County people have a way of shouting at each other in ordinary conversation, even when standing quite close.

The fact is, the deacon was fond, in his way, of the woman who lay sick in the room upstairs. It was his religious duty to cling to her, as he read the Scriptures, and he was a conscientious man; besides, she made such bread as neither his first wife nor his mother had been able to approach, and she had a most soothing way of anointing his back with liniment during the attacks of lumbago to which he was subject.

"She ain't gittin' along at all," replied Elizabeth Baines, the sick woman's sister. "She's lost her will power. She's begun to think she's agoin' to die, and if she once gits that idee fixed in her head, all the doctors in creation can't save her. She's that set."

The deacon made no reply, but sighed heavily. His was a dominant personality, that bent all wills to its own, and whose watchword was "punctooality." His impulse now was to go in and lecture his wife on her unchristian mental attitude, but he remembered that the doctor had cautioned him against exciting her, so he passed out, remarking mechanically, as he opened the door, "Wall, I guess we'll have a spell o' weather."

The doctor came late in the afternoon and announced, as a result of his call, "She's a very sick woman, but I could save her yet, if she would only help me a little. She seems to have lost all interest in earthly affairs. You must cheer her up, Mrs. Baines, get her interested in something or shake her up in some way, or all the medicine in the world won't save her."

"I do believe, Viet," said Elizabeth, when she found herself alone with her sister again, "that you've got somethin' on your mind, the way you foller me around with your eyes. There's somethin' bearin' down onto you. Perhaps if you'd git it off, you'd feel better."

"I sha'n't never feel better; my stummick's all gone to pot and my heart's gone with it. I'm just petered out and my time's come; but there *is* somethin' I'm thinkin' about, Lib, an' if you 'll set down here a minute, I'll tell you about it."

Elizabeth complied.

"Mebbe you'll think I'm foolish," said Mrs. Shaver, as her sister bent close, "but here in my last few hours I'm thinkin' a good deal about Connie——"

"Connie?"

"Yes, Connie Caruthers, my first husband. Who else should I mean?"

"For the land's sake, Et, he died more'n thirty year ago. I'd most forgot there ever was sech a man."

The big blue eyes of the sick woman overflowed and the thin lips twitched.

"Seems like yesterday that we stood up together to be married. He had brown hair, thick and soft, and cheeks as red as a rose. I—I—he took me to a dance once."

"Viet Shaver! You don't mean to say that you went to dances?" Here, no doubt, was the confession, and it was bad indeed.

"Yes, I did," cried the sick woman, "an' I glory in it. The only real happiness I ever had in life was them two years I lived with Connie. He wa'n't so very pious, mebbe, though I never seen as he done anything very bad, but he was more human-like than other folks an'—an'—he had thick, brown hair an' red cheeks an' I was young, too."

"Well, don' worry too much about the dancin', Viet. Folks have done worse things than that an' gone to heaven, too."

"It ain't that that's on my mind. It's somethin' else. It's about that monument I put up over Connie. I got a good deal of comfort out o' that, an' I never begretched the money. Hain't it neat? A big bulken pillar with a pall threw over it an' four tassels hangin' down,

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an' my name an' hiz'n together on the stone. I can see it now when I shet my eyes: Cornelius G. Caruthers, born July 17, 1844, died December 9, 1868, and Vietta Caruthers, wife of the above, born June 10, 1850, died —, the place for my death bein' left blank. I thought that after I was dead, his name an' mine would be there together forever. Then Mumford an' I got married an' moved out to Marshall, Michigan. I—I was lonely an' it's hard for a woman, when she hain't got propputty, an' anyhow, in heaven, there ain't no marryin' nor givin' in marriage."

"Hadn't ye better rest awhile now, Viet? You're gittin' yourself all worked up."

"I'll feel better 'f I ease my mind. Well, Mumph, he was ailin', an' he got a notion he'd like to see where he was goin' to lay, so what does he do but buy a burial lot in Marshall and erect a monument—a taperin' thing, a Cleopatry's needle, he called it, an' he had both our names put on it, leavin' the spaces for the deaths empty. Well, he died, an' I buried him, an' there I am with him, too, stuck up on that there tombstone. Lib, it didn't seem's if I could stand that. I used to jest itch to go around there some night with a hammer'n chisel an' peck my name off'n there. How'm I ever goin' to meet Connie, after allowin' sech disrespec' to him?"

"Seems to me you're worryin' yourself to death over nothin', Viet. I don't believe them that's passed over cares anything about sech things."

"Well, I'm glad it's out in Michigan, anyhow, so's the neighbors can't see it an' laugh about it."

That same evening the deacon went in to comfort his wife.

"Vietty," he said, seating himself by the bed, "I can't believe the good Lord is goin' to lay His hand so heavy upon me as to take you from me. If it be His good pleasure, I trust He will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. How be you a-feelin' to-night?"

"I ain't feelin' no better, Lush. I don't believe I'm goin' to git well."

"Wall, I ain't goin' to give you up yit. I ain't got through wrastlin' with the Almighty for ye. I believe in the efficacy of pra'ar, Vietty." And he did, with simple, sturdy, old-fashioned faith. "But," he continued, "death is a certainty for all of us, and seemly and fit preparation should be made for it. All flesh is grass. I've been orderin' a monument for us—for you an' me, Vietty, an' I thought you'd like to hear about it."

The sick woman was staring at the deacon as though fascinated and there was a frightened look in the big, watery eyes.

"I've spared no expense, Vietty. It's a square monument, with two turtle-doves on top, representin' you an' me. On the side will be a scroll, half unrolled, with our names on it, and the date of birth. The deaths can be filled in whenever the Lord sees fit to call one of us away. There won't be a puttier tombstone in Port Byron." The deacon turned to walk away, but paused to ask, solicitously, "Perhaps you'd prefer cheerubs to turtle-doves?"

"No! No!" replied Mrs. Shaver, hoarsely, "turtle-doves'll do!"

Later, when Mrs. Baines entered the room, she found the patient sitting up, holding the two arms of her chair grimly, her mouth compressed to a straight, white line of determination.

"Fer the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "You git right back into bed, Et Shaver. Hev you gone out of your wits?"

"I hain't goin' to git back into that bed. I'm goin' to git well, an'," she muttered, grimly, "I'm goin' to outlive Old Shaver. He may erect monuments, but others can take 'em down. I hain't goin' to be distributed all over this here whole country on tombstones!"

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The Heart Confessions of a Nurse-Girl

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

I

TUESDAY

I DON'T like Mrs. Mitchell's ways a-tall,
She fairly snaps my head off night and day,
And then she is so sweet to folks that call
You'd think that she was always that-a-way.
If I should go sometime and tell 'em all
Just how she acts I wonder what they'd say?

The baby's eyes, just like his pa's, are blue—
Guy Alexander Mitchell is his name,
And one time when I called him "Alec"—whew!—
His ma took on that hard it was a shame.
That's how she treats me everything I do,
And come no matter what, why I'm to blame.

At supper yesterday the footman, Sam,
He called me "Nellie," so I spoke up strong
And said that men, I thought, was all a sham,
And some should learn the place where they belong.
He went off whistling gentle as a lamb,
And "Nellie Was a Lady" was the song.

I took a novel with me to my room
And read about Sir Charles and Guinevere,
And how he saved her from an awful doom
And didn't have no meanness nor no fear,
And how they made a lovely bride and groom
And lived inside a castle by a mere.

I don't know what a mere is, but I know
I wisht that Charlie was like that ideel
To rush and save me ev'ry place I go
And always be so noble and genteel;
And then I cried because I liked him so—
I hope he doesn't guess how bad I feel!

WEDNESDAY

I sat at the window this morning at eight,
And put down the sash with a slam,
For I saw, making eyes at me down at the gate,
The footman, that impudent Sam.

I held little Alec, a-washing his hands
And sponging his face for the day.
I hadn't no time for flirtation, good lands!
Some folks has to work for their pay.

He came to the nursery nice and polite
And says with a bow and a cough,
"I wanted to ask, Miss—that is if I might—
If you don't get your Saturdays off?"

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SAM

"Well, maybe I don't, Sir, and maybe I do,
And maybe again I won't say.
If I'll be at leisure what is it to you
That you should be asking me, pray?"

I saw by the way he looked down at the floor
That I'd squashed all his spirits out flat,
Says he, "Oh, I guess I won't come any more
If you're going to treat me like that."

I felt kind of sorry for what I had done
So I managed to pass by his way
The time I took Alec out-doors for the sun,
And stopped long enough just to say:

"Now what if I *should* have my Saturdays free
And nothing to do, as you say?
I'd just as soon tell you—it's nothing to me—
Perhaps I'll be off for that day."

The footman, he said, as I opened the gate,
"Of course it depends on the weather—
I thought if you hadn't got no other date
We might go to Coney together."

"Oh, maybe I will and then maybe I won't,"
I says, and I couldn't tell why,
"But *if* I ain't with you I hope that you don't
Feel sad and dejected," I say-d I.

THURSDAY

I wisht I was—now let me see—
A lady rich and great
What hired a nurse-girl just like me
And drove each day in state.

I wouldn't sit alone, I guess,
Among my silks and furs
Like Mrs. Mitchell—selfishness!—
Lolls back in pride on hers.

I'd take the nurse-girl out with me
And let her have the air,
With Alexander on her knee—
I guess nobody'd care.

I'd talk with her about her folks,
And as our carriage rolled,
I'd laugh with her and tell her jokes
And act as good as gold.

I'd drive with her where all could see
'Till by and by I'd find
The people was a-saying "Gee!
Ain't Mrs. Mitchell kind!"

. . . . . .

But 'stid of that she'll scold and fret
Until I hold my breath,
And say, "Now mind if you forget
My child will freeze to death."

ANNIE BELL MURPHY

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And, "Nellie, it's your carelessness
That's hurt my precious lamb!"
And all that I can say is, "Yes,
I'm awful sorry, ma'am."

And that is why I wisht that I
Could join the social whirl
Just long enough to glorify
One good, hard-working girl.

FRIDAY MORNING

In the Park I met Annie Bell Murphy
A-trundling the Stanleys' blond kid,
So I asked if she ever had heart-throbs
And she said she most certainly did ;
And she added that any real lady
Got lonesome and fluttered and pined
For a serious gentleman caller
Who'd always be nice and refined.

Then we left the two babies a-sleeping
Out under the shade of a tree,
And we sat there conversing and talking,
Real confident, knee pressed to knee.
Then I up and told about Charlie—
The beautiful nature he had,
But we couldn't get on without spatting,
And Annie said that was too bad.

So Annie (she's pretty near forty
And weighs most two hundred at that),
Gave a sigh, most too sweet and romantic
For a lady so rosy and fat,

NELLIE

And she told of a feller named Dawson
That she could have any old day—
While I listened without even laughing
A-waiting to have my own say.

Then I told her how Charlie was fickle—
I knew that he flirted with Bess,
And it made me so nice and unhappy
I clean forgot Alec, I guess.
For the next thing I knew it was noontime
And me late an hour, or worse,
And I noticed that Alec was peevish
And howling like mad for his nurse.

So I just grabbed the buggy like lightning
And struck off for home down the path,
And when I got there Mrs. Mitchell
Was breathing out fire in her wrath.
With a look at the child in the buggy
She staggered as if she would fall,
Yelling, "What have you done with my baby?
This isn't my infant at all!"

II

FRIDAY NOON

The baby lay there sweet and nice,
While Mrs. Mitchell fainted twice
And sobbed and shrieked out shrill and wild,
"That horrid girl has lost my child!"

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Of all the things beneath the sun,
Oh, goodness me, what *had* I done?
I'd took her child and brought a kid
She didn't know—that's what I'd did.

I stood there dazzled and surprised,
Then all to oncst I recognized
The stranger baby by his hair—
'Twas Stanley's kid a-laying there.

I sort of gasped, and then I knew
That me and Ann had mixed the two;
But where in Brooklyn or New York,
Could someone tell, did Annie work?

A-leaving Mrs. Mitchell stark,
In bad high-stericks, toward the Park
I flew, my apron-strings untied,
My cap a-hanging to one side.

And folks I saw a-passing by
I stopped and asked 'em on the fly
If they had seen a stoutish maid
What had a child she wished to trade.

At last I came acrost the tree
Where Annie Murphy'd talked to me,
But didn't see a hide nor hair
Of Ann or Alec anywhere.

But walking straighter than a lath
Was Charlie coming down the path—
My heart gave such a jump!—for he
Had gone for most a year with me.

We stood, not knowing what to do—
I guess he was embarrassed too—
Then, like a great big baby, I
Just wilted and began to cry.

Then Charlie said he loved me so
And simply *couldn't* let me go;
And then I told how I was fixed
By getting both the babies mixed.

I guess that Charlie would have smiled,
But I was taking on so wild.
"Cheer up!" he said, "we'll search the woods.
I guess we can exchange the goods."

And so we sallied forth to look,
Like high-toned heroes in a book,
Like grand Sir Charles and Guinevere
Who lived together by a mere.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

So me and Charlie chased around
Through every driveway, path, and ground.
To find the nurse that must be found;
And that was Annie Murphy.

And pretty soon we chanced to see
A Park policeman by a tree,
So Charlie up and said that we
Was hunting Annie Murphy.

The cop he blushed as bright as flame
(It seems that Dawson was his name,
And I remembered that the same
Was courting Annie Murphy).

He says, "Oh, Annie! sure, I know—
I saw her half an hour ago.
She had some stranger's kid in tow—
Ain't that like Annie Murphy?"

We three went on, and didn't waste
No time in talk, but off we chased
And fast as auty-mobiles raced
In search of Annie Murphy.

And pretty soon we chanced to see
A fat and weeping nurse, and she
Was holding Alec on her knee—
And it was Annie Murphy!

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—LATER

When Ann learned where her baby was
She looked so glad and jolly,
You *should* have seen her waddle—laws!—
To catch an up-town trolley.

And Alec was that cute and small
And didn't show no dander;
A nurse-girl more or less was all
The same to Alexander.

And so with Alec safe and sound
We started home together.
My feet they scarcely touched the ground,
My heart was like a feather.

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Then Charlie says, "Oh, please go slow!"
(I did, although I oughtn't.)
"I've got some news to tell you—oh,
It's awfully important."

"Oh, is that so?" I answered low—
His eyes were all a glisten,
And something in the way he spoke
Just simply *made* me listen.

He said that he had gone to work
On Broadway for a new house,
And made swell wages as a clerk
At Smith & Thompson's Shoe House.

He cried, "Please, Nellie, say the word
To make my sad heart cheerful"—
Just then an awful thing occurred
That scared me something fearful.

FRIDAY EVENING

All to onct the mad gallop of horses
Just clattered and spattered and tore,
And I saw 'twas the Mitchells' own carriage
That ripped down the road with a roar.

Mrs. Mitchell sat there with her husband,
And both was as white as a sheet,
And the horses was sweating and foaming—
My goodness alive! they was beat.

And the lady cried, "*There* is my baby,
My own Alexander—look *there!*"
And she jumped from the cushions so sudden
That the side-combs fell out of her hair.

And the father he cuddled up Alec,
And the mother she cuddled him, too,
And the scene was that sweet and affecting
I couldn't restrain a boo-hoo.

Then the mother she hollered, "Young woman,
This closes your service with me.
Don't you ask for a reference, either,
You horrid—kidnapper!" says she.

And as off they all drove in the carriage,
The footman smiled down from the box,
And I saw him wink twice to the coachman,
As quiet and sly—the old fox!

SATURDAY MORNING

This morning, as happy as happy could be,
To Mitchell's I went for my pay;
I didn't feel sorry, for Charlie and me
Expect to be married to-day.

And who should I meet on the nursery stairs,
As humble and meek as a lamb,
But him who was yesterday putting on airs,
The footman, that impudent Sam.

He whispered, "Say, Nellie, it's getting quite late—
Just look at the beautiful weather!
I hope that you haven't forgotten our date
To go out to Coney together."

"Oh, maybe I will, and then maybe I won't,"
I says, and I clearly knew why,
"But *if* I ain't with you I hope that you don't
Feel sad and dejected," says I.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE strongest part of Mr. Roosevelt's Message is his review of the Isthmus Canal question, his plea for the treaty with the new Republic of Panama, and his rather strenuous but effective defence of his recognition of that Republic. Fifty-three revolutions in fifty-seven years are reasonably sufficient evidence of the desire of Panama to be free from Colombia and of the impotence of the latter to keep order on the Isthmus. Equally interesting is his account of what the Department of Commerce and Labor and the Bureau of Corporations have been doing for the supervision of great corporations. Possibly the majority of moderate men, irrespective of politics, will agree with the President in believing that "we need not be over-sensitive about the welfare of corporations which shrink from the light." He warns Congress that the surplus revenue is dwindling, but the pill is coated with the observation that "we cannot afford to be parsimonious." No danger of that. As to the tariff and the currency, Mr. Roosevelt seems to be a "stand-patter."

THE YEAR OF SUBSIDING WATER

1903 will not be remembered gratefully in Wall Street. Many monstrous swollen paper fortunes had to take heroic treatment for their dropsy. Even reputable and valuable securities and enterprises had to suffer. But most of the pinching and the hardest of it was felt by those who could afford or deserved it. Many honest small investors, tampering with essentially speculative stocks or duped by great financial names, bought high two or three or four years ago, only to sell low or to find their purchases sadly reduced in value in 1903. But for the most part legitimate business was safe. Those of us who had our fingers burnt will probably do the same thing again when we get the chance. "Boom" and "slump," "slump" and "boom": such is all financial and commercial history. A "panic" every so many years; then the recovery; then over-stimulation, and panic again. Fortunately this was not a general trade panic, though that is sure to come in its due time; this was only a panic of speculators and promoters and rich men who wanted the earth for nothing. Bury the dead, cart off the cripples! But it is too much to expect that even the sorely wounded in the Wall Street wars will ever discover that the only safe way of getting money is to work for it. Look at the burglars and thieves. What ingenious industry they display, and State prison is about all they have to show for it. Look at the hundreds of thousands, the millions, who "play" Wall Street or the races; and what have ninety-nine and a half per cent. of them got to show for it?

THE THIMBLERIGGERS

THE small investor should be content with small interest. The safety of the principal should be his first care. All of us know that we are ready to throw a brick at the old bore and wiseacre who repeats the good advice; and most of us will go wild-catting every time we "have the price." For the present we are going to be good. The water has been pumped out of the great trusts, before whose makers the American public was grovelling in admiration a couple of years ago. The great trusts, they came like water and like wind they go. The methods by which these trust-builders proceed are familiar, for the present. Their high standards of commercial morality are known. For the present, the country is virtuous; and financial "shell games" will not work. But the thimbleriggers have longer memories than their victims. "Another Vanderbilt baby"; "ten billions at a funeral"; with such head-lines do the newspapers show their intimate knowledge of their readers. From start to finish, Success is the thing, and Success is Money. The Get-Rich-Quick schemes, whether they are listed in the Stock Exchange or less respectably recommended, will never lack custom-

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ers long. 1903 was the headache; but the "drunk" will be repeated.

THE WANT UNFILLED

A REPORT of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that about 210,000 miles of railroad are in operation in the United States. And where, on any of them, is there a sleeping-car in which the man of distinguished inches may stretch his full length?

THE ACCOMPLISHED FACT

IT is useless to make crooked faces over the course of the Administration in reference to Colombia and Panama. The incident is closed. The country accepts the result. It is no fault of the Administration, and no concern of reasonable men not eager to split hairs, that the United States assisted the Panama revolutionists when it interfered to protect the freedom of traffic on the Panama Railroad, as it was bound to interfere, by the treaty of 1846, with New Granada. It had to interfere. An incidental result was the independence of Panama, which has been independent before, more than once, and will now remain so. When did it become the duty of the United States to guarantee the integrity of a South American state, not against foreign powers but against internal revolutions? There would be little else for the United States to do, if it went into that business. But all this is history three months old; and to prate about it or to kick about it is as timely and practical as to grow excited over the Trojan War. Panama is independent. She has signed a canal treaty with the United States. The Colombian blackmailers have overreached themselves. The United States is going to build, fortify, and protect the canal, and all the wind of all the orators and all the superfine moralists, who are never satisfied with the proceedings and methods of the United States, blows for naught.

THE WAR IN COLORADO

SOMETHING in the wonderful Colorado air seeks to make tempers keener and fill the veins with fight. Colorado is the stormiest storm-centre of strikes, and 1903 was perhaps its stormiest year of strikes. Coal strikes and metal strikes; war for the eight-hour law; the Western Federation of Miners against the operators; little vehement protests with dynamite; non-union men working in Cripple Creek under the protection of the militia; martial law in the remote Telluride district; civil and military authorities conflicting; militia officers quarrelling among themselves; editors silenced; the Governor appealing to the President in vain, but always resolutely trying to keep order in the State; "politics" meanly mixed up in all the disturbances—it was a lively year for Colorado. Of the exact rights and wrongs of all this strange, eventful history, it is wiser, at this distance, and with imperfect or confused accounts, to say nothing.

IN THIS INACCURATE WORLD

FOR the purpose of illustrating the difficulties of evidence, Professor von Liszt, of Berlin, arranged with two of his pupils to pretend a quarrel, consisting of hot words, a walking-stick, and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges. The quarrel came off in the presence of twenty other young men, all "highly educated," who were not in the secret. No two of the twenty agreed exactly as to the cause of the quarrel. Eight different answers were given to the question: Who began the quarrel? And yet people read history!

DREYFUS

THE world has no right to be weary of the Dreyfus case until justice has been done. Twice last year Dreyfus petitioned for a revision of the sentence of the Rennes court-martial. His first application failed in the French Cabinet, although the Minister of War, General André, had declared in the Chamber of Deputies, that the Government was ready to make inquiry. Last December Mr. Vallé, the Minister of Justice, decided to refer Dreyfus's request and some matters of fact and papers relating thereto to a commission of revision composed, as the law requires, of three Judges of the Court of Cassation and three officials of the Ministry of Justice. A Protestant, a Catholic, and a Jew Judge were selected as the three Judges. The Minister may overrule the report of the commission. His granting Dreyfus's petition seems to indicate that he is willing that the sentence should be revised. For the honor of the French Army and the French

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nation, disgraced by perjury, forgery, and suppression of sentence committed by certain officers, it is to be desired that the judicial inquiry may go to the bottom of this miserable business, and that the nationalists, anti-Semites, "patriots," and so forth will not be more than usually crazy until the truth is established.

THE ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM.

FOOTBALL is the greatest event in history. We must humbly admit that. The greatest football players are the greatest men in the world. Who, then, were the greatest men in the world in 1903? Various temples of fame have been built. Mr. Charles Chadwick, an expert, selects "an All-American Eleven" composed of Rafferty, Hogan, Rockwell, Mitchell, and Metcalf, of Yale, De Witt and Henry, of Princeton, A. Marshall and Schoelkopf, of Harvard, Thorpe, of Columbia, and Hooper, of Dartmouth. Everybody to his taste, and Rafferty, Hogan, and De Witt would be pretty sure to get into an All-American Eleven. But an All-Eastern Eleven is not an All-American Eleven. How long will it take the East to find out that some of the greatest universities in the country are in the West? Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Chicago, Northwestern, California, to mention only a few, exceed most Eastern universities in numbers and are their equals and rivals in study and in sport. If some competent person will select a real All-American Eleven, it might at least serve to remind some of our Eastern friends that there is a pretty likely country, and a good stretch of it, to the westward.

THE NAVY

IN his annual report Rear-Admiral Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, recommends a general staff for the Navy; an increase of cruisers on the Caribbean station to eight, five of the Olympia type, improved, and three light-draught vessels for river work; six new cruisers for the European station, and for the Asiatic station six cruisers, four "scout cruisers," and, for immediate use, two small gunboats or large launches to be used in Chinese rivers where the present gunboats cannot go. He concurs with Admiral Evans in desiring to make Olongapo, Subig Bay, the chief naval station in the Philippines. In short, "more ships and more men" is his cry. The Navy, always popular, has been especially so since the Spanish war. There seems to be a general willingness to make liberal appropriations for it. Considering the rank of the United States as a power, and the somewhat peremptory and free-handed way in which it slashes into international matters, either its Navy is much too small or its "bluff" much too large. In the Caribbean Sea, which must be regarded as a sort of American lake henceforth, the American sea-power should be pre-eminently strong. In the protection of Cuba, of the Panama Canal, and of the ever-fertile Monroe Doctrine, there may be plenty to do. There must be the naval strength to do it. In Asia the occasions may be less numerous, but American interests there are growing. The United States seems to have determined to exert an influence in the East. It will make itself ridiculous if it has not an adequate navy behind it.

THE DEMOCRATS MORE HOPEFUL

WHATEVER be the causes, the Democrats have been plucking up heart in the last month or two. They feel that the Democracy is to have some sort of a chance this year. In 1896 and 1900 their case was hopeless. With a new candidate, whoever he may be, and a new platform, why should they not be tolerably united and make a pretty fight? In spite of Mr. Roosevelt's great popularity, he has made many enemies, as any Administration must. New York is good fighting-ground again. Odellites and Plattites do not dwell together in unity. It is clear from a reading of the Democratic newspapers in all parts of the country that there is a revival of Democratic hopefulness. The promised land of power and offices looms brightly before many Democratic eyes Who shall the Joshua be?

THE PARSON'S WIFE

BISHOP HUNTINGTON, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, diocese of Central New York, is an old man and a wise one; but even from his lips these words may seem a little strange to many of us: "More than one pastor has been displaced, more than one ministry sacrificed by the 'dressy,' pleasure-seeking, or silly partner of a diligent pastor." More than one? Very like. Not all the

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ministers' wives can be perfect, but it is hardly fair to dwell on the imperfections of a few. There come to the mind's eye so many pictures and memories of parsons' wives who raised large families, who patched, washed, darned, scrubbed, mended, cooked; kept the brood in order, educated it; sent boys and girls to college and stinted themselves to do it; kept their husbands well fed, contented; took an active part in all sorts of church, Sunday-school, charitable, educational, social work and play; snatched time to read, too; submitted meekly to be "bossed" by divers "influential" maids and matrons, and miscellaneous bores; and kept sweet, helpful, patient, sunny through life. Their works do follow them! The ministers' wives were, are, and ever shall be all right.

HERBERT SPENCER

PHILOSOPHICAL systems have their day and go to the lumber-room. Much of the laborious theories of Herbert Spencer is already doubtful or antiquated; and in the great collection of facts in whose preparation he directed a syndicate of assistants there are many arbitrary omissions and selections. But he had a high and honorable part in defending, illustrating, and broadening the hypothesis of evolution. He spent a long life in austere and pecuniarily unprofitable studies; and his name, so long obscure at home and first appreciated in the United States, is the last great name of the Victorian age.

THE ISLAND OF REVOLUTIONS

SAN DOMINGO, happy isle, revolution's favorite "sile"; what a pang we all must feel! Woz has vanished—Woz y Gil! This statesman personally conducted a revolution against President Vasquez last spring. By December President Woz y Gil was glad to get aboard a ship and sail for Porto Rico. He had rather a long lease of power for a Dominican President. A foreign warship is the inevitable asylum of Presidents of that noble "republic." They usually have a fat treasure-chest with them. They go to Paris and ornament the terraces of the cafés. General Jiminez led one revolution against Woz y Gil. Jiminez began operations in Monte Cristo, an auspicious name for an aspiring Dominican politician. There were two other revolutions in the island at the same time. San Domingo is fertile. A new crop of presidents, soon to become fugitives, may be looked for. The ingenuous plan of repudiating the pecuniary obligations incurred by a previous government has been proposed in San Domingo. So much less is left for "swag" if these obligations have to be assumed. But Santo Domingo will have to be content with changing rulers every few months and let international law stand as it is.

WHY HE WAS STRONG

MR. CLEVELAND'S refusal to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President was positive and peremptory enough. That it has by no means been accepted as final by all his admirers is no impugnment of its evident sincerity, but a great compliment, however unsatisfactory to him. It might be worth the while for politicians to consider Mr. Cleveland's case. Why was there so loud and strong a call for him? Why were so many persons, why are so many persons ready to kick "the third term tradition" into a cocked hat for the sake of a man who never "put himself out" to make friends, who seemed to have a talent for making enemies, who has nothing "magnetic" about him, and who, according to all doctrines of probability, ought to be an unregarded "has been" or lay-figure?

Because people, whether they like Mr. Cleveland or hate him, know that he is a man of character and courage, who tries to do the thing which he believes to be right. Whether it was the Sherman Silver Act to be repealed, or Great Britain to be sent to the right-about in Venezuela, or riot to be squelched in Chicago, the "old man" in the White House banged away, regardless of consequences. Sometimes he made the Democrats frantic; sometimes the Mugwumps, once his especial champions; most times the Republicans, and all times the politicians.

WHY?

THE annual export of manufactures from the United States, Canada, Australia, Japan, Brazil, Argentina, and Europe outside of Turkey and the Balkan regions, amounts to just about a round four billions. Of this the United Kingdom had, in 1902, $1,141,131,000, or nearly one-fourth. Germany had

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(1901) $824,051,000, or nearly one-fifth. France had (1902) $508,803,000, or nearly one-eighth. And the United States, in spite of the enormous development of its manufacturing system, had (1902) only $403,631,000, or a little more than a tenth. Why is the United States so much behind its rivals? To be sure, the domestic market is enormous, but it is far from large enough to keep the factories going all the time. "We must have the foreign markets," the manufacturers say; and they must. If they cannot dispose of their surplus product abroad, they must "shut down" their factories from time to time. Steady labor for the factory hands at home is dependent in many cases upon the marketing of this surplus. Great Britain has a long but slowly declining preeminence in this trade. But the United States ought to be ahead of France and at least abreast with Germany. Why is it not?

THE REJECTION OF ISABELLA

ISABELLA GONZALEZ, a native of Porto Rico, was not allowed to come into the United States. The Immigration Commissioner of the Port of New York ruled that she was an alien. She brought suit against him. In deciding that suit the Supreme Court of the United States will decide the status of the natives of the annexed Spanish possessions who were living in them at the time of annexation. Meanwhile an effort is being made in Congress to pass a bill providing for the naturalization of natives of Porto Rico. It is a curious state of affairs when immigrants from territory under the control of the United States are refused privileges granted with more than generosity to millions of other foreigners.

THE MEAT AND THE POISON

LAST December cotton reached the highest price known in twenty years, a gain of nearly four cents over the price at the same time in 1902. Successive short crops and the practical exhaustion of the world's reserve supply caused the rise. The foreign spinners have to buy American cotton at high figures. To the South, the advance means millions. In the New England cotton manufacturing towns there is a depression which is the other side of the Southern prosperity. The good fortune of the South is the evil fortune of the cotton factory operatives. Some mills have closed. The pay of some 50,000 hands has been cut down. The greatest demand for cotton cloths comes from poor people, and it is out of the question for the manufacturers to increase the price of the product in proportion to the increase in the cost of the raw material. And so one man's meat is another man's poison.

THE COST OF LIVING

EVERY pocket knows its own bitterness. According to the statistics of the Department of Labor, which got its figures from 2,567 families with an average income of $827.19, and an average expenditure of $768.54, the cost of living in 1902, when it was highest, was 16.1 per cent. more than in 1896, when it was lowest. Average wages have accommodatingly increased by just that 16.1 per cent.; in some cases by more. The Employers' Association of Chicago estimates that the cost of living increased by 16.8 per cent. from 1898 to 1903. Various newspapers and independent observers have guessed a much higher increase of cost, even more than double. Statistics are arrant liars, and in figures there is no comfort. Ask your wife how the household bills for groceries, and meat, and so on, in the last two years compare with those of 1896. If she doesn't say that they have gone up from forty to fifty per cent., you are a mighty lucky man. Wages may or may not have gone up sixteen per cent. Salaries have not gone up at all.

FARMERS AND THE BALANCE OF TRADE

FIGURES are dull fellows usually, but once in a while you see some that look positively bright. In his last annual report the Secretary of Agriculture shows that in the thirteen years 1890-1902 inclusive the annual excess of all domestic exports over imports averaged $275,000,000. In the same time the annual average in favor of farm products was $337,000,000. That is, there was an annual average adverse balance of trade in other than farm products of $62,000,000. This the farmers made good, "and had left $275,000,000 to the credit of themselves and the country." In the year ending June 30, 1903, the excess of the value of domestic exports over imports was $367,000,000.

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and the excess of farm products was $422,000,000. The farmers not only offset an adverse balance of $56,000,000 in other than farm products, but they made a favorable balance of $367,000,000. In the last fourteen years the farmers wiped out an adverse balance of $865,000,000, and placed $3,940,000,000 to the "credit of the nation." Rather striking figures. They remind us, if we need to be reminded, that this is a great farming country. As Secretary Wilson says, "It is the farmers who have paid the foreign bondholders."

SENATE ALDRICH

THE Constitution does not provide that the United States Senate shall consist of the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island. Yet, apparently, he is the Senate. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, a gentleman who regards himself as "some pumpkins" in the Senate, desired to "bring up a little matter." Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, said quietly that he understood that there was an agreement in the Senate not to consider, until a certain date, anything except Cuban reciprocity and unconfirmed nominations. Mr. Lodge expressed his surprise. Mr. Teller, of Colorado, informed the Senate that such an agreement had been made by the senior Senator from Rhode Island. The junior Senator from Massachusetts subsided. Allison kept as quiet as if he were doing his traditional feat of walking on eggs from Washington to Iowa without breaking an egg. All the great men subsided. Aldrich, vast, mountainous, ruled a flat county. However it came about, he was the Senate.

MUST THE TRAMP "GO"?

Loafing is my occupation,
Thirst it gives me many a cramp;
Work and I are no relation,
I am a Pennsylvania tramp.

THIS stanza, found in a freight-shed some twenty years ago, describes succinctly a great profession—the Sons of Rest. Organized charity and the railroad companies are going to drive them out of business. The railroads are the lines of communication of the tramp armies. The railroad managers are to cut them off from those lines. The mendicancy police of the organized charities societies will isolate them in cities. Aged and infirm tramps will find a home in the almshouses. Healthy tramps will have to work or die. Boy tramps, each one of whom is virtually the slave and victim of an older tramp who trains him in the sorry business, will be reformed if they can be; but the task is hard. By the application of the Bertillon system to tramps, the record and description of everybody arrested for mendicancy are known to the charity organization societies. A fruitful source of crime and terrorism, especially in the country districts, will be shut off if this work of the united charities and railroads is successful. Loafers and shirks and "fakers," cumberers of the ground and preyers upon society, there must always be in some measure. The tramp nuisance had become intolerable. At last there is a thoroughly planned, scientific, and permanent system for abating it.

THE CHINESE ARMY

THAT amiable lady, the Empress Dowager of China, has decided that the Chinese Army must be improved. Therefore, she has issued an edict establishing a grand central bureau, which is to furnish uniform military instruction throughout the Empire. No doubt the Empress's intentions are excellent, but they are not likely to be carried out. China has an immense population capable of bearing arms; and with modern weapons and drill, it might make the "yellow peril" a reality. But the habits and customs of thousands of years are not to be changed rapidly. The irresistible inertia of Chinese conservatism is not to be overcome by edicts. The Chinese Emperors put forth edicts, about as practicable, against eclipses and inundations. The Chinese soldier can live on next to nothing, but he is most at home with bows and arrows as his weapons; and rain stops his campaigning. For really he cannot permit his paper soles to get wet.

THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

THE frauds in the postal service, so far as they were revealed by the investigation made by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, don't amount to much. Fourteen Post Office employees out of one hundred and sixty thousand are accused. Some nineteen or twenty persons not employed in the

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Post Office Department are accused of being accomplices. Fair trial for all; punishment for those found guilty! Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation that the statute of limitations be amended so as not to protect Government officials from prosecution within five years, instead of three, after the wrong-doing, as at present, ought to be carried out by Congress.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE

SINCE the beginning of the called session of Congress last November, John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, has made his way into public respect and the confidence of his party about as rapidly as it is given to a public man to do. The place of minority leader is as difficult as it is important. To fill it with even tolerable success requires a combination of knowlege, alert intelligence, tact, and good temper. Some men of very high abilities—for example, Mr. Bailey, now a distinguished member of the Senate—have not had it. Mr. Williams understands the House. He knows just how to deal with it. It appreciates and likes him. He is never tedious. He is always good-humored and often witty. He can say a good deal without talking too much. He is thoroughly grounded in parliamentary practice and political history. He knows when to take up a thing and when to leave it alone. He seldom misses a point. Few men in the House have had so various and thorough an education; but that would not pull him through were he not as pleasant as he is clever. He made a great stroke by persuading almost all the Democratic Representatives to vote for Cuban reciprocity. "This is in line with the general Democratic policy of tariff reform," the Democrats will be able to say. In John Sharp Williams the Democratic Party in the House have an admirable leader.

POST CHECKS

IT takes some time and money to get postal orders and have letters registered, and many persons have so little confidence in the registered letter system that they prefer to send money in an unregistered letter. The Post Check, a bill for the introduction of which is now before Congress, would make the transmission of money through the mails much simpler and be a great convenience not only for merchants and others who have a "mail order" business, but for the very great number of persons who do not have a bank account. A Post Office check is a note with a drawer and payee, like a bank check. Many banks would be glad to lose their small accounts, which do not pay the expense of the book-keeping. If the banks would not be injured by post checks, who would be? Surely not the Government, which would more than make good by increased mail order business what it lost on postal orders. And a good many millions of people would find the Post Check an accommodation.

THE REJUVENATED ACADEMY OF DESIGN

NOTHING has been more gratifying during the current art season than a realization of the new and progressive policy inaugurated by that venerable institution, the Acadmy of Design. The abolishing of the usual Evening Reception and the substitution of a Varnishing Day, to which were invited representatives of the Stage, Art, and Society, was an admirable move, and one which will doubtless become as general here as it is in Paris and elsewhere. The Academy's second innovation, that of seeking the co-operation of the Paris Society of American Painters, was an equally felicitous plan, and bids fair to be continued with even more interest during successive years. The Exhibition itself, which is now being held at the Fine Arts Building, is the Academy's seventy-ninth, and ranks above the average in breadth of view and catholicity of choice. Among the most notable canvases is the late Edwin Lord Weeks's "Ispahan," considered by the artist as his best work. On the whole, this is a banner year for the Academy, and those who have long regarded the organization as decrepit will now be forced to readjust their ideas.

SCULPTURE IN AMERICA

IT can no longer be charged that American art is without its chroniclers, for in the handsome series edited by John C. Van Dyke the history of Sculpture, Painting, and Music is being written by men variously qualified to undertake the task. Sculpture, despite the

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fact of its being the youngest art among us, is first in the field, and here receives detailed consideration from the pen of Lorado Taft, himself a sculptor. Mr. Taft, though in earnest, is neither an illuminating critic nor an amiable Vasari, and his narrative of the rise and development of plastic art in America has few beguiling features. While in the main he has indicated the periods correctly, and has treated the chief men in just proportion, his text is slipshod and shows little regard for the claims of an even passable literary style. The story of American sculpture, from the wax figures of Mistress Patience Wright, of Bordentown, to the latest decorative work for the St. Louis Exposition, is more absorbing than Mr. Taft seems able to express, in spite of his fluent nationalism. His book is good, but by no means final.

THE ART OF HOMER MARTIN

THOSE jealous for the increasing fame of American art must have heartily endorsed the exhibition of paintings by Homer D. Martin recently on view at the Lotus Club. The display, which was arranged by William T. Evans of the Art Committee, consisted of thirty canvases and showed the painter in a characteristic variety of moods and manners. Without question Martin was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of native landscape painters. His love of nature was genuine, and he expressed this love in every brush-stroke. It is impossible to study his "Westchester Hills," "Adirondack Scenery," "Sun-Worshippers," or even the earlier French series, without feeling the honest poetry and the abiding sincerity of his art. He was not a great colorist, nor a draughtsman of particular felicity, but his pictures breathe the true spirit of field, mountain, or meadow. Martin died without achieving anything like just recognition, and though it was pleasant to see him thus honored in the well-lit gallery of the Lotus Club, the event was not without a touch of pathetic irony.

PITFALLS FOR DONORS

CONSIDERABLE interest as well as novelty attaches to the suit of Mr. Henry R. Towne, executor of the estate of the late John Henry Towne, to bring to account the Trustees of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for having sold at a nominal figure a painting left to the Academy together with the sum of $5,000, on condition and stipulation that the painting be hung in a prominent position and labelled in a specific manner. The painting in question is of definite historic as well as artistic value, being the "Landing of the Norsemen," by Emanuel Leutze, and it is easy to understand Mr. Towne's indignation when he learned of its rejection and subsequent sale for $90 by the Trustees. It appears, however, that Mr. Towne can neither compel the Academy Directors to repurchase the picture nor to respond in damages for what has been done, owing to the fact that the institution's funds may be used only for charitable purposes. If this precedent is to hold good, it will undoubtedly tend to discourage bequests of pictures and articles of similar nature to such institutions.

Music

A RECORD-MAKING SEASON

IT must be recorded of the New York season of 1903-04 that the influence of music is paramount. Never, perhaps, in the history of the metropolis have the box-office returns been more liberal than in this year of financial depression; never before has the concert hall eclipsed in popularity the best output of the theatres.

During the fortnight between November 16th and 29th no less than twenty-five concerts, recitals, oratorio, and opera performances were chronicled, three of which, a Sembrich recital, Philharmonic Society concert, with Colonne conducting, and a Sunday afternoon concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, tested the capacity of Carnegie Hall. At the opera were four notable *débuts:* Herr Mottl, conductor; Caruso, tenor; Olive Fremstad and Edith Walker, contraltos; besides the reappearance of Kraus and Plancon, and the first appearance of Gadski as *Brünhilde*, in "Die Walküre." Add to these the introduction of Monsieur Arbos, the new first violin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; three "farewells" (in one week) by Adelina Patti; recitals by Thibaud, Bispham, and Kelley Cole, and the veriest sceptic must believe that there is light ahead. If New Yorkers are not already a musical people, we are in a fair way to become so.

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AT LAST THE AMERICAN MUSICIAN

It was long the dogmatic custom of the intimates of music to aver that the American temperament lacked those qualities of passion and sympathy without which no musical artist can attain any high degree of excellence. Americans were appreciative critics, might even achieve distinction in composition, but great performers they could never hope to be. Of late years this theory has been disproved over and over again, and never more noticeably than in the present season. Among the half-dozen young violinists who have this autumn forced themselves to the front ranks of their profession no less than four are of American birth. Of the four, three received their musical education abroad. Edwin Grasse, the blind boy who has been playing in New York, and Francis Macmillen, who recently made his *début* in London, are pupils of the famous César Thomson, and Miss Rosa Zamels, who has been touring with Mme. Patti, spent five years under Ysaye at Brussels. Miss Marie Nichols, however, who has created considerable attention in London, received the greater part of her training in Boston. None of these artists is over nineteen years of age, and for all of them the critics predict remarkable careers.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

When it was announced last year that the members of the Kneisel Quartet, Messrs. Kneisel, Schroeder, Svecenski, and Theodorowicz, had severed their connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, considerable apprehension was expressed by the public as to the effect which the withdrawal of these four admirable musicians would have on the performances of the band. As might have been expected, however, the orchestra has demonstrated the fact that it is too strong a body of musicians to be seriously hurt by a few changes in its personnel, important as those changes undoubtedly were. Never has it acquitted itself better under its present conductor than at the first concerts of this season. Somehow one never hears these players without wondering why, with the same instruments placed in the same way, no such results are to be obtained from other woods, winds, and brasses. In spite of the admirable work of Colonne, the wood wind of the New York Philharmonic refused to be heard, and, though Kogel got plenty of noise from his brass, the same old wheeze was all he could extract from the other instruments; whereas the softest notes of Mr. Longy's oboe and Mr. Lebailly's flute are audible through any blare of trumpets or rush of string.

THE LAST WAGNERIAN CONDUCTOR

With Von Bülow, Seidl, and Richter, Herr Mottl, the general musical director and chief conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, is one of the four conductors who received tuition at the hands of Wagner direct, and to whom the mind of the master may be supposed to have been revealed. Von Bülow and Seidl are dead; Richter is an old man with noticeably failing powers of interpretation and direction. Herr Mottl, however, is still in his prime, and, moreover, has never severed his intimate connection with Bayreuth, so America may congratulate itself on the fact that for the next five years it will hear Wagner conducted by the man in all the world in whom the truest tradition reposes. Herr Mottl comes to the Metropolitan Opera House from the Ducal Opera House at Carlsruhe, which had been a mere appendage of the court till he made it famous by revivals of Berlioz's and Glück's forgotten operas. His appearance as a conductor is disappointing. His large round-eyed glasses give him the air of a professor rather than of a musician; and if the results which he gets from his orchestra are admirable, the physical contortions with which he seems to extract, as it were, the tones from the various instruments, are singularly ungraceful.

Books

THE EAST A-CALLING

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else," sings Mr. Kipling. Aquila Kempster, in *The Mark*, also testifies to the magic spell in which the siren voice of the Orient may hold a man:

"This seething oriental life . . . is so curiously suggestive. Of what? Ah, that's where the charm lies, and if you are capable of much analysis the charm has vanished. . . . But if you once let yourself go, yield to the charm of the charmer, there is nothing like it in the whole world. London, Paris, New York—they are like an open

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book which you have learned from end to end, with no secrets, no possibilities of unknown good or evil. . . . But in the East the veil still hangs and is guarded with jealous care. You may draw nigh to it, see curious shadows passing and repassing, perhaps coyly beckoning, catch a soothing, wistful melody, running like a golden thread beneath the drums and tom-toms and the screaming of the viols, and perchance if you are young and strong and fearless—that is to say, if the gods love you and are kind—you may lift a tiny corner of the veil, and catch the shimmer and pulse of things ineffable . . . and henceforward the lotus is your portion, for he whom the East calleth becometh her son forever."

So full of the color, the charm, the mystery of India is *The Mark*, that in its pages even untravelled Western ears catch echoes of the haunting call.

For some years Mr. Kempster has been an artist on the staff of the *New York Journal*, but henceforth he intends to devote himself entirely to literature; an intention fully justified by the unusual merits of this, his first novel.

REAL HUMOR FROM THE PLAINS

THOSE to whom more fascinating than the drowsy, seductive call of the East is the vigorous, breezy summons of the West, will not ask better reading than "Judith of the Plains" affords. From the first page, when the crawling train deposits Miss Carmichael in a sleeping Wyoming "town," to the last, when we reluctantly leave Miss Marie Manning's characters at the Benton Ranch ball, the book is vividly, picturesquely Western—Western in those golden days when steers had "jumped to seventy-five," and the cowboy was at the zenith of his glory. Miss Manning tells of a beef round-up, of a cattle stampede, and of a lynching, in language admirably graphic; and never have the daring courage, the innate chivalry, and the rough wit of the knights of the lariat been more sympathetically portrayed. Less of types than the principals, more entirely the author's own creations are the humorous characters who stray through the story; characters so mirth-compelling that it is difficult to believe they owe their origin to one of the reputedly humorless sex—the fat lady, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Dax, Mrs. Rodney, and, best of all, the nomadic Mrs. Yellet, who brought up her stalwart family of young giants in a sheep-wagon, and who adorned her conversation with aphorisms from an apocryphal "Book of Hiram."

The following are some saws from this work:

"The words of the wise are an expense, but the lovin' parent don't grudge 'em."

"'Tain't always the quality of the grub that confers the flavor, but sometimes the scarcity thereof."

"The lacking, like the dog, may be taught to fetch and carry a book, but to learn it he is unable."

"A skunk may have his good p'ints, but few folks is takin' the risk of waitin' round to get acquainted with 'em."

A CALIFORNIA STORY

CALIFORNIA has seldom been better expressed in fiction than in "To-morrow's Tangle." Geraldine Bonner has embodied the odors and the rains, the spirit of the people, the crudity of San Francisco, and the purity of the Sierras in the girl who was the innocent, brave product of all these, and gives us a novel as fresh and vigorous as a young redwood. Miss Bonner's writings have nearly always dealt with this region, which she knows with the intimacy of deep affection. Some years ago a short story by her, "A Californian," roused loud indignation on the Coast, where there was a tendency to read "typical" into the title, though the young woman portrayed was obviously typical of only one specific element in that variegated community. State-love with Californians is carried to a remarkable—even to an irritating—extent; but one can only be grateful when it results in good and lasting literature.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHILD

"REBECCA of Sunnybrook Farm," aged ten, who has been sent to two well-to-do maiden aunts to be educated, writes to her mother:

"I am in the Sixth Reader, but just because I cannot say the Seven Multiplication Table, Miss Dearborn threttens to put me in the baby Primer class with Elijah and Elisha Simpson, little twins.

Sore is my heart and bent my stubborn pride,
With Lijah and with Lisha am I tied,
My soul recoyls like Cora Doctor's wife,
Like her I feer I cannot bare this life.

"I am going to try for the speling prize, but fear I cannot get it."

Rebecca's sufferings under the aunts' régime may be gathered from the following letter and poem addressed to her brother:

"Dear John—You remember when we tide the new dog in the barn how he bit the rope and howled. I am just like him only the brick house is

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the barn and I can not bite Aunt M. because I must be grate ful and edducation is going to be the making of me and help you pay off the morgage when we grow up. Your loving BECKY."

This house is dark and dull and dreer
No light doth shine from far or near
Its like the tomb.

And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as serrafim
Though not as good.

My guardian angel is asleep
At leest he doth no vigil keep
Ah! woe is me.

Then give me back my lonely farm
Where none alive did wish me harm
Dear home of youth.

Not a very life-like child, this charming Rebecca—distinctly a child seen through the mentality of a grown-up person—but it is for grown-up people that Kate Douglas Wiggin has written the book, and to them the author's humor and pathos cannot fail to appeal.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S NEW BOOK

To Booth Tarkington's account cannot be laid that form of literary laziness that manifests itself in the production of several books along the lines of a first success. His new story is as different from "Beaucaire," from "The Gentleman from Indiana," from "The Two Vanrevels," as each of those novels was from the others; and it says much for the versatility of Mr. Tarkington's talent that "Cherry" is, in its own way, as admirable as any of its predecessors. In this little comedy, for it is a comedy and nothing else, we learn from his own lips how Mr. Sudgeberry, a youthful prig, wooed and lost the beautiful and coquettish Sylvia Gray. With profound seriousness the hero tells the story from the point of view that his estimate of his own worth enables him to take; not one suspicion of the real state of affairs ever penetrates the armor of his self-conceit to lessen his surprise at the final catastrophe—it is at and not with him that we laugh throughout. The comedy never degenerates into farce, owing to the wit with which the situation is treated, and to his heroine Mr. Tarkington has given a grace and charm that triumphantly assert themselves even in her lover's dry and bombastic descriptions of her.

A DRAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THE name of G. W. Ogden is familiar to readers of EVERYBODY'S as the author of the series of articles about old steamboat days on the great American waterways, published in this magazine. Wonderfully suggestive and romantic narratives they made—the best possible material for fiction. In "Tennessee Tod" Mr. Ogden describes pioneer life in the years after the war when the railroads "spread out like morning-glory vines over the land," and "knocked the props from under the steamboat business." The plot is melodramatic and the characters elementary, but the pictures of the river towns are full of color and there is a dramatic intensity and vigor to the style which accords well with the wild scenes Mr. Ogden portrays. The reader will not easily forget Mr. Ogden's account of how old Captain Amos Blair blew up his steamer, sacrificing the lives of his passengers, in his mad effort to outdistance the first train that ran over the St. Louis and Gulf Railroad, nor the picture of Tennessee Tod (daughter of the Magnolia's pilot) when, taking the wheel from her father, who has died, cursing, at his post, she steers the Magnolia to victory in its race against the David White.

Realizing that his pilot was dead, the captain reached out to grasp the bell-cord leading to the engines. A hand from behind jerked his arm savagely back. He turned and confronted Tennessee. "Don't you do it," she said, threateningly. "Don't you dare to signal half-speed. This here's my pap's race. He ain't able to run it, an' I'm agoin' to run it fur him. Let me have that wheel." The captain knew Tennessee. He knew the river was to her like the cow-path in the pin oaks down on the farm at Blair City. He did not argue the matter, but rather meekly surrendered the pilot-house to her, and joined the boys on the deck . . . Tennessee, her hair flying about her head, her wide eyes roving the stretch of river beyond, did not glance in the David White's direction. Erect, almost rigid, she stood, turning the wheel now forward, now back, breathing heavily and showing no sign of human passion, or feeling, except a quick flash of the tip of her tongue, thrust forward at short intervals to moisten her dry lips. . . .

When the Magnolia tied up at St. Louis, an hour and ten minutes ahead of her previous record, the captain went to the pilot-house to thank Tennessee. He found her on her knees beside the stool her father had sat upon for thirty years, in the pilot-houses of as many different boats, her face pillowed on her arms, weeping. "Better leave her alone," he said to the mate "Joe was the only one who could do any good with Tennessee."

THE UNKNOWN WRITER'S CHANCE

WHAT chance has the unknown writer of books with the publishers and the public? An English clergyman, in conversation with a publisher, did not agree with the latter's

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opinion that the unknown author has equal chances with the known. Some time later, he put the opinion to test, by sending a manuscript in a red box, without name or clew to its identification, to the same publisher. The publisher read, liked, published. The public bought, read, liked. If one instance is not enough to prove the publisher's contention, it is at least, an interesting indication of the impartiality of publisher and public.

The book itself is worth the reading of those who ask nothing more of a story than that it shall entertain them. It belongs in the class with several other recent historical novels, which scarcely allow the reader breathing-space between thrilling adventures and in which there figures as hero a pleasant, manly boy, whom fire, water, knife, pistol, or prison—taken singly or in combination—cannot utterly destroy.

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI

THE title of Molly Elliott Seawell's book, "The Fortunes of Fifi," is aptly chosen to suggest the saucy charm of the little French heroine, and the romantic and rather incredible character of her adventures. Truly, a poor, pretty actress in a cheap theatre, who suddenly finds herself related to a pope, who wins a hundred thousand francs in a lottery and spends it on gorgeous costumes, monkeys and charities to shock her primly righteous but mercenary lover into jilting her, is hardly a convincing person. One does not feel in the least inclined, however, to criticize the author for jumbling together familiarly pope, emperor, and poor actors; for overdrawing the characters of whom she makes fun, and playing good fairy to her favorites; one knows that she has done it all smilingly, with deliberate intent, not to convince, but to amuse. The two principal characters, moreover, are genuine, whatever their adventures may be, and are quite worth knowing: Fifi for the sweet womanliness beneath her saucy wilfulness, and Cartouche, her plain, stiff-legged lover, whom she has to force into marrying her, just because he loves her so well—for his big-hearted unselfishness and devotion.

THE ROMANCE OF A STOLEN NOVEL

MR. STRINGER'S novel deals with a heroine who steals from a dying journalist the manuscript of a novel, "The Silver Poppy," which she publishes over her own name. We are assured it was a very great work indeed. Not content with the laurels thus gained, she manages to obtain from the hero, whose literary efforts have been returned to him by every editor of repute, a magnificent poem on war, and another novel of even greater significance than the first, which she also gives to a waiting world. Her ultimate downfall is brought about by a very meddlesome old painter, who recognizes in "The Silver Poppy" the work of his dead friend. Mr. Stringer's book is improbable in plot and ambitious in style, but it is having a considerable sale on the strength of a rumor that in the unprincipled heroine's methods the author is exposing those of a certain young writer of promise. It is fair to say, though, that the imputation is denied as strenuously as was the rumor that Winslow Churchill had Richard Harding Davis in mind when he wrote "The Celebrity."

"JOHNNIE"

Who that has ever been or ever known a bashful country boy will not sympathize with E. O. Laughlin's "Johnnie," when, having by tremendous effort forced himself to attend a party and take boisterous part in the fun, he is suddenly overcome by a rush of his usual blushing bashfulness, and stays on, clinging miserably to his hat, only because he dares not attempt the courtesies of farewell? For the most part, Johnnie is a genuine and convincing lad, drawn from life; but it is difficult for one to believe that a normal boy ever wept over a girl's geography on the last day of school, or was so absurdly and unnaturally delicate as to be shy of mentioning a garter-snake by name, in a girl's presence. One feels that occasionally Mr. Laughlin has lost his intimate remembrance of the boy heart, and has filled in the gaps with the man's conception of what the boy might have felt, rather than the grown-up boy's recollection of how he really did feel.

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UNION SQUARE NORTH

IT'S not so easy attending to EVERYBODY'S business. But, outside of one's home-life, there is nothing finer in the world than to look forward to the day's work with eagerness, and to enter into it with your whole heart and soul. Honest enthusiasm carries one over the hard places, and mistakes inspire to harder effort. And there is an uplift in the feeling that the work which gives such keen personal pleasure is really worth while, that it amounts to something in the world, that it is helping other people.

From East Liverpool, Ohio, comes a renewal and a frank letter, in which the writer says:

> Why don't you get rid of that ridiculous name, EVERYBODY'S? The fancy covers are not in very good taste, but everything has them nowadays, and yours are as good as any of them.
>
> Why did you publish "The Reform of Shaun?" It might serve the purpose of padding, but is hardly good enough for that. Well, you have plenty of time to make further improvements, and, anyway, I want the magazine another year, as you are giving a wonderfully good dollar's worth.
>
> Yours truly———.

This shows how hard it is to please everybody. We liked the dog story mentioned, which appeared in the November issue, and many readers have endorsed our opinion. However, we are grateful for this criticism, for it is honest and sincere—and, as the writer states, we have plenty of time to improve.

OUGHT TO KNOW

A retired General, who was graduated from West Point in 184[illegible], sends us the following letter:

———, Okla., Dec. 2, 1903.

PUBLISHERS OF EVERYBODY'S:

My wife, being one of your "expiring subscribers," at her request I enclose a dollar for renewal.

"We are habitual readers of nineteen (counted them up last night) little and big monthlies or weeklies, not including newspapers. After a harmonious canvass we two voted unanimously that EVERYBODY'S is 'way ahead leading the magazine procession. So be it!

Respectfully———.

He gets about all the leading publications if nineteen come to him. And he likes EVERYBODY'S best!

EVERYBODY'S IN THE PULPIT

A number of ministers in different parts of the country have taken various articles from EVERYBODY'S as the text for their sermons. The "Madness of Much Money," and "Successful Men Who Are Not Rich," were among those that we know of. "The Madness of Much Power" in this issue is an article which will also appeal to many. But this letter from a minister in Connecticut surprises us:

———, Conn., Dec. 1, 1903.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

Dear Sirs: For several years I have been a subscriber to EVERYBODY'S, and have always enjoyed it; but the change is simply marvellous, and the high ground you take in regard to "advertisements" most commendable. One thing you have not stated, and yet I have failed to find any ads. of said description, and that is concerning beer and liquor ads. I am led to believe that it will be easy, if you have not already concluded to do so, to put EVERYBODY'S in the unique position on this question of not accepting any whiskey ads. I do not think I am a crank on this sub-

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> ject, but believe that there are a great host of fathers and mothers who would be glad to have a magazine clean from cover to cover. If I was assured that such was your purpose, I would be more than pleased to call attention to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from my pulpit, and personally urge people to become subscribers, and I believe there are hundreds of other ministers who would do the same. I certainly intend to renew my subscription, and hope to influence a number of others to become subscribers Yours very truly, ———,
> Pastor First Baptist Church.

This letter surprises us, for we have not been accused of hiding our light under a bushel. We thought that we made it plain to our readers that no whiskey or liquor advertising would be inserted. We have consistently omitted them from the first. When we were asked if a high-priced champagne advertisement would be accepted, we were not even tempted to take it. We believe in clean advertising, and we wish that all the high-grade magazines would decline their whiskey, liquor, and patented nostrum advertisements. They must come to it before long.

THE POWER YOU HAVE

We can never sufficiently thank the hundreds of generous readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for the letters they have sent us. Not one of these communications but has been read and many have been discussed. They let us know clearly what the people of this country are thinking about, and what they are striving for. The eagerness with which a magazine that stands for wholesomeness, honesty, right-thinking, that has earnest, serious aims, and a secure belief in real humor, has been received, shows EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE was fortunate in choosing these lines at the very start.

When a large proportion of a quarter of a million people are doing all they can to make it win, how can your magazine fall behind in its great climb for the million-mark. Think of the stupendous force of 250,000 intelligent, educated Americans working together! Such a power is irresistible. But we propose to deserve the highest measure of your favor by making each month a better magazine. We believe there has been an improvement in each successive number. However good the January issue was, it fell far short of our ideal. We believe this February number to be much better. Naturally, we are pleased to present as decided a "scoop" as Congressman Williams' article about the Democracy, and we think you will like the beautiful pictures of Philadelphia made on the spot in lead-pencil by the talented artist Vernon Howe Bailey. Your appreciation is our greatest incentive and it lies with you to help us to do still better. A large subscription list is a great aid, and you well know this.

THE MAGAZINE OF SUNSHINE

We should like to print a number of the hundreds of letters that come to us every month. They are many kinds: some are critical—severely critical; others approving; more are suggestive—some of the best articles we have had represent ideas our readers have sent us. Through them all—even the critical ones—runs a note of pleasant interest in the work we are trying to do. Here is a letter which we print because it shows a very real appreciation of our point of view:

> I have read it on the wide stretches of Montana, in the Big Bend of the Columbia, in the stillness of the Okanagan Mountains, and it found a place in my meagre pack in the canyons of Oregon. This from choice, for I get regularly other magazines. It exploits no "mission": it depicts a life that is realizable . . . . The real life of the real people lies in the territory between the greatly exciting, hair-raising and unusual lines reflected in some publications, and those picturing lives wholly inane and commonplace. There is recognizable . . . . a generous spirit . . . . The quality of the contents breathes it. It is not easily described and eludes definition, but it is there. Its name is attractive; we like to feel we are travelling with the bunch. There is not only majesty in numbers, there is comfort and satisfaction in the thought.

HELPING A GOOD CAUSE

There are a number of letters that we have received from subscribers and readers, and, much as we would like to acknowledge them, we find it impossible, and it is no fault of ours. In one of the previous numbers we mentioned that it was our purpose to answer every letter of criticism; and some of our kind friends, while appreciating our intention, believe that we should not be expected to make acknowledgment. Here is part of one of the letters that was received:

> "I have been reading to-day that part of EVERYBODY'S under the caption, 'With EVERYBODY'S Publishers,' and I find it so

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interesting and pithy that I am forced to add one more to those numerous letters you are getting. It is your purpose to answer every letter? What a task! And why answer them, pray? I don't believe that the writers expect answers—no doubt most of them are like myself, people who love to write, and who are interested in your magazine. First, as a woman interested in social purity and temperance, let me assure you of my heartfelt gratitude to any man who helps the cause—which you are doing by rejecting advertisements of whiskey, wine, and beer published in so many magazines.

"One Who is Interested,
"M. C. D."

"ADVERTISERS SHOULD SHOW APPRECIATION"

A prominent advertiser, who has spent not far from a half-million dollars in advertising, sends us a letter, part of which is printed below:

"The advertising pages are superb, and every large magazine advertiser should show his appreciation at the culmination of his long-wished-for ideal in a low-priced magazine, namely: clean, above-suspicion advertisements, printed carefully on the best of paper with the best of ink.

"I have examined every page, and they are a delight to the eye. I notice a number of advertisements that in several instances have been particularly unattractive, but on the pages of EVERYBODY'S they appear sharp and clear. All this proves to me that you and your associate have profited well by your past experience. You have sown the good seed, and should reap a golden harvest. You have a right to expect it; indeed, it is your due."

There is no question but there are many other advertisers who feel the same way. The large increase in the number of advertising pages in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is good evidence.

CHINOOK TO THE RESCUE

One of EVERYBODY'S readers in Alaska, finding English too limited, gives vent to his admiration in original American:

"KETCHIKAN, ALASKA, November 28, 1903.

"*Gentlemen*: The Christmas number of EVERYBODY'S was the first December magazine to reach us here, in Alaska. And if there is any people who watch earnestly for the coming of the magazines, we Alaskans are those same.—Very grateful.

"I cannot adequately express my appreciation of your publication in Boston Man's talk, and beg to finish this note in Chinook:

Delate hyas kloshe papah. Halo kultus wawa kopa ocoke Konaway Tillacums. Delate skoom kumamook. Nika delate kloshe tumtum. Mika potlatch delate skookum ehkahnams.

"Mika six, ——————."

Our curiosity demanded a translation, and this is what it means: "It is truly a very good paper. No foolish talk in this 'All-People.' It is a powerful piece of work, in my opinion. I like it very much. You give very good stories. Your friend,——."

STANDING ON MERIT

We would like to tell you that *all* of our old subscribers will have renewed their subscriptions for the coming year. But we know that such a result is impossible. The strange thing about it is that with the most successful magazines the actual renewals under the same name are less than half of the total number of expirations. It takes new subscribers to make up the loss.

The "subscription season" is now on, but there are nearly four weeks between this writing and you. EVERYBODY'S family is a large one, and it takes the intervening space of time to reach you with our printed words. At the very beginning we decided we would let EVERYBODY'S stand for itself. The increased cost of the magazine made it impossible for us to enter any clubbing propositions, and we do not believe in the policy of offering calendars, books, or other premiums, as a bait for inducing subscriptions to the magazine. "Here is the *new* EVERYBODY'S," we said, "and it's only one dollar for twelve numbers." We promised to make it better and still better, and you know whether we have done this or not.

You have the latest number before you now. Have we kept our promise? And isn't there some one article or story in this particular number that you would not have missed for double its price? You know what we are driving at. If you don't believe that twelve numbers as good as this one is worth a dollar a year, then we don't want your money. All we ask is that you spend two cents for a postage stamp and tell us your reason. We will thank you for your letter, for it will be worth much to us. If, however, you *do* like the magazine, and do not wish to miss any numbers, we would be glad to have you subscribe, and we will put *your* dollar into *your* magazine.

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